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## P R E F A C E

It may be that the present volume is condensed unduly in proportion to the extent of the help that has been rendered. Throughout the country the assistance of that most admirable body, the Propaganda de Portugal, has been of such value and was so freely tendered that my debt of gratitude is indeed a weighty one to those whose motto 'pro patria omnia' represents no mere figure of speech. To Messrs. L. de Mendonça e Costa, C. George, Lorjó Tavares, Manoel Roldan, and A. C. Bossa, I have in especial to return thanks, since it was their presence on many an exploration that rendered lucid much that otherwise must have remained dubious.

Beyond, I would express my warmest acknowledgments of assistance and valuable information to Messrs. Julio Bastos, E. Bastos, André Leproux, Silva Telles, Dos Santos, A. King, Harold Bucknall, S. Rawes, H. Rawes, and Bruno Karow.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Reynolds I am indebted for a charming insight into the life on the southern estates, and to Mr. Edward Reynolds for his kindly companionship and guidance on the occasion of the Evora fair.

In Oporto the number of those gentlemen to whom I would express my obligation is formidable. Those whom I desire

to thank in especial for their many kindnesses are Messrs. Cabel Roope, H. O. Yeatman, Frank P. S. Yeatman, Douglas R. Urwick, Gonne, William C. Tait, W. A. Tait, C. C. Tait, and Senhor Francisco de Lima. To Mr. Honorius Grant, H.B.M. Consul in Oporto, I am under a deep obligation for his courtesy and for the value of his information. The assistance, too, rendered in England by Mr. Arthur Norris has proved of the greatest service.

To Mr. Raphael Reynolds I must devote a special paragraph, since it was owing to his friendship in the first instance that the means of obtaining the information contained here were so pleasantly facilitated. An acknowledged authority on Portuguese matters, he has spared neither effort nor time in rendering an assistance which it would be impossible for me to value too highly.

The photographic illustrations are the work of Mr. Hugh Allen, who, from motives of pure friendship, carried his camera with indefatigable zeal, regardless of temperature and distance.

The sketch dealing with the Bussaco battlefield has already appeared in the *Globe*, and is reproduced by the courtesy of the editor. For the majority of the details concerning the antiquity of the port-shipping houses in Oporto, I am indebted to Mr. Herbert E. Harper, publisher of *Oporto, Old and New*.

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## INTRODUCTION

TERRITORIALY small as Portugal is, this volume, nevertheless, does not claim for an instant that its contents are in any way comprehensive of the country's claims to general interest. Nothing here has been aimed at beyond a sketch of some of the more salient features of the land that is so rich in southern charm, and a description of some of its neighbourhoods that have as yet met with an unduly small share of attention. Amongst these are many corners in the Alemtejo Province, and the far northern district that lies just beneath the Galician frontier.

I have, indeed, attempted a picture of the life and landscape of the country—perhaps a little too much at the expense of such subjects as its history and architecture. If it is brought against me that such classic spots as Batalha, Alcobaça, Thomar, Belem, Cintra, and others, have been slurred over, the reply is to the effect that the wealth of comment with which these famous erections have already been hung about renders further descriptive effort a mere matter of repetition, and consequently superfluous.

With Lisbon itself I have dealt more fully, since the growth and constant metamorphosis of the Tagus capital justify, I think, the chapters. Of the ancient quarter of the metropolis, moreover, comparatively little has been written. In the case of Oporto, too, the same remarks apply.

It is, however, to the typical life and scenes of the land that I have devoted the chief attention ; more especially for the reason that the hospitality accorded me during my stay afforded opportunities for studies of the kind that are not universally granted. It is possible to exaggerate the importance of the byways. Yet it seems to me that these reveal a nearer road to the true heart of a nation than a stately procession along the monumental glories that show it in its most exalted moods alone.

In any case, the associations of Portugal, the oldest and most constant ally of England, cannot fail to be of interest in themselves. The two countries, whatever their vicissitudes, have marched side by side for centuries. Historically, the southern land's era of power came as the herald of our own Elizabethan age. Then, the astonishing crop of great men that either nation sent proudly forth was all but contemporaneous. A generation alone—with the Portuguese in the senior status—divided Vasco da Gama, Diaz, and Alboquerque from Raleigh, Drake, and Frobisher ; while Shakespeare was already in his boyhood when Camões gave his *Lusiads* to the world. I have endeavoured to show in this small book that, even at the end of unbroken centuries of later trouble, the stamina of the Portuguese yet remains, and the inherent possibilities, too, of those feats that distinguished them in the past.

## CHAPTER I

### LISBON

First glimpses of the city—Some physical aspects—Distribution of the quarters—Panorama from the eastern hills—A night effect—The lights of Lisbon—Some principal buildings—The Church of S. Vicente—The home of the royal bodies—Notable Praças—The Parque Eduardo VII.—The Geographical Institute—The tracks of the old navigators—The road to glory—and back—Some museums—Public lifts—Street scenes—Natural amiability of the Portuguese.

FROM the panoramic point of view, those capitals which sit by the side of the salt waves possess an incalculable advantage over those that are placed inland. In this respect, London, Paris, Berlin, Brussels, and a host of other chief cities, however each may differ from the other in detail, suffer in common at least one detrimental factor. One arrives by way of the backs of houses—for such is the railroad's accepted path. Indeed, amidst the confusion of suburban stations and of close-pressing masonry, to the newcomer, at all events, the central point of the city comes with unheralded and disconcerting suddenness. One has entered by the back door, as it were, and is flung out into the streets with no more pomp than that enjoyed by a pantomime clown in his passage through a stage trap-door. Of those cities more favoured in their yield of first impressions there is none more fortunate than Lisbon. As the approaching vessel steams up the broad flood of the Tagus, the rolling hills and mountains become increasingly splashed with the white

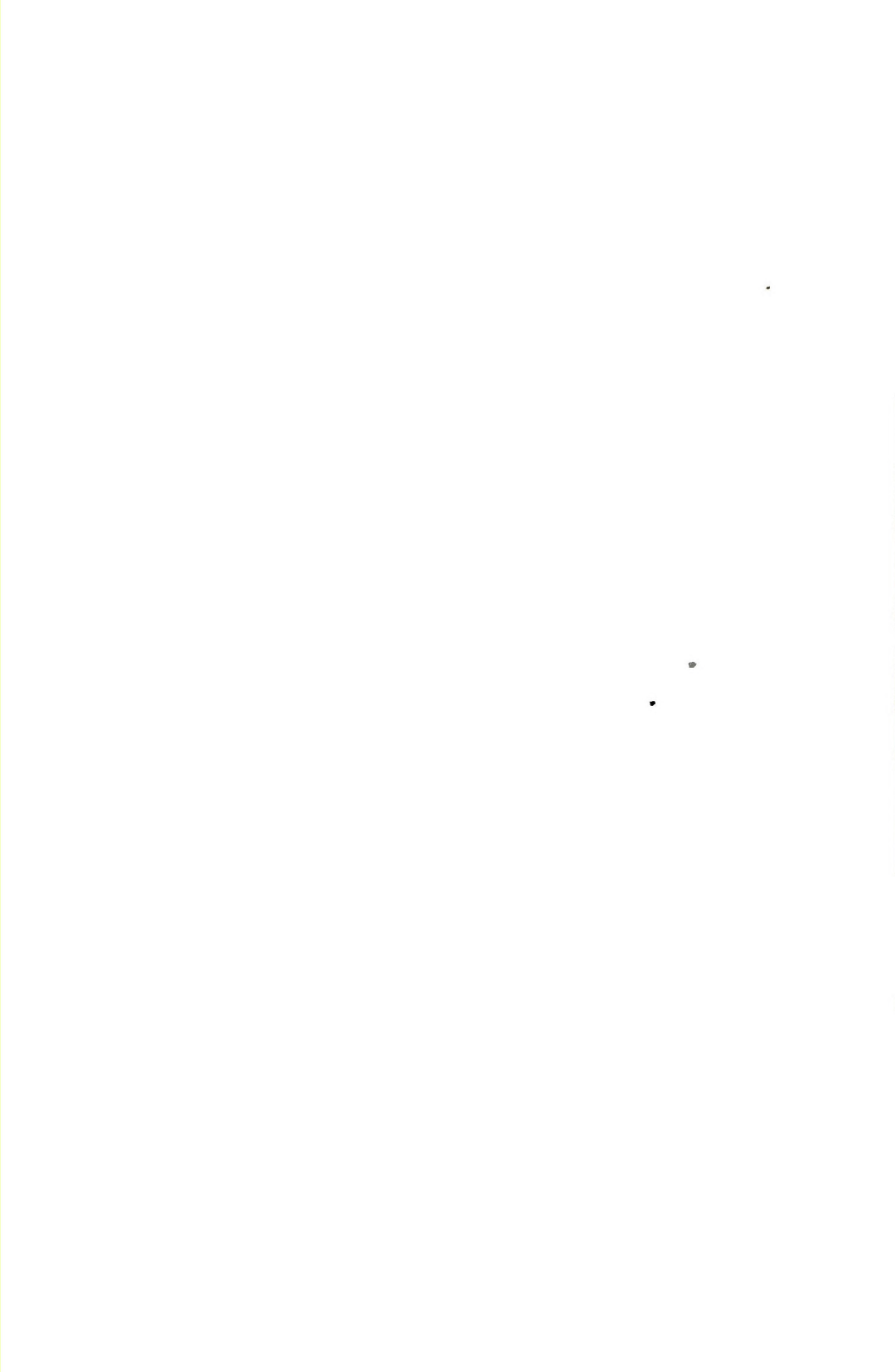
walls of villages and seaside resorts. And then, visible from afar for all the world to see, the stately buildings of Lisbon itself, mounting high upon their seven hills, pile themselves upwards in very regal fashion to the north of the stream.

To the stranger, moreover, Lisbon is peculiarly kind in a topographical sense. Never was a town which revealed its ramifications with more readiness. From the *Praça do Commercio* (*Anglicè*, Black Horse Square) by the water's edge, the chief commercial streets of the town run parallel towards the *Praça Dom Pedro iv.*—a spot that has also suffered an English re-christening, and that, so far as the tourist is concerned, answers to the name of Rolling Motion Square. Almost in a straight line from this point again proceeds the great *Avenida da Liberdade*. Thus the centre of the town occupies a well-defined valley upon which the surrounding quarters look down from the hills upon which they stand. The result of this convenient scheme is that the stranger is scarcely ever at a loss for his bearings. Whether he be above or below, the outlines of the city reveal themselves with equal clearness—an advantage that very few towns of the kind are fortunate enough to possess.

From the eastern heights one may see Lisbon at its best, so far as panorama is concerned. One may look down from here and mark the spread of the central town, the bold sweep of the buildings upon the hills, the blue Tagus beyond, and the mountains in the background that go swelling to the horizon. The castle is the spot most generally chosen for the purpose, and it serves well enough, but the scenic effect from the less-known church of S. Gens is yet finer and more comprehensive. Seen from this point of vantage, the remaining six eminences—for



THE PRAÇA DO COMMERCIO



Lisbon is one of the many towns that claim seven hills upon which to recline—stand out in all their pride. From one's feet the roofs sink downwards, fall away at intervals to reveal the sites of the Praças and squares and the verdure of the Avenida and the Gardens, and rise again upon the other side. And there in the background, soaring up well above the further rows of masonry, are the pure white domes and pinnacles of the wonderful basilica of the Estrella—an architectural monument that would beautify even squalid surroundings, to say nothing of the charming neighbourhood from out of which it springs.

The church of S. Gens is little known to the visitor. It is, in a sense, off the beaten track. But there are residents of Lisbon who have made it a spot of pilgrimage, and who never weary of the sight that it yields. The lights of Lisbon! The phrase comes with a hollow and melodramatic ring. But that is through no fault of the Portuguese capital. It does not, moreover, detract in the least from the beauty of the actual scene. Viewed from the prosaic intimacy of the streets themselves, the illumination, from a practical point of view, is very fine. From above, it is still that—and a great deal beyond. Rows and clusters of gleaming white that light up stately buildings, monuments, and trees, holding them up out of the darkness with just sufficient emphasis to add a sense of mystery to the whole—this is only a portion of the picture. Upon the unseen Tagus are coloured gleams, moving, and the brilliant collections of twinkling points that show the great liners at rest. It is a fairy-like scene that spreads itself below for one's delectation. They are no bad judge of spectacles, those who climb up to the church of S. Gens of a night.

So far as the notable buildings and public places of the capital are concerned, these are already too well known to be dealt with *seriatim* and at length here. The castle of St. George, the municipal palace, the great bull-ring that lies in the outskirts by the Campo Pequeno, the palace of the Necessidades, the grim but imposing penitentiary—all these and the rest of the accepted show-places of the town stand in need of no further descriptive efforts. It is the same with the principal churches. The ancient cathedral with its twin towers and sacerdotal treasury, the Basilica Estrella, the church of S. Roque with its wonderful shrine and its museum with the gorgeous vestments in gold, purple, green, and white, its colossal candlesticks and ornaments of silver, and its general array of churchly pomp almost overpowering in its magnificence—these are as familiar as the first.

The stately church of S. Vicente de Fora claims a special mention, since it holds the embalmed bodies of the later Portuguese royalties, amongst whom now repose those of the murdered King Carlos and of the Crown Prince Luiz Felipe. The spot, with its funereal hangings and its biers with the glass-lidded coffins, is at all times sufficiently melancholy. But now, with the addition of the last two royal bodies, the pathos of tragedy has settled with deeper gloom upon the atmosphere of the place. But of the crime and its results more later.

Of the public places in the central town, the best known to the casual visitor are, of course, the Praça Dom Pedro IV. and the Praça do Commercio. There are few, indeed, even of those casual visitors who come ashore for a few hours from a passing steamer who have not been taken to admire the snake-like pattern of the former's pavement. The place is the Mecca of



THE AVENIDA DA LIBERDADE





all Lisbon guides worthy of their salt. The impression of the waving black and white lines is held to produce a sensation of giddiness in one who passes over them. In some instances the effect of the place may, perhaps, justify this claim. But, whether counterfeit or real, it is best to admit the emotion without further ado for the sake of the guide's peace of mind. In any case, the great square, with the fine buildings that border it, its trees, and the statue of Dom Pedro IV. in its centre, constitutes the especially imposing central point of the capital.

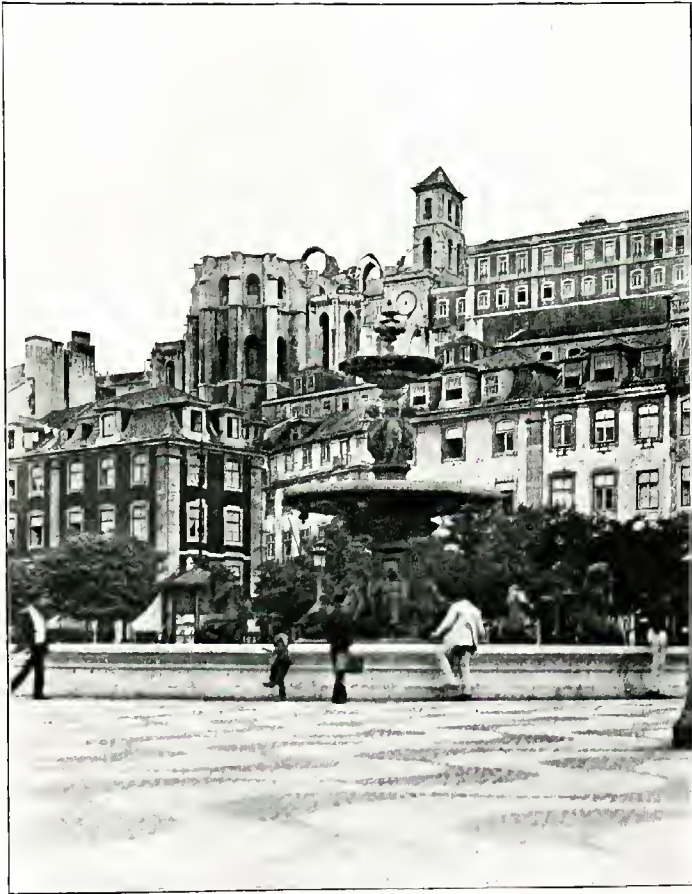
The large square of the Praça do Commercio is equally well known. Bordering the Tagus, one of the chief highways from the river to the central town runs through the spot. The Praça, the surrounding buildings of which are almost entirely devoted to government and judicial offices, boasts a very fine arch facing the Tagus, and in its centre is the well-known statue of King José I. upon the black horse that gives to the Praça its English name. Other well-known Praças are those of Camões, Principe Real, and Dom Luiz I., while amongst others beyond there is the broad and luxuriant garden of the Estrella, and that of S. Pedro d'Alcantara, from which elevated spot a fine view of the main town offers itself.

To the credit of the civic fathers of Lisbon be it said that the rapid growth of the town has not been effected at the expense of beauty. Indeed, with the spread of the buildings the increase of parks and of other pleasurable places has been at least in proportion. The latest, which is in the making, and by far the largest of all, is the Parque Eduardo VII., christened in honour of our own king, whose popularity during his last visit, by the way, evoked the most gratifying demonstrations. Of this the nomenclature of the new park is one of the proofs.

Situated upon the outskirts of the town at the further end of the great Avenida, the place is destined to serve as the driving and motoring ground of the Lisbon fashionable world as well as the haunt of the bourgeois. By far the most ambitious effort of the kind that has yet been attempted, the laying out of this large open space speaks well for the spirit of enterprise of the city by the Tagus.

If one would obtain some insight into the affairs of Portugal overseas—and the Portuguese colonies, remnants though they are, are of an importance not generally realised by English folk—a visit to the Geographical Institute in the Rua de S. Antão is of inestimable service. In the first place, the Institute is exceedingly well found, arranged, and managed. From cocoa, tobacco, and rubber down to the glaring native African idols, each colony is appropriately represented, both in its products and objects of curiosity, whether natural or artificial.

Perhaps, however, one of the most interesting of all the records within the building is that stamped upon a map of the world that all but covers one end of the large hall. Upon this are traced the courses of the old navigators of Portugal. Marked accurately in accordance with the ancient logs, the tracks of each mariner's voyage are clearly distinguished from the rest. There is an extraordinary fascination in these lines that meander across the great map. One may follow Vasco da Gama as he bore southward, breasting the unknown seas, reaching the end of Africa and doubling its Cape, to strike out across the ocean once more, and to eat his way, undaunted, into the fiercer tropics, until he found India at the end. One may watch the tracks of Magalhães as he, too, sent the bluff bow of his small vessel southward—but to the west instead of



A CORNER OF PRAÇA DOM PEDRO IV.  
(THE RUINED CARMO CHURCH ABOVE)



the east—and won his way from heat to bleakness and grey skies as he threaded the tortuous passage of the grim Magellan Straits, and so to the Pacific.

There are the records of many more—of Tristão de Cunha, Pedro Alvares Cabral, Bartolomeu Diaz, and of the rest of this heroic band of explorers. No written matter could surpass the eloquence of these plain lines that stretch across a world whose waters sparkled and raged for the first time in the eyes of Europeans. Here and there the steady line of the course sheers abruptly to one side, flung to right or left by some prolonged tempest or a doubting in the mind of the early navigator. Then it leads ahead again, bearing straight onwards in renewed confidence as the explorer pressed on afresh in search of the mysterious unknown.

The romance of Portugal's grandeur is surely unequalled in the history of the nations of the world. With the tropical phosphorescence streaming from the quarters of her daring craft, the nation shot up to the heights of glory like a rocket, the brilliant stars of literature rising in sympathy in its train. And came down as suddenly as it rose—as does the rocket-stick and the dark exhausted shell of the flames! What has been before may occur again—so much is a platitude. But the feats of these great navigators stand alone, never more to be emulated. The veil has been lifted now in its entirety; the world has shrunk like an over-ripe apple, and the possibility of such vivid experiences and emotions is irretrievably lost to it.

But the subject is apt to lead one too far afield. One is at present concerned only with the starting-point of these intrepid mariners, Lisbon. Of the other similar institutions,

perhaps the most interesting is the Archæological Museum—not for what it holds, for its contents are somewhat insignificant both in interest and in value, but for its situation in the fine old ruins of the Carmo Church, with its magnificent archway and the splendid columns of the main aisle that prick upwards to the sky, innocent of any roof above. The ruins form one of the many tributes to the devastating power of the great earthquake, and the level of the street in front of the building is said to have been raised several feet by the débris of masonry upon which the thoroughfare is constructed. The Artillery Museum, with its array of firearms ancient and modern, its paintings, and its numerous relics of the Peninsular War, is well worth a visit. The *Museo Nacional de Bellas Artes* contains a collection representative of the Portuguese school of painting, as well as a certain number of foreign masterpieces. There are here, moreover, some especially fine specimens of the national porcelain tiles—the *Azulejos*, with their well-wrought designs—and numerous *objets d'art* that are typical of the culture of the land.

In order to cope with the seven accepted hills of Lisbon, to say nothing of those remaining eminences that, though officially ignored, nevertheless exist, the town is adequately supplied with lifts. Great erections of steel and iron, the shafts usually point upwards clear into the air in the manner of towers, their summits being connected with the nearest terra firma above by means of an aerial passage. The most prominent of these is that of the Carmo, by which one mounts from the busy Rua Aurea to the Praça de Camões and the western portion of the town. From the triple row of galleries that surmount the shaft a magnificent view of the city is obtainable, and the





PRAÇA DOS RESTAURADORES  
(SHOWING THE AVENIDA PALACE HOTEL)



working of the lift itself—as is that of the rest—is efficient and comfortingly smooth. Lisbon has already solved the question of mixed transit facilities that has been agitating the travel authorities of London, and tickets for the lifts are issued in connection with the tramway routes.

Although to a certain extent lacking the added life that the open-air cafés lend to some of the more central European towns, there is no want of animation in the streets of Lisbon. Naturally enough, the chief tide of the city ebbs and flows along the Rua Aurea and its parallel streets that run between the two great Praças of Commercio and of Dom Pedro iv., and then, passing by the main railway terminus and the Praça dos Restauradores, rolls onwards again along the broad Avenida da Liberdade. If the new arrival would obtain the most comprehensive glimpse of the street life of the capital he could not, perhaps, do better than make for the Café Suisso that faces the Central Railway Station. From the point of vantage of the chairs and tables that fringe the place—for the open-air café, though not general, is by no means unknown—he can survey one of the chief human arteries of the town at his leisure. From the outset it will be evident that even here the national traits mingle strongly with the more conventional ethics of cosmopolitanism. The motor-car will hoot past the quaint country cart, while the carriage and pair, its coachman and groom liveried *de rigueur*, will roll past a train of laden pack-mules. The frock-coat will brush by the gaudy shawl of the barefooted fisherwife, and the brilliant uniform of a cavalry officer will contrast strangely with the coloured coat and blanket of the ‘Saloio,’ the small farmer, or the yet humbler countryman who has come into the town. Standing at the street

corners are the public porters, awaiting custom. Slung over their shoulders is the stout cord with which they bind together the trunks and boxes under the burden of which they are wont to go staggering along. For sound one has the ordinary rumble of traffic, the clang of tramcar bells, and the calls of the newspaper vendors and lottery-ticket sellers. Every now and then a small boy will go past, mounted upon the very hindermost portion of a tall horse. Why these youthful grooms prefer to sit practically upon their mount's tail is a matter of mystery, but the fact remains.

There are times when, to the sound of music and of beaten drums, a cart rolls slowly past, filled with men in bull-fighting costume—an advertisement that never fails to evoke emotion amidst the populace. One knows then that it is the eve of a *Corrida de Touros*. At other times, and especially just before the festivities of the new year, the Praça suffers visitations of quite another kind. Then, great flocks of turkeys strut proudly through the streets, guarded and guided by countrymen with long wands. Gobbling defiance to street urchin and electric tramcar alike, they hold up the traffic until they reach the Praça. And every one yields them the *pas* with the utmost good-nature. Even the driver who chances to be pressed for time—a condition that obtains fairly frequently in Lisbon, though sufficiently rare without the walls—will wait with equanimity until the last ranks of the feathered bodies and arrogant necks have passed by.

For in this, as in all else, good-nature is essentially a trait of the Portuguese. Deeply imbued in the national character, nowhere is the spirit of give and take better understood than in Portugal. And, since the virtue is grafted upon a sturdy



MARKET WOMEN



enough temperament, the truest acts of civility are wont to be performed in the simplest and most genuine fashion. Of those who have travelled not only through Portugal, but amongst the Portuguese people themselves—in these days the first hypothesis does not invariably involve the other—there are few who cannot testify to this. The peasant who will walk a mile out of his path to put the wayfarer on his right road utterly without expectation of reward for the act, and the other who will offer to share his humble meal with the stranger, not only from the accepted etiquette of the land, but from the generosity of his heart—one may meet them many times over in the course of a single day's march. And, although necessarily far less obvious amidst the turmoil of the capital, the same spirit animates the Lisbon folk in general. As it is shared, moreover, by officials, tram-conductors—and, of course, in a far lesser degree by those natural birds of prey, the cab-drivers—a very few weeks' sojourn in Lisbon is sufficient to demonstrate the inestimable advantage of this national amiability.

## CHAPTER II

### LISBON

Pombal and the streets—The Avenida—Its history and present aspects—New quarters—Growth of the town—Humble restaurants—Lisbon mansions—The port—Beauties of the Tagus—Its tide and shipping—The native craft—The curse of the siren—Some street noises—The Tagus longshoreman—Southern crayfish—The markets.

WHEN Pombal, single-hearted and undismayed even by the ghastly havoc of the earthquake of 1755, was causing a new Lisbon to rise from the charred and bloodstained ruins of the old, his plans were subjected to no little criticism. Men pointed in amazement to the Aurea, the Augusta, and the other thoroughfares that were being constructed, and wondered what madness had inflated the minister's mind. What did they want, they demanded, with streets of a breadth that made the very crossing of them tedious, to say nothing of the hardship of carrying on a conversation from one side to the other? But Pombal, with his eyes set beyond the limited horizon of his contemporaries, remained firm. The streets rose up according to his pattern, straight and well planned, even if anachronistically broad.

How much the capital owes to the great minister of King João v. in its architectural features as well as in other respects has now long been recognised. The portions of the town with which he dealt are easily recognisable by the similar



features that stamp the buildings, and by the uniform and very effective style of dormer window that embellishes the roofs. In these days there are no complaints concerning the undue width of his streets. Thoroughfares have a way of following in the lines of ocean steamers—at an infinitely lesser ratio of speed, it is true. The giants of Pombal's day are too narrow now, imposing enough and symmetrical as they are. The great avenue beyond has come into being to dwarf the older streets, and the boulevards of many another capital as well.

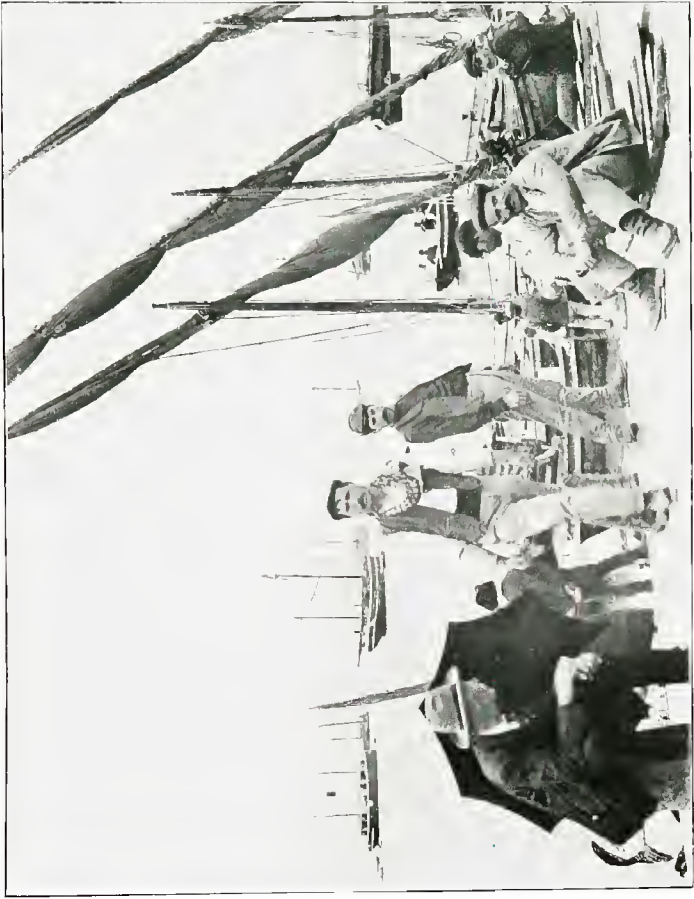
The Avenida da Liberdade, the chief pride of all the Lisbon highways, was, at its inception, received with little more favour than the streets of Pombal. Indeed, the history of the two schemes is similar inasmuch as the true benefit conferred was only realised little by little. The site of the Avenida was originally a promenade, select to a degree, shut off by high walls from the rest of the city. The object of the place even then was a progressive one, up to a certain point. Instituted in order to encourage the Lisbon ladies to sally out more frequently from the coy seclusion of their homes, it was already serving its purpose well enough, and was indeed considered a daring step in advance of the times.

When—at the instigation of the mayor, a pastrycook, I believe, with a certain genius of his own, and a most praiseworthy official—it was proposed to raze the protecting walls, to make an open boulevard of the secluded spot in which, notwithstanding its publicity, the ladies should continue to stroll, a storm of protest arose. Charges of vandalism and desecration were flung wholesale at the head of the bold author of the innovation. Nevertheless, the Avenida was

built, and the present-day lady of fashion, in all the glory of her Parisian costumes, adorns the thoroughfare very willingly and without stint. From which it will be seen that progress advances with ever-increasing ratio, since the Avenida is only twenty years old.

As it is, no true Lisbon man or woman could conceive the city without its avenue. A mile in length and a hundred yards in breadth, it is a triple thoroughfare, divided into three by rows of plane-trees, elms, Judas-trees, and others, as well as the more exotic palms. It is a boulevard in which the city may well take pride. In the centre are some small ponds and flowing streams that have for their source two water gods that stand respectively for the Tagus and the Douro. Little wonder that both élite and bourgeois throng the place, as pleasant as it is imposing.

A very short while ago the end of the Avenida da Liberdade marked the boundary of Lisbon proper. Now the Parque Eduardo VII. is already developing beyond it, and there are other avenues, broad, straight, and tree-planted, that run to the side and further yet. The avenues of Antonio Augusto de Aguiar, Fontes Perreira de Mello, and Ressano Garcia—all these stretch themselves proudly to the north. Indeed, so rapid has been the growth of the town that much that was planned to remain without its boundaries has now been drawn within them. The public slaughter-house, a great red-brick building that only a few years ago was constructed beyond the outskirts, has now been overlapped and enveloped by the new avenues and Praças. The new cemetery is in similar case. That, too, has been swallowed up by the spreading town. But the cemetery can hold its own in an



LISBON LABOURERS



unpleasant fashion, and, when the time comes, will doubtless swallow each inhabitant in revenge.

As is natural enough, the commercial quarters of the town are in the low-lying central district ; the fashionable quarters—with the exception of some stretches along the Avenida—upon the hills. Although in a far lesser degree than is the case in Oporto, it is noticeable that the various industries, as represented by the shops, are curiously gregarious. Jewellers, stationers, upholsterers, and other shops, are frequently to be met with in groups and clusters, each one of which is of the same kidney as the rest.

This is, perhaps, nowhere more marked than in the sailors' quarter by the Tagus to the west of the Arsenal. Here the humblest eating-shops of the city are grouped together in one long unbroken line. Within them are barefooted folk, sailors, fishermen, coalheavers, male and female—for the gentler sex labours here at the more strenuous tasks in competition with the men—as well as porters, market-women, and a host of casual riverside labourers. A genial company, revelling in the sources of the strong odours that come wafting out into the street from the dark interiors. Honest, too, or, at all events, as honest as can be expected, and addicted to none of those petty peculations from which suffers another humble restaurant, the poorest in the old eastern quarter of the town. Here the knives and forks are secured by chains to the table—an insurance against dishonesty, but something of a poor compliment to the patrons of the place !

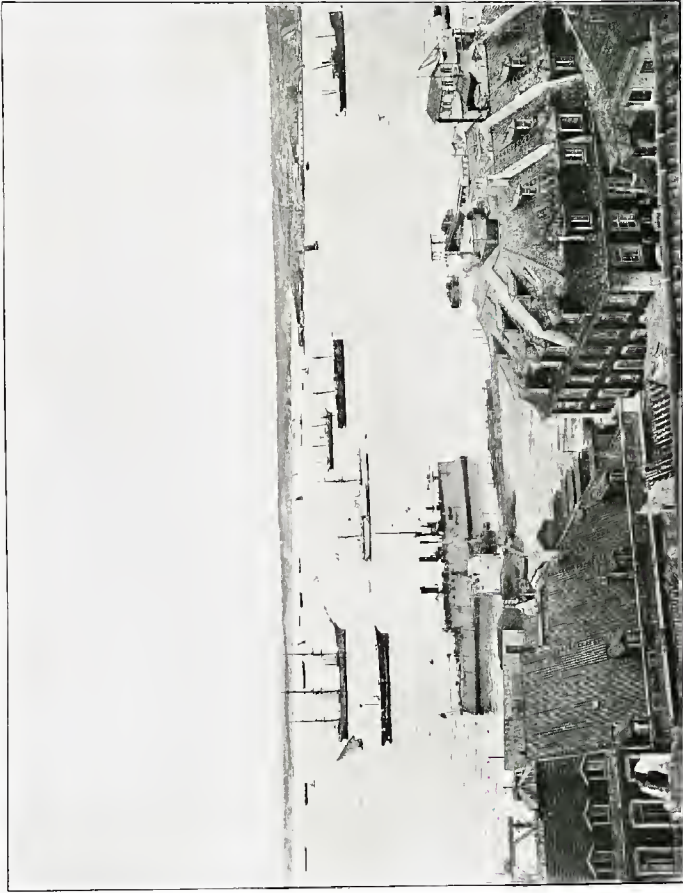
To turn from these haunts of lowly life to the opposite social pole, some of the most imposing of all the private houses are to be found upon the elevations to the east of the Avenida,

establishments with large and very entrancing gardens that slope downwards towards the centre of the town. In the neighbourhood of the Praça do Principe Real are other very fine specimens of the private mansion, and the district to the west and south of this includes the most extensive and popular residential quarters of the town. There are, moreover, some palatial buildings along the newer and remoter avenues, although it must be frankly admitted that a certain number of these exhibit a scheme of architecture that even the blue sky and the trees and flowers can merely palliate, not altogether condone.

In the central part of the town no residential quarter exists by the banks of the Tagus itself. For that the sterner business of the stream leaves no room. Wharves are increasing in size, and the docks in their power of accommodation. With the port in its present up-to-date condition, the largest liner upon the South American route can now come alongside the quays without any hindrance whatever. The river front is thus fully occupied by these establishments, the naval arsenal, the custom-house, and other official buildings.

It is the claim of the Portuguese that Lisbon forms the natural quay of Europe for all the South American and African traffic. Its strategic position and the facilities it now offers are certainly not to be denied. Yet even in the present circumstances the most enthusiastic patriot of the land need have no cause for complaint, seeing that the Tagus year by year is being filled with liners, increasing both in number and size, and that the handsome steamers of their own African line now pass proudly to and fro amongst the rest.

As for the Tagus itself, the stream is worthy of all that has



THE TAGUS: FROM THE RUA VICTOR CORDON





been said and sung of its beauties—and that is much. Lisbon, wherever placed, would be a fine city, it is true. But how much would it not lose if deprived of the broad stretch of water in which its buildings are mirrored—sometimes, not invariably, since the surface of the river can be sufficiently ruffled at times !

From the bar as far as Lisbon the width of the Tagus does not average more than a couple of miles, but, when abreast of the capital, a great bay, with Barreiro in its centre, cats into the opposite shore. The effect, as viewed from Lisbon, is peculiarly fine. A succession of bold red bluffs, marking the narrower way, culminate at Almada. From this point the land, sinking now, recedes abruptly, and the great sweep of water rolls onwards, with Barreiro half seen in the distance, and with the mountains standing out upon the horizon beyond. Thus, to one ignorant of the locality, it is as though the capital stood upon a strait connecting two seas ; for the banks further on upon the landward side are so remote as to be invisible except from the greatest heights.

The power of the Tagus tide is remarkable. One may gather this from the sight alone of the ferry steamers and small sailing boats as they pass from one bank to the other. Digging their noses resolutely into the blue flood, they bore across, the wash streaming out at right angles from their counters, in a fashion that—to mix equine and marine metaphors—suggests a badly-mouthed horse floundering along crab-ways. The force of this was doubtless of greater consequence in the old days of the clumsy and primitive craft than now. For the Tagus has known a wonderful succession of vessels in its time. It has borne successively Phœnician ships, Roman galleys, Moorish craft, snake-like and low-hulled, Crusader fleets, and

the high-pooped vessels of the Discoverers. It has echoed to strife often enough, and did its duty faithfully as one of the natural barriers that hemmed in the invading Massena, and caused his disastrous retreat.

Now, moving with the times, it is ploughed by great liners, cargo steamers, and the usually rather clumsy hulls of the modern Portuguese man-of-war. But there is a blending of the old and new upon the Tagus as well as elsewhere in Portugal. The native boat in all its simplicity still remains to cruise about amidst these later creations of steam. With its bright-painted hull, and its great lateen sail bellowing proudly in the breeze, it sweeps along, battling with the tide just as it has done for centuries—a feature of the river that one hopes will hold good for as many more. Certainly from an æsthetic point of view they fit the spot far better than some of the steam-craft.

The Tagus, shining and radiant as it is wont to be in the daylight, has frequently a peculiar fascination of a summer's night as well, when the brilliant trails of phosphorus stream away by force of the tide from the anchored vessels and buoys. One may have gone down to the water's edge to revel in the sight—or may even be watching it from the windows of the famous old Bragança Hotel upon its height—and have succumbed to the undoubted charm of the scene. One may, in fact, be rhapsodising upon the utter peace of the hour—when it is abruptly broken, shivered into a thousand fragments! A pair of lights, red and green, has been stealing near, approaching from the ocean. Of a sudden comes a din from the siren of the invisible vessel they represent—a noise that is difficult to describe in mere words. It has been my lot to hear many sirens on the coasts of many lands—from the concerts in



THE RIVER BANK



which the companies of Rio launches are wont to indulge to the plaintive calls of our own torpedo craft.

But this is different ; incomparable to anything that has gone before. Beginning with a blaring chromatic scale that echoes from one bank of the stricken Tagus to the other, it bursts into a frenzy of wailings that mount from the deepest bass to the treble, and descend again. Then follow endeavours at octaves and even at some notes of a waltz, all delivered with an amazing power. A grateful pause ensues. But the perpetration is not at an end. With the intervention of but the shortest breathing space, a similar performance is repeated some half-dozen times, each rendering varied at the hideous will of the operator. One had never before realised the full scope and the awful possibilities of a siren.

During the weeks that I stayed in Lisbon the demoniacal occurrence happened some half-dozen times, and, as it always came about at night, I was unable to discern the craft itself. But I was told that the sounds emanated from a steam-trawler signalling its return and some details of its catch, and in the daytime a vessel was pointed out as the author of the disturbance—a ludicrously insignificant craft to have awoken the echoes along many miles of the Tagus. But, after all, what right has one to complain in this fashion when the remaining three hundred and fifty thousand of Lisbon's inhabitants bear the matter with equanimity ? Indeed, the Portuguese are nothing if not tolerant. One forgives the boat at meals, moreover ; for the Lisbon fish is altogether excellent, and much of it has been brought by the small boat with the big voice.

It must be admitted, as a matter of fact, that the Portu-

guese, although one of the national characteristics is a peculiarly soft and well-modulated *timbre* of voice, are not averse to a certain amount of genial clamour. The life of the tramcar-driver would be saddened by the loss of his trusty bell, and the average chauffeur and the sound of his horn are more or less inseparable. One remarks the trait, too, on the open space of ground by the riverside in the neighbourhood of the arsenal. The spot, although by no means intended for that special purpose, is utilised by the sailors and more humble townfolk as a recreation ground. There the sailors fling their quoits, each as it falls raising a cloud of dust, and there the football may be seen as it is punted about in the blazing sunlight of a summer's day as well as during the cooler periods of the year. A book, by the way, could be written upon the present ubiquity of the leathern globe—the round ball of the Association game. *bien entendu*. Not a continent, and far fewer races than would generally be believed, but have fallen beneath its spell. But it is not the dull thuds of the football that satisfy the demands for sound in this improvised recreation ground. There are usually a dozen or so of bicyclists who go careering round and round the place, and the hand of each of them labours as unceasingly at his bell as his feet do at the pedals. The result is a tintinnabular concert that provides at least half the charm of the proceeding.

A little to the west of the arsenal the stretch of the river bank is thickly littered with the rows of native craft. Here all types of sailors and longshoremen are to be met with, from the picturesque bare-footed, red-sashed, scantily clothed mortal, to the man in more prosaic, but probably more shabby, clothes. In the midday hour the spot is wealthiest in pictures



TAQUS CRAFT





of unstudied repose and of the siesta as most comfortably contrived in the shade of a beached boat.

By the river front near here is the fish-market, an institution that is particularly well stocked, and where the famous sea crayfish of the neighbouring waters is much in evidence. The rank and status of this spiny crustacean and of the lobster proper is reversed here, according to the northern idea. In the southern seas the quality of the latter degenerates, while the crayfish reveals itself as a magnificent creature for edible purposes, altogether outshining the other.

The shed-like structure of a great vegetable market is upon the opposite side of the street, where mountains of cabbages and great heaps of onions, beans, and of all other varieties of the kind are piled up in imposing profusion. The place is, if anything, of the wholesale rather than the retail order, and is innocent of the general patronage and of the bustle that is a feature of its great rival situated in the Praça de Figueira in the centre of the town. Here the mounds of vegetables are smaller, but arranged with a daintiness which the sterner ethics of the first do not permit. There is fruit in abundance here, too, and richly laden flower-stalls that lend both brilliant colour and perfume to the place, while the national pottery—the Estremoz and Caldas ware—is well represented in addition. The building, a very large one of glass and iron, constitutes one of the show-places of Lisbon.

## CHAPTER III

### LISBON

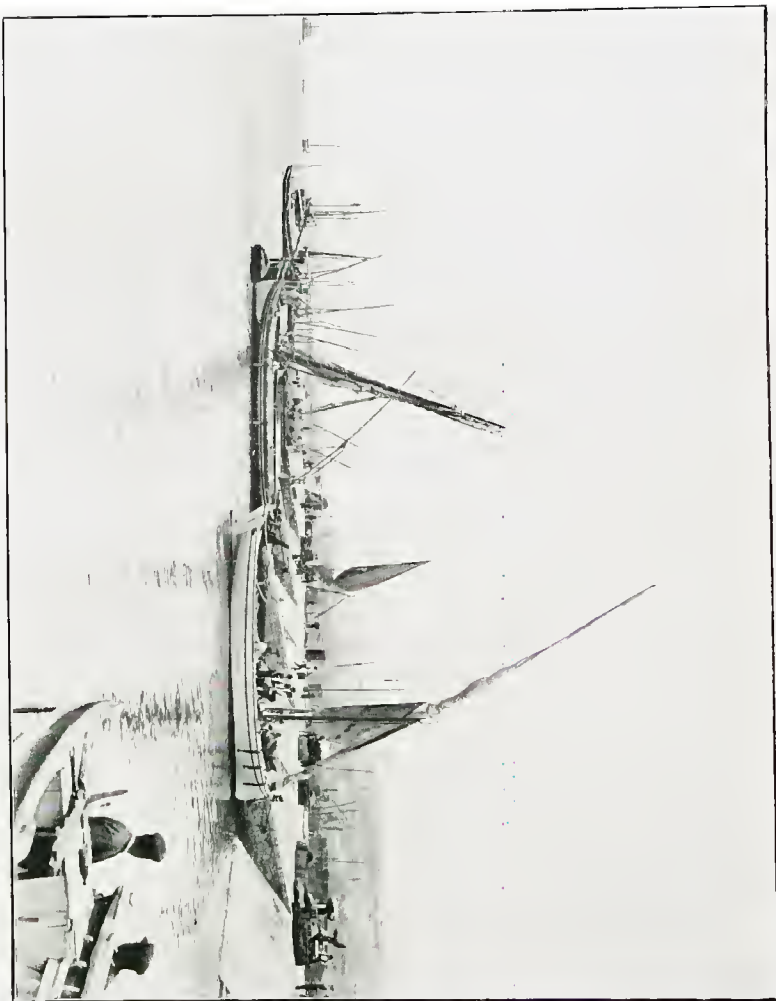
The waterworks—The aqueduct—Its history and tragedies—A unique tennis-court—The royal carriages—The science of equitation, popular and other—The botanical gardens—Old Lisbon—A little-known district—The population of the narrow ways—Ancient landmarks and tokens—The city wall—Some manners and customs of the past—The ethics of sedan-chair traffic—The city in the early sixteenth century—Return of the Navigators—The Colonies of to-day.

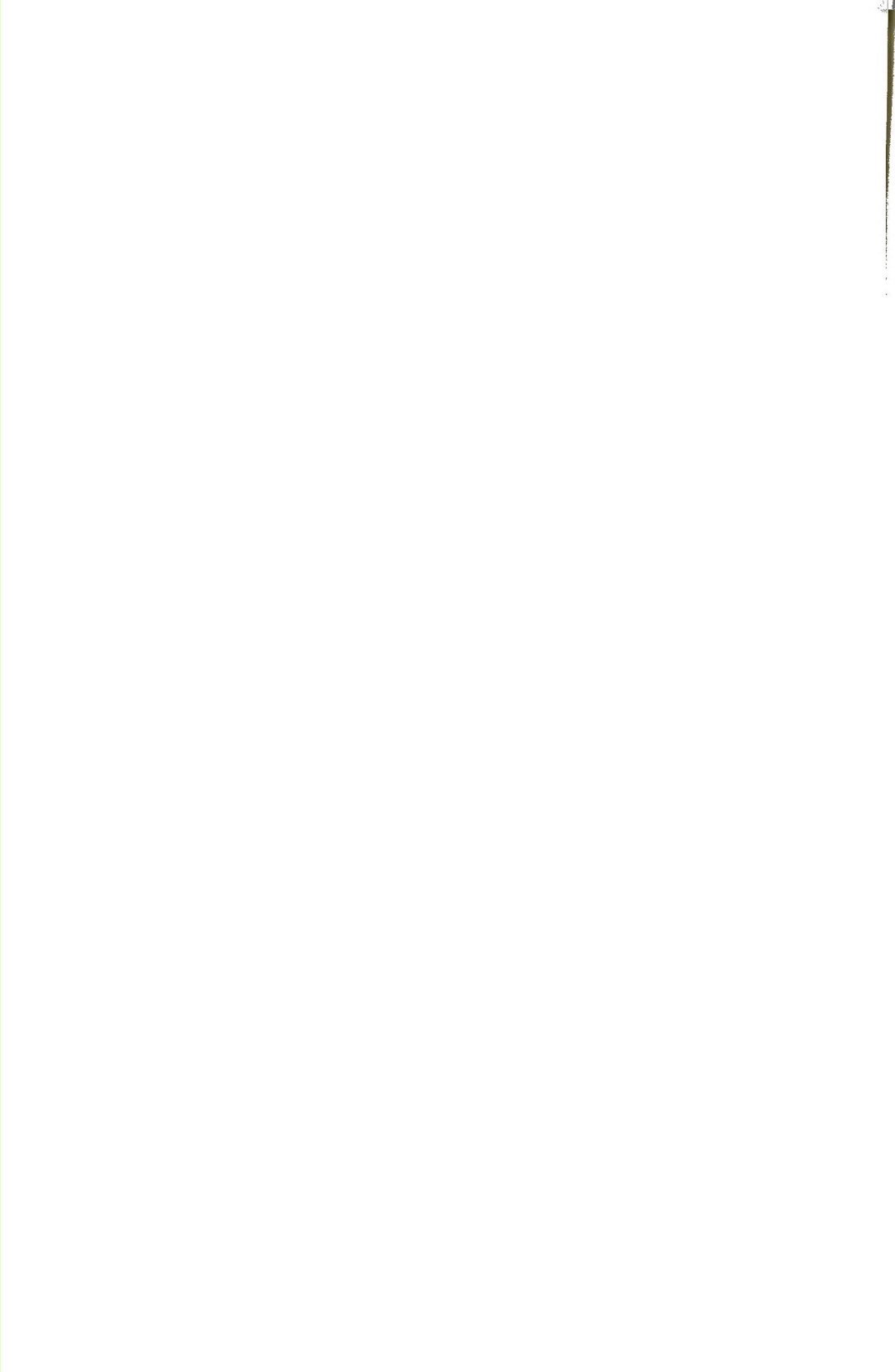
WATERWORKS, as a general rule, possess little interest for those who are not technically concerned in this branch of engineering. Those of Lisbon, however, for various reasons, prove an exception to this rule. In the first place, the water deposit in the town is sufficiently striking. Indeed, the scheme of the place is worthy both of an original mind, and of the terminus of the great aqueduct whose arches go stretching over hill and dale for twenty miles or so to the north-west in order to collect the waters of the various streams.

Entering a wide, shadowy hall, one finds the artificial lake of clear water at one's feet. Rising from out of this are the stone columns that support the vaulted roof, while the stream of water, as it arrives, flows in from the mouth of a gigantic dolphin perched against the wall well above the level of the pool.

As one strolls about the surrounding stone pathway the

A SAILING-BOAT QUAY





effect of the whole is not a little mysterious. The dim arches and columns, the echoing splash of the falling water that alone breaks the silence of the place, the sheen of the pool, and the great figure of the bountiful dolphin—all these serve to usher in the water of Lisbon with no little solemnity and pomp.

At one side of the hall, in the near neighbourhood of the dolphin, a covered way leads outwards, the dimly seen passage of which is guarded by a gate of iron bars, securely fastened. Could one follow it, one would come upon the surface of the aqueduct itself, and would find a convenient, but narrow and rather giddy path of masonry that leads to the north-west.

None may pass along it now, although in the old days the aqueduct was utilised as a public thoroughfare. It is said that, a hundred years ago and more, the narrow pathway bore more crimes to its name than any other spot in the kingdom. In a disturbed age all the desperadoes of the neighbourhood would at some time or other of their existence infest the lofty thread of road of a night. The unsuspecting peasant, returning home from Lisbon to his village bearing the moneys derived from the sale of his produce, would all at once be seized, and his pockets would be rifled of their contents.

But, even then, that was not wont to be the end of the matter. Dead men tell no tales—and no place in the world was better adapted for the making of dead men. The robbers understood the reasoning perfectly, and acted up to their convictions with grim conscientiousness. Nothing was simpler. A thrust, and a few seconds later a body was motionless some two hundred feet below. The evil reputation of the place grew to such an extent that only the boldest

dared pass along the criminal-haunted path, and in the end the authorities closed it altogether. Hence the barred gate in this hall of the waters. For, although the reason has long since disappeared, the road of many tragedies has never been opened from that day to this.

There are, beyond these, other features of interest in connection with these waterworks. One may mount a formidable number of winding stone steps, and finally emerge upon the broad roof of the place. And here is a surprise in store. Upon the spacious level of the roof is a lawn-tennis court which, although not just at present in active use, has served its purpose efficiently within recent years. Mr. C. George and other well-known residents of the capital tell me that they were wont to use the court regularly, and surely never was a court so singularly placed. Upon the top of a tall building, standing itself upon a hill, one serves and volleys here in a world apart—midway, as it seems, between earth and sky. To one unaccustomed to play amidst such surroundings—and that implies all the tennis world with the exception of these privileged few—the mere presence of the surrounding panorama would be sufficiently absorbing to induce an absent-minded game.

Lisbon—roofs and Praças and streets—is beneath. Beyond is the Tagus, and all about are the hills—the heights dotted thickly with the round towers that suggest so strongly the martello forts of our own coasts. But, for all their deceptive warlike appearance, these are no forts. Their significance is purely utilitarian. The majority are nothing beyond the structures of disused windmills deprived of their sails, while others are small water-towers following the course of the



LISBON FISHWIVES





aqueducts ; for the one that leads to this spot is not now the sole source of Lisbon's supply. Nevertheless these towers—more especially to one who is ignorant of their true prosaic significance—add not a little to the interest of the hills of which they form so marked a feature.

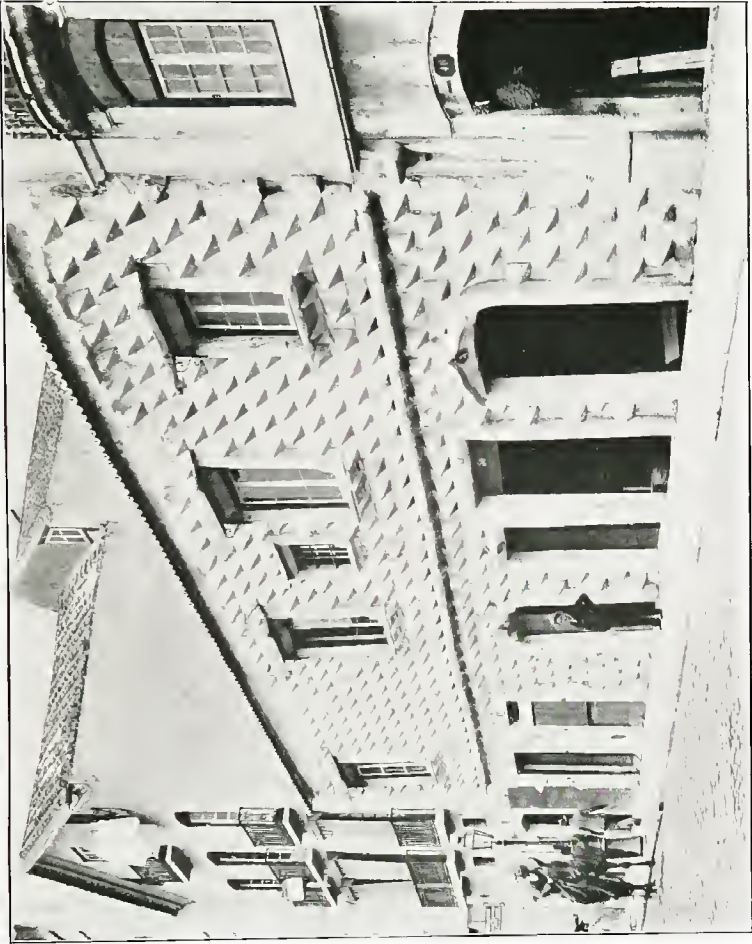
From this it will be seen that there is far more of note to be remarked about the waterworks than the unpromising title of the place would lead one to expect. One meets with many similar experiences in the country. To pass on, for instance, to a subject widely different in itself, the sight of the royal carriages does not promise anything of very deep interest to those who have already seen a number of similar vehicles. But the case is different here. The number and style of gorgeous chariots collected in the museum now devoted to the purpose is simply amazing. Of the exact number of these equipages I have unfortunately no note ; but in any case the collection completely fills a great hall. With wheels that alone are works of art in carving and decoration, with panels exquisitely painted by masters of distinction, and with magnificent groups of allegorical figures adorning the rear of the vehicle—at least a dozen represent the very acme of elaborate state. They are fitting to the days of Portugal's highest glory. Tremendous ostentation is there, it is true, but an ostentation chastened and justified by a wonderful display of art. These chariots form one of the many thousand records of Portugal's great past.

While upon this subject, one may refer *en passant* to the equitation of the present day as practised in Lisbon. It is true, as I have had occasion to remark, that one may notice in the streets numerous boy grooms who balance themselves

for preference upon the horse's very tail. But, in contrast to this, the riding of the élite errs, if anything, rather upon the side of a surfeit of style. The *haute école* is much studied—perhaps a little at the expense of plain hard riding. But, after all, what use has one for the latter in the capital itself? And if the mount of many a young Lisbon blood curvet and caracole a little unduly according to British ideas, the majority can stretch themselves well enough in a gallop; for the wealthier inhabitants of the town take no little pride in owning horse-flesh of a good, sound stock.

One of the principal of the riding schools is in the neighbourhood of the Botanical Gardens, and, after watching the animals and riders at work, it is pleasant to stroll out into the gardens themselves, and to walk along the famous palm avenue which the place holds out with so much pride. It is seldom that palms in any part whatever of Europe appear altogether happy and at home. In the northern continent, however well cared for, their tendency is to become a little ragged, and to wear the unhappy look of the exile transported to a hostile soil. But the palm avenue here stands out in another and surprisingly healthy fashion, and goes some way towards justifying the rather ambitious claim of the Portuguese that there is scarcely a plant grown overseas that will not flourish in their soil.

One has already spoken much of Portugal's past, and perhaps it is as well, considering the importance of the subject, to turn to some of its evidences in the capital before resuming the survey of more modern affairs. There is much of old Lisbon remaining—far more, indeed, than the majority of visitors suppose. As a matter of fact, the average inhabitant of Lisbon, although he will point with pride to the outstanding



THE HOUSE OF POINTS



and grandiose monuments of the past, is a little loth to exhibit the more homely and everyday relics of another age. It is perhaps quite natural that, with his eye upon the broad boulevards that are now spreading their imposing lengths in all directions, he should become oblivious of the narrow and somewhat squalid thoroughfares that probably a number of the wealthy classes have never traversed in their lives.

Old Lisbon exists, for all that. The least-known quarter of the town, its narrow streets occupy a considerable space to the north-east of the Custom House. In order to reach the quarter the simplest method is to proceed along the Rua da Alfandega, past the magnificent gateway of the ancient church of Conceição Velha, and there to turn up one of those narrow alleys whose openings blink timidly in the sunlight of the broad main street.

One can attain the same object by traversing the Rua Bacalhoeiros—by which route one has the advantage of passing the famous old house of the pointed stones. Here every stone in the construction of the façade has been shaped into a point with the quaint effect of a *chevaux de frise* directed in menace towards the street.

When one has passed to the left from out of the main thoroughfare, the visitor will find himself in a curious network of narrow streets—so narrow, indeed, are some of these that they appear as little more than an attenuated slit of light and air in the midst of the buildings. Here and there one emerges in an open space—a small Praça of the utmost importance compared with the rest; then again one is swallowed up within the narrow thoroughfares.

Considering the number of really old houses remaining here,

one is forced to the conclusion that the great earthquake must have behaved with exceptional tenderness towards this quarter of the town. Amidst the medley of the earlier periods are houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and until lately there was still standing at least one representative of the fourteenth. Gabled, with their upper stories projecting over the street, and with their old-world windows, they make a picture that lamentably few visitors to the capital are wont to set eyes upon.

It is true that a certain amount has to be sacrificed to the merely picturesque ethics of the place. The inhabitants—the poorest of the Lisbon poor—are wont to indulge in a free-and-easy manner of reclining in the streets, and in the narrow ways it is almost necessary to step over their recumbent forms as one passes by. The bearer of a kodak, moreover, will almost certainly find himself the centre of a crowd of inconveniently interested boys and girls. But the people in general, for all their want and squalor, are—I was about to use the word harmless, but that is too negative a compliment to suit the case. If benighted and submerged, they are civil in speech, and apparently by no means dead to common humanity.

Although, from common prudence, one would recommend no lady to enter the quarter unattended, yet I have heard of no insult offered to the visitor on the part of these squalid, poverty-stricken folk. How well this speaks for them will only become obvious when the nature of the district is actually seen.

Here and there, as one passes by the recumbent forms and beneath the washed garments that hang out to dry above, one meets with some small signs that have an historical significance. Carved from the stone wall of a house—and at times the sculpture is a small work of art—a three-masted vessel will



THE THRESHOLD OF OLD LISBON





stand out. The explanation is this. In ancient times when a lease of a house was granted by the town to a citizen, the latter was compelled to place this sign—the arms of the capital—upon its walls in order to preserve the fact that the building was the property of the city.

One sees the small stone ships, whether finely or crudely carved, here and there. Some while ago there were more than exist at present. For antiquaries—cunning and far-seeing in their generation!—have managed to purchase a certain number. But that is no longer possible, and those that remain—will remain; so at all events it is to be hoped. In addition to these ships, the sculptured sign of a crow is occasionally to be seen. The significance of this is similar. The bird, emblematic of S. Vicente, the patron of the crows, stands as a proof that the house was leased by the authorities of the church and district of that name.

Such portions of the old city wall as remain are to be met with in the neighbourhood of this picturesque quarter. The most ancient thing of bricks and mortar in the capital, for the greater part Moorish, and even with fragments that are alleged to be Roman, it is no longer salient. Indeed, for all its height and massive structure, it shrinks so furtively now amidst the buildings that a stranger would pass it by unnoticed. Here and there, however, forming for a short distance one side of a narrow street, it is to be met with, grim, and dark with age.

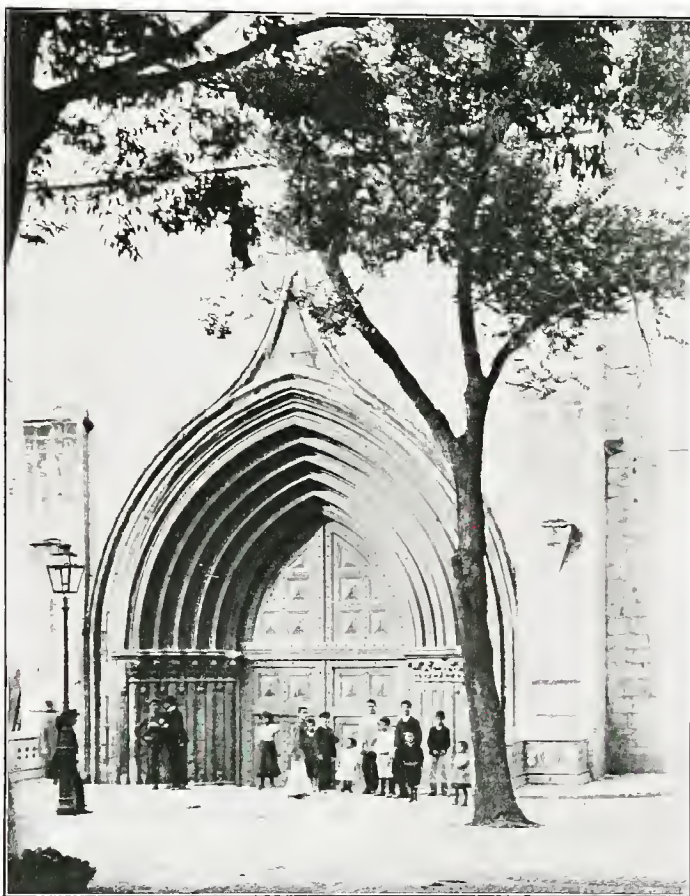
Ere leaving the topic of the ancient quarter of Lisbon there is one more relic of considerable historical interest that must be mentioned. Upon an old tablet set in a house in one of the narrow thoroughfares is an inscription, of which the following is the translation: ‘In the year 1686 his Majesty ordered

the coaches, stages, and sedan chairs that come from the gate of the Holy Saviour to back in the same direction.' There is far more in this command than its terse and rather cryptic wording would imply. It takes one back to the days when men wore swords, and drew them as an everyday affair.

The royal proclamation, as a matter of fact, was in the interests of peace. At the period when the words were carved there were few streets indeed of sufficient breadth to permit a vehicle or sedan chair to pass another except at certain points. The question of which of a meeting pair should back became a serious one, involving at times points of pride, precedence, and *amour propre* that, according to the fierce etiquette of the time, could only be settled by recourse to weapons. Thus ruffling, brawling, and bloodshed too often preceded the retreat of one of the two parties.

The first attempt to avoid these continual skirmishes was in the form of a regulation which ordered a vehicle proceeding uphill to give way to one in the act of descent. So hilly was Lisbon—then as now—that the authorities had omitted to take into consideration the level ground! Upon this the contending bodies of masters, and of retainers as well, still fell apace. It was the latter enactment that solved the question finally, and permitted the one side or the other to give way—since obedience to a royal command brought about no loss of prestige. Originally, some dozens of these tablets were scattered about the old streets; now but one remains.

At the time of this enactment Portugal, although once more free and mistress of her own territories, had already retrograded a sad distance from the zenith of its power. For that one must go back more than a hundred years. A picture of



DOORWAY OF THE RUINED CARMO CHURCH



Lisbon life during the earlier sixteenth century by an enterprising contemporary journalist—it yet remains to be proved whether the non-existence of the profession at that date was a blessing or a curse!—what more fascinating matter could one have, did such a thing exist? The return of the navigators—the homecoming of the worn and battered galleons, as, swinging round from the south in the last tack of their voyage, they sailed slowly up the blue Tagus—these moments must have stirred the populace and their rulers with the indescribable intoxication with which a people awakes to find itself heroic, and to know that it is their own brethren and kinsfolk who have dared all and won.

One can imagine the pealing of the church bells, the roar of the cannon, and the combined rush of the townsfolk to the shore as the anchors drop and the threadbare sails curl up for their long rest. And then for the exhibition, the proofs of what these strenuous seamen have achieved! Wonderful objects from unthought-of lands, and the strange inhabitants of the far-away coasts, plucked up as specimens and brought here for all the world to see—there must have been round eyes by the thousand in Lisbon then, and scores of processions of the curious pressing eagerly about some unusually startling object as it was borne away.

And while the populace rejoiced in their own fashion at the homecoming of each exploring fleet, the magnificent monastery of Belem was slowly rising up to mark the epoch fittingly, and to set the seal upon the nation's pride. Then a little later, when the Lisbon folk had grown accustomed to these strange cargoes from oversea, the realisation of the commercial value of the discoveries, the influx of foreign merchants, the filling of the

town with a babel of strange tongues, and the golden setting of wealth that came all at once with a very novel and entrancing glow—it was a stirring age indeed.

Although now shorn of her great empire, the past has bequeathed much of its breezy spirit to the Portuguese. The nation has not been content to settle down to a small-minded and merely parochial existence. The Portuguese is still by temperament a voyager, and the marks of his broader interests are still plainly stamped upon the land. The connection with Brazil, for one thing, remains almost as close as though the great republic were still a colony of the mother country. Each week the liners bear out hundreds to the South American state, meeting upon their way other vessels bearing other hundreds of native Brazilians or of Portuguese, all bound for the ports of the Tagus or of the Douro.

With India the threads of intercourse have become attenuated almost to the point of extinction, it is true, although a small corner of the eastern realms remains their property. It must be remembered, however, that the Portuguese colonies, for all the shrinkage that has befallen them, still constitute assets of no little value and size.

With over a million and a half of square miles inhabited by populations of more than seventeen millions, the concerns of the nation are still widely distributed about the globe. The safe-guarding of the possessions, and the African wars, still call for the men, uniformed now in khaki with cloaks of a rather swashbuckling pattern, to go oversea and to play their part in colonial warfare. And that much of the old spirit remains is evidenced by the accounts of many of those fierce battles fought amidst the remote African forests and swamps.



BELEM: SOUTH DOOR





In order to obtain some insight into the ethics of this present-day colonial life, one has merely to stroll down to the Tagus and to watch the departure of one of the fine Portuguese African-bound steamers crowded with figures in khaki, and with officials and colonists with the burned and shrunken faces of those who exist beneath a tropical sun.

## CHAPTER IV

### LISBON

Tramway cars—An efficient service—The *Carro do Povo*—Pirate cars  
An agile vehicle of prey—Methods of invasion and evasion—The  
Lisbon season—The opera, theatres, and music-halls—The Paraiso—  
Portuguese entertainments—Their tone—The ubiquitous cinematograph—  
Income and the motor-car—Private wealth—Hotels—The  
Avenida Palace and the Bragança—Other establishments.

IN the preceding chapter I have referred to some of the ethics of Lisbon traffic as practised in the old days, and—although one is justified in placing the past before the present—it is perhaps as well to lose no time in referring to the subject of the modern means of locomotion in the capital. Of the public conveyances, the tramway system stands out first and foremost. As I have had occasion to remark elsewhere in referring to lands south of the equator, it is a rather curious fact that so many of the Iberian races have for some while past been served with a system of these convenient vehicles, such as we ourselves have only recently commenced to adopt.

The efficiency of the Lisbon service, for one, is undeniable. Tramcars here are ubiquitous. Fearing apparently no gradient whatever, they are wont to perform mountaineering feats of no mean order. They climb the seven hills of Lisbon—and the other unofficial eminences besides—and glide down the further steep slopes in perfect tranquillity and confidence.



CLOISTERS.

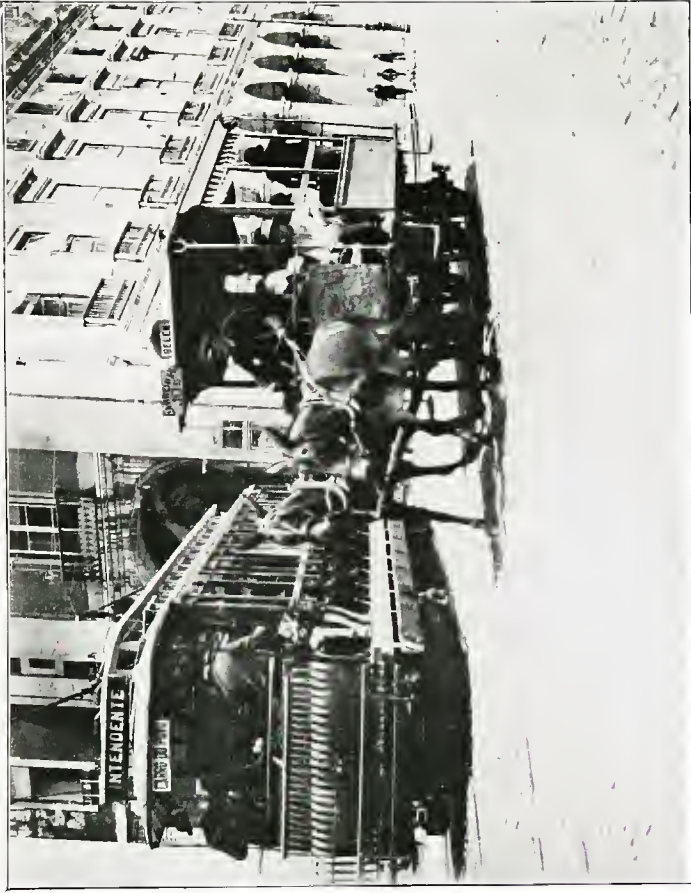


Not content with the exploitation of the main thoroughfares, the daring cars will branch off suddenly and plunge headlong into the complicated network of the eastern streets. Here one follows their course at times with something akin to wonder. As one of them speeds at undiminished pace along a thoroughfare so narrow as to leave no more than a few feet to spare between the step on the left hand and the walls of the houses, one may observe a turning ahead—a corner of an abruptness that would cause a horsed vehicle to pause. But the long car charges the spot headlong, swerves in some extraordinary fashion, turns in its own length—its front and back almost touching either side of the street in the operation—and glides on again, undismayed, to continue its twistings and doublings further on. The speed of the snake-like progress is amazing. Indeed, in order to witness an altogether unsuspected power of agility in the cumbrous modern tram-cars, one need go no further than Lisbon.

A number of these cars have in tow a secondary carriage, rather smaller and less imposing in appearance, that is known as the *Carro do Povo*, the people's car. The fares of the first are strictly reasonable; but those of the second-class are yet cheaper, and the latter vehicle is patronised entirely by the peasants and poor folk of the town. There are occasions, Sundays and feast-days for instance, when no difference is made between the charges of the two. It is at such times that the innate modesty of the populace becomes evident. For the great majority, loth to acknowledge their genuine claim to a seat in the first, insist on crowding themselves together in the second as on ordinary days, frequently even if the car of superior status be almost empty.

But even the *Carro do Povo* is not the cheapest of all the vehicles that ply upon the tramway lines. A very short while spent in the capital will reveal the existence of a number of small vehicles constructed and painted in tramcar fashion, but very much in miniature. Upon their fronts they bear the regulation placards announcing the destination of each, but upon the side is the plain inscription 'Eduardo Jorge.' And Senhor Eduardo Jorge, if he exists in the flesh, is a very enterprising and astute person. One may watch one of these cars as it careers along, as a rule well laden with passengers, until it comes face to face with one of the electric ones, a giant by comparison. The procedure that ensues is quite interesting. The mules are flogged to one side; the wheels of the small vehicle slip out of the track, and the conveyance swerves out into the roadway to circle round out of the way of the other, and to recover its hold of the lines upon the further side. Meanwhile the other rumbles forward in a stately contempt that is only broken by the expostulations of the driver when the mule-car fails to yield its ground with sufficient promptness.

As a matter of fact, there is no more love lost between the two than is wont to prevail between the rightful and the illegitimate. The small car is a frank pirate upon the high rails! It is an institution that preys upon the tramway lines, sharing no expenses with the company for their upkeep. The scheme, so perfectly and so daringly simple, is naturally resented by the responsible company. It took the matter into the law courts, but was told—one imagines with unsympathetic logic—that if it chose to leave its rails lying about the streets it could not object to the wheels of other vehicles passing over them.



TRAMCARS: OFFICIAL AND OTHER





Finding small consolation in the verdict, the company, I am told, resorted to a desperate measure, and altered the gauge of its lines. Eduardo Jorge, in very uncalled-for sympathy, forthwith amended the stretch of his axle-bars in proportion, and continued to run as before. And so he runs still, undefeated, with his jaunty, irresponsible little cars and their mules that rattle along and dodge amongst their ponderous rivals with familiar and light-hearted impertinence.

Yet Eduardo does not get off scot-free. He is recognised by the Government to the extent of a tax on each vehicle that represents—would it be believed?—no less than one hundred pounds per annum. But Eduardo Jorge pays it cheerfully, and prospers. A brain such as this would seem disproportionately large to the small country of Portugal. One imagines that no space less than that of the two Americas would suffice for its full scope.

So far as social gaiety is concerned, Lisbon, from one source and another, can claim a very ample share of this throughout the year. The season proper, however, lasts from December until the end of March. It is during this period that the Avenida and the main boulevards are most thronged with the motor-cars and the carriages of the 'Society that counts.' The opera at the S. Carlos and the principal theatres—the Donna Maria II., the Donna Amelia, and the Trindade—is well patronised. As in so many other capitals of Europe, at the opera alone is full dress indispensable, and, as elsewhere too, the Portuguese ladies, very radiant in the inevitable and mystic Paris confections, make the most of the occasion.

Of the music-halls, the most popular and undoubtedly the best planned is the Paraiso. To the front of the stage here

are spacious gardens and promenades, the main auditorium possessing the advantage—an incalculable one in a climate that admits to a sense of responsibility—of being open to the air. At the side are covered galleries where it is possible for those who favour a combination of functions to dine and to watch the performance at the same time. And this latter, of the usual variety order, is strictly *comme il faut*, even when judged by the light of our now obsolete mid-Victorian tenets. Upon the occasions on which I witnessed it, at all events, nothing occurred to justify a blush even on the countenance of the most ingenuous. Yet the place is wont to be crowded nightly! One wonders why, and how it is also that this strange confusion has arisen between Portuguese ethics and our own! The *Colyseu*, a great building with an amazing extent of seating accommodation that bursts into active existence only at intervals, provides a rather broader species of entertainment—more of the kind that we, in our introspective moments, are wont to classify as French.

A reluctance to admit the more daring intimacies is typical of the great majority of Portuguese entertainments. It is, moreover, a leading feature of those cinematograph performances that are so popular in the capital. Indeed the number of such places of entertainment that exist in Lisbon at present would be difficult to estimate, if for no other reason than for the frequent additions that continually spring into being to swell the total.

The centre of the city especially is thickly spangled of a night with the illuminations that are sported by many of the buildings devoted to the purpose. Although one or two indulge in slightly more ambitious views concerning seats, the majority

offer an hour's entertainment varied by music for the equivalent of threepence, while an extra twopence opens the gangway to the reserved and most select seats of all. A sufficiently modest fee for an hour's insight into the doings of half a dozen countries, relieved by the comic and tragic interludes that the instrument reproduces with such faith to the life—as understood by the cinematograph!

To those of the poorer classes, whose known world is some score of miles in diameter, the educational force of these entertainments is not to be despised. But this is not the place to advertise the improving tendencies of the cinematograph. The average establishment brings itself quite sufficiently into prominence as it is by the ceaseless ringing of electric bells, the clatter of which as it sounds along the streets is a little unpleasantly obvious at times.

To return for a while to that world whose social status demands a less modest species of entertainment, few can have failed to be struck by the number of motor-cars that are in evidence in the capital during the season. The display of cars is all the more surprising since the hilly streets of Lisbon are, on the whole, ill-adapted to the automobile.

The fact is, that the motor constitutes quite a special weakness of the Portuguese. If his means justify it, so much the better. If they fail in this respect, no small number will so cut their financial coats as to possess a car, even if all other comfort is mercilessly docked in favour of the luxury. Many proud drivers of shining cars will be pointed out with amazement by other residents who chance to know their actual financial status. 'How does he manage petrol,' one of them will exclaim, 'when he never dared even oats before?' Yet

he does, even though the quality of wines, cigarettes, clothes, and the size of the establishment itself should shrink beneath the claims of the ravenous monster. The Portuguese is thrifty, and endowed with no little sense of financial responsibility. Thus the charm of the motor and the 'tone' it endows are, in these cases, usually obtained at the very hard-won cost of the owner, and not at that of his creditors.

One may safely say that a certain small proportion of those cars that flaunt up and down the Avenida have had a meal of petrol at the expense of the owner's dinner. But—what would you have? *Noblesse oblige!* How much more so the motor-car which is direct and public evidence of a claim to that fortunate state!

The inference must not be drawn from this that the majority of automobile owners are not in a position to support the luxury with every comfort to themselves. That the nation officially is poor is obvious to all. But the finances of the nation, as represented by private individuals, stand on a very different footing. To say nothing of those wealthy Brazilians who return to settle in the country, the number of estate-owners whose rent-roll induces affluence is astonishingly large. Beyond this, the recent more energetic development of the African colonies has already borne financial fruit, and cocoa, rubber, and other products have been responsible for a number of really formidable fortunes.

There is, indeed, no little evidence of luxury in the capital, and, owing to the heavy scale of duties upon every import, luxury is only obtainable at a greater cost than in the majority of lands. The casual traveller, it must be said, is comparatively unaffected by these conditions, since the necessity for



SOUTHERN EXTREMITY OF PRAÇA DOM PEDRO IV.



purchasing the most heavily-taxed articles seldom arises. The hotel charges, too, although those of the most important are on a par with the tariff of the better-class London establishments, are moderate enough when all things are taken into consideration.

Of these Lisbon hotels the leading two are undoubtedly the Avenida Palace and the Bragança. Both, although conducted on entirely different systems, are excellent of their kind.

The Avenida Palace—late, the International—is an establishment of quite the first rank. The last word in Lisbon hotels, its fine building is situated by the railway station in the very centre of the town. With its great halls and reception-rooms brilliantly illuminated; decorated, moreover, in that sumptuous fashion that is characteristic of the quite modern hotel, with its lifts and bebies of uniformed attendants—there are few hotels in Europe to which the Avenida Palace does not stand as an imposing rival. The building, moreover, is peculiarly fortunate in its situation, with one front giving as it does upon the broad central Praça, and another upon the Avenida itself that commences at this point. From the first one may watch the life of the capital as it eddies and halts in the Praça; from the second is revealed nearly the entire stretch of the famous Avenida, trees, gardens, and all—a vista that can scarcely be surpassed by any other of its kind. The Avenida Palace is fortunate in possessing a private entrance from the railway station, by means of which, if arriving by train, one may pass directly into the building. A really excellent string band plays here in the evenings, and the Sunday afternoon-tea concerts have

become quite an institution with the residents of the town as well as with the guests. With all these advantages, and with those in addition of a first-class cuisine and of an extremely attentive management, the hotel is most confidently to be recommended. Indeed, the Avenida Palace is a very magnificent tribute to the spirit of modern enterprise that has become so marked a feature of the country within recent years.

The Bragança, a famous and old-standing Lisbon landmark, is imbued with a sedate and select atmosphere that is entirely its own. It has for many decades been the haunt of very distinguished folk, from royalty and ministers down to—*down* to! good Heavens, what an admission!—peripatetic authors. Rooms, not large, that hold some wonderful pieces of dark old furniture; a hushed comfort; an excellent cuisine, and that quiet but efficient service that is the mark only of the best type of attendant—such are some of the characteristics of the Bragança.

One would feel inclined to dilate more fully upon the place, but for the danger of falling into the trite laudatory style of the hotel advertisements. The ground upon which the Bragança stands is historic. It was formerly occupied by the Lisbon palace of the Dukes of Bragança, and it was in this building, destroyed by the earthquake of 1755, that the forty famous Portuguese revolutionists met in 1640, and named the first of December as the day upon which their country should be freed from the Spanish yoke. It was not until 1845 that the Queen Donna Maria caused the present building to be constructed.

After the Bragança it is not surprising that there should be a fall of several grades in the status of the remaining



principal hotels. Nevertheless, the *Angleterre*, the *Central*, the *Durand*, and the *Europe*, if more modest, can all be recommended for no little comfort. There are a dozen beyond that possess some merit in the matter of entertainment, but which fail to meet altogether the exigencies of the average travelling foreigner.

## CHAPTER V

### LISBON

Fête days—The *Festa* of S. Pedro—Some seasonable superstitions—The test of the thistle—Aspects of the markets—The ‘Mangerico’—Sentimental exigencies of the plant—Portuguese fireworks—Scenes in the streets—A night of illumination and procession—The *Feira d’Alcantara*—The pleasures of the poor—Strenuous washerfolk—The Lisbon cat—A feline problem—The extermination of the pariah dog—Protective and humane societies—Modern philanthropy—Some admirable institutions.

SUCH gaiety as is inherent in Lisbon is wont to reach a periodical climax on *Festa* days. These occasions are far from rare. The month of June alone, I think, has five days marked in red and set apart for the purpose. The *Festa* of S. Pedro, which occurs in midsummer, is celebrated with even greater festivity than the majority. On the eve of the great day itself have already occurred many ceremonies—principally connected with the tender passions of the young and ardent heart. There is one test in especial, widely popular, and efficacious only on this eve. It is an ordeal by fire—of a thistle blossom. Either man or maid may undertake this, and learn their subsequent fate.

These rites of Cupid are perfectly simple. The purple blossom is passed through any convenient flame, and laid aside with considerable emotion and suspense until the next morning. Then all depends upon whether the inner bloom

retains its purple life, or whether it has become dead and withered from the effects of the fire. If the former, the suppliant may rejoice ; for the course of love will be smooth. If the latter, it is certain that shipwreck awaits the frail vessel of the affections. In which case it may be all for the best—if the downcast lover would only believe it !

It is only sometimes, in the case of a waning tenderness, that the gloomy omen may come as an actual relief. But, although very loth to disturb the pretty superstition, I have lamentably little faith in even the chance accidents of the augury. When it is possible to kill or preserve both love and the thistle by a longer or shorter immersion in the flames, the partiality of human nature has a suspiciously powerful voice in the allegorical shaping of its ends. One may take it for granted that many a justly doomed thistle has lived, and *vice versa*. In after years the once joint suppliants would be the first to admit it.

There is a sounder test than this that is occasionally indulged in as well. In this case the thistle-head is flung bodily into the fire. If it bursts into flame the fire eats up all love ; but, if it smoulders, the affections are solid, and will endure. This, at all events, leaves the issue to the will of the flames

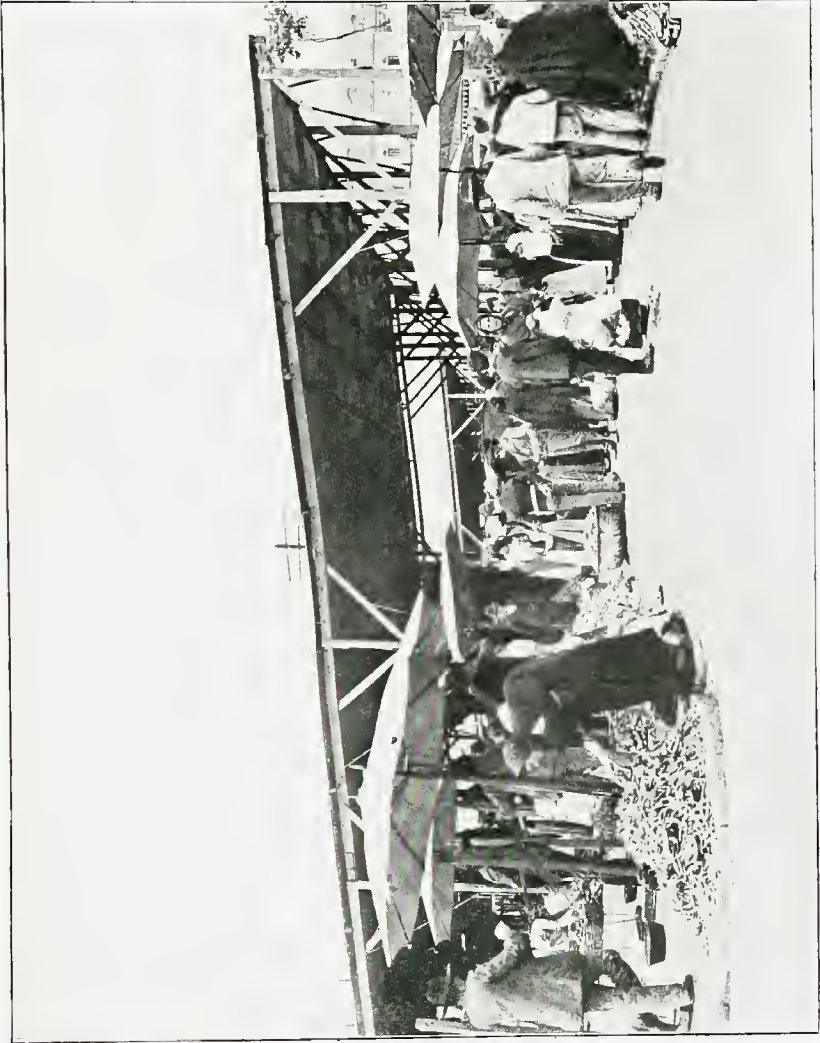
Throughout Portugal it is by such fatal ceremonies as these that the *Festa* of S. Pedro is ushered in. The aspect of the Lisbon markets is metamorphosed for the occasion. The stalls, in addition to a greater variety than usual of their wonted goods, are heaped with artificial flowers. And everywhere—in the markets, in the street vendors' arms, in private florist shops, and in the hands of the purchasers—is the 'Mangerico,' a small plant with delicate and aromatic leaves

that is as sacred to the *Festa* as is the tree to Christmas in the north. Grown and potted by the ten thousand for this day alone, there is a right and a wrong way of handling this pretty little green symbol. For one thing, in order to enjoy its perfume one should never apply one's nostrils to the leaves themselves. According to tradition, the plant resents this boorish contact to the point of expiring within a very short period. The only legitimate fashion of obtaining the aroma of the 'Mangerico' is first to press the leaves with the fingers and then to place these perfumed members before the nose with due ceremony. And no Portuguese who enters into the spirit of the *Festa* will fail to observe the custom.

It is in the evening of S. Pedro's day that the full spirit of the *Festa* blazes forth. The Portuguese, although his weakness in the matter falls short of the delirious ardour of his Madeira brother, is devoted to fireworks. In gardens such as that of the Paraiso will be pyrotechnic displays marked by an enthusiasm on the part of the spectators that is only equalled by that of the officiating experts. Indeed, so whole-souled are wont to be the latter in the execution of their duties that, so long as the pyrotechnics explode, the direction of their flight seems of little consequence.

As for the crowd, to all appearances it resents as little as the others the appearance of a few hissing fireworks in their midst. Nevertheless, the chance visitor may take it that such an occasion is one upon which a back seat has its distinct value. Then, after the performance in costume of a national dance or two, one sallies out into the street.

Although all the central Praças are crowded, that of Dom Pedro IV. is naturally the most thronged of all. Here the mass



VEGETABLE MARKET ON THE RIVER FRONT



of people fill the great square from end to end. At first the sight is a little bewildering. Clusters of Chinese lanterns, both stationary and moving, shine out in all hues against the blue-white of the electric lights. A score of companies of amateur musicians in fancy dress are ceaselessly threading their way through the crowd, the strains of their various melodies rising from all directions at once. At one side of the Praça a procession of carriages and motor-cars is forming, each vehicle profusely decorated and illuminated with Chinese lanterns. As for the occupants, in more elaborate masquerade than the rest, they bring into being a yet bolder colour effect by the flaring torches that they bear. Tramcars and all such merely utilitarian vehicles have been banished from the spot. The Praça is given over entirely to the revellers, and if uproarious and good-humoured jollity be any proof, these make the most of it.

The line of illuminated carriages has grown longer and longer, until some sixty or seventy have mustered together, and the time for the march has arrived. Preceded by a full band, the procession moves off in all its flaring and glowing colours, sweeping in its train half the folk in the square. Then, and not until then, does the first tramcar approach, its great bulk moving slowly in apologetic fashion through the throng. But the night is not yet at an end. The procession has gone on its round through the main streets, to spread a fever of exhilaration wherever it passes ; but the Praça still remains crowded, although permitting more elbow-room now to the amateur public entertainers in masquerade, whose individual efforts, in consequence, gain much in ambition.

The *Festa*, indeed, is by no means confined to the central

Praças. As one passes along the streets, Pierrots, stage peasants, Indians, and a variety of those whose costumes are merely grotesque, are evident throughout, while from all directions come the bands of strolling minstrels, each with its own array of Chinese lanterns to illuminate the march. Up the Rua Garrett it is the same, and even upon the high ground in the comparatively remote Praça de Camões the crowds, music, songs, and shouting are undiminished in volume. One thing is certain. Never did folk enjoy festivities in such a spirit of innocent riot and sublime good-humour as these of Lisbon, and never were proceedings of the kind kept up with such unabating zest. For he who goes to bed that night is unworthy of the name of true reveller, and it is only the cold and unsympathetic morning light that breaks up the bands and sends the masqueraders homewards.

Apart from the periods of popular and general enjoyment, there is a fair of a very different kind, one that has its being in the sailors' quarter upon the western fringe of the town. The *Feira d'Alcantara*, an institution that enjoys a permanence of a month or so each summer, has no significance in origin beyond being the means of such entertainment as a collection of booths and 'side-shows' can offer. The patrons of the *Feira* are drawn exclusively from the class that takes its pleasures in lurid doses. In many ways its elements, though far less simple, are as crude as those of the most remote country *Festa*. But the Alcantara fair, though a little sordid, affords a most invaluable study to those interested in the unrestrained gambols of the pleasure-seeking 'submerged.' Not that the latter is a fair term to apply to the native sailors and many others who haunt the spot.









CINTRA.



The extent of the fair is large, and the variety of amusement offered is in proportion. There are booths laden with gaudy trinkets, cheap pottery, and other of the least valuable national products. There are cinematograph buildings, as a matter of course, a miniature toboggan slide, a small wooden roller-skating rink, and other entertainments of a similar kind. It is these portions of the fair that are patronised by the élite of its customers.

The refreshment tents that exhale such powerful odours, and that display upon the outside portions of fish cooked in several altogether incomprehensible fashions, claim a humbler public. As for the dancing-booths, it is in these that the life of the place comes bubbling up in its most bizarre eruption. Even of these there is a sufficient variety. From one will sound a thunderous stamping of feet as a crowd of men foot it lustily ; in another are couples of men and women dancing with similar *abandon* to strains of music as uncouth as the first ; upon a stage in yet another are a negro and a negress dancing a cakewalk or a ' Machiche ' in a manner sufficiently exotic to suit the tastes of the audience.

Of the whole long row of dancing-booths there is not one that has not its own particular features of interest—if not necessarily of merit. And the collection of faces and forms within could scarcely be surpassed—again for morbid interest, if for nothing beyond. But in each of these the stranger is welcomed with such embarrassing warmth, and his presence continues to excite such lively interest on the part of male and female alike, that such visits are advisedly of short duration. Beyond this unwelcome surfeit of attentions there is nothing to fear. Law and order is stringently enforced, and between the canvas

walls from behind which comes such an astonishing medley of sound, the police are continuously pacing to and fro in very formidable numbers.

On returning through the well-lit Lisbon streets after an expedition such as this, one may be struck by the sight of a small train of mules or donkeys, their pack-saddles laden high, accompanied by a number of men and women. When met with in the neighbourhood of midnight, the spectacle is sufficiently strange to arouse curiosity—and then one learns the meaning of the procession. The men and women are country washerfolk who have come in to collect the soiled linen and all else with which they deal. On their homeward way now, they will plod by the side of their animals for league upon league until, as likely as not, the dawn will be flushing in the sky ere they are once more within their village.

Borne through the night far away from the houses of the capital, to be brought back by the same plodding means—what an unexpected romance in mere washing! And what a revelation of the hardiness and industry of these enterprising washerfolk! For dogged pertinacity—well, one could almost say that in their own humble fashion they rival the endurance of the famous discoverers of old.

It is upon returning home at such hours, too, that one meets with numerous specimens of something that has no connection whatever with washing—nothing more nor less than the Lisbon cat. The Lisbon cat, it must be said, is a creature prominent both in individuality and in ribs. The capital, as a matter of fact, is not proud of its cats. Frankly, it has little reason to be. The cause of the great number that at present haunt the town, and the reason of the utter emaciation of them all,



A STREET GROUP





are two questions that are at present vexing the authorities. One can only suppose that the first condition induces the second state. As it is, their name is legion, and their backbones resemble on a small scale the serrated ridge of Cintra. Half a dozen of these in the street, or climbing at the same time with paradoxical energy a handsome stretch of roof, are sufficient to mar an otherwise pleasant prospect.

The authorities, whose views concerning cause and effect apparently tally with my own—a not altogether unnatural coincidence—have threatened to capture and destroy this sorry feline army, a measure that would be merciful enough to the poor creatures. But imagine the task! One has heard of seven maids with seven mops who might have swept for half a year—but seventy men with seventy bags all clambering over the roofs of Lisbon might labour for a century ere they seriously diminished the number of stray cats in the town.

As a matter of fact, in days long gone by, a process of extermination was successfully carried out which had the stray dogs of Lisbon for its object. At the period when the city was just emerging from its unpaved, undrained, and unlit state, the bands of dogs that infested the streets were the cause of serious annoyance. Poor pariahs that lived upon the garbage, they had of necessity to go the way of the other remnants of a remoter age, and, swept up in nets, they were completely exterminated.

And here it would be as well to mention that, although the average lower-class townsman, such as the carman and mule-driver, has in the past shown small sympathy with animal suffering, strenuous efforts are now being made to better the lot of the four-legged world. Wealthy philanthropists have

come forward with gifts of drinking-troughs that bear the inscription : ‘ Consider the welfare of the poor creatures that help you to live ! ’ These and other similar measures of reform are already bearing good fruit.

The capital, indeed, is now well provided with humane societies and philanthropic institutions. The excellently managed soup-kitchens, where for eighty reis—the equivalent of fourpence—a capital dinner is to be obtained, afford only one case in point. To their honour be it said, the Lisbon ladies, from the Queen Donna Amelia downwards, bear a strenuous part in these good works. It is well known that her devotion to such causes and to the allaying of suffering in all its forms affords the keynote to her Majesty’s existence. The Bacteriological Institute—probably the most modern and best-equipped in the world—supplies only one testimony to this, since the Queen’s efforts are not confined to such great public works, but are continued in her private and personal life as well.

Another famous philanthropist is the Duchess of Palmella, who maintains the Hospital do Rego, and extends her benevolence even beyond this. There are many others—but it is impossible to give the names of these ladies and their works in detail.

Of the hard-fought battle against tuberculosis on the part of the doctors, under the lead of Dom Antonio de Lencastre, the aide-de-camp in philanthropy of Queen Amelia, much will probably be told in history, though space forbids here. Ere leaving the subject, let it be said that a large proportion of the funds derived from the bull-fights and lotteries are invariably devoted to charitable purposes.

## CHAPTER VI

### ROUND ABOUT LISBON

Cintra—Present facilities of the spot—The road to the heights—View from the *Palacio da Pena*—The Moorish castle—*Monserrate*—Grounds of the estate—*Collares*—Wayside scenes—A land of orchard and vine—The home of a famous wine—A rural *feira*—Some popular ethics—Courteous peasants—A feast of kindness—*En route* to the sea—*Praia das Maças*—A delightful bay—Sea, sand, and pinewood by night—The future of the spot.

THAT Cintra is beautiful all the world knows. Both its history and natural attractions have been chanted and spread abroad by a powerful band of writers that can claim Byron and Southey as members of the company.

Cintra, moreover, has become popular. It is so simple, in these days of both rapid and comfortable transit, to land at Lisbon in the morning from the steamer, to place oneself in the hands of Messrs. Ernst George or some other equally efficient firm that caters for the tourist in an intelligent fashion, to run out by train to the town beneath the celebrated rock, lunch, enjoy Cintra—buildings, associations, rocks and view—and to return to the steamer at Lisbon for afternoon tea or for dinner. To those, moreover, who desire cleanliness, good food, and the benefit of the English language—no small matter in the case of those fresh from a liner—I cannot too strongly recommend the *Hotel Lawrence*.

Having delivered these suggestions, one comes with great

reluctance to the conclusion that there is very little left to say about Cintra that has not already been very adequately and fully said. The town at the foot of the timbered slopes with their great rocks above is undoubtedly a very charming spot. Its villas, hotels, and gardens are *soignés* to an unusual degree. And the road that winds its way up the hillside is worthy of the spot and of the chief glories above. Broad and stately, flanked at first by stone walls liberally hung with creepers, mesembryanthemum, and stoncrop, it mounts until it arrives amidst the pines, with hedgerows for its sides, filled with honeysuckle and wildflowers.

As one follows the road its surroundings grow bolder. Oak, acacia, and an occasional cork-tree have come to mingle with the pines. Here and there is a carpet of bracken beneath the trees, varied in other places by the tall, slender heads of the foxglove. In the more open places one obtains the first near glimpses of the great boulders that pile themselves upon the hillside above. The air is noticeably cooler, thickly laden, moreover, with the perfume of the eucalyptus, a scent that mingles perfectly with the stimulant in the air.

There are oaks again about the road now; then chestnut, with stoncrop beneath, and the purple of the snapdragon flower. And then—one has reached the summit. The great pile of the Royal Palace—the *Palacio da Pena*—is at hand.

As, entering, one wanders amidst the Manueline, Moorish, and Gothic architecture, one is inevitably possessed by a bewildered admiration for the whole. None can fail to revel in the beauties of the spot, and in the entrancing spread of country that opens out on all sides beneath.

The view from the *Pena*, indeed, is in itself worth the journey



PALACIO DA PENA; CINTRA



from Lisbon and far more. Just below, upon all the immediate slopes, is the tremendous confusion of the boulders, broad copses and groves of pine interspersed between the tumbled stretches of Titanic rock. And beyond is the world—that just here has opened every leaf of its book in an amazing fit of confidence. To the south and to the east, plain and hill and dale go spreading out as though the most remote, jealous of the nearer stretches, had drawn themselves upwards into view from some region that by rights should have been well beneath the horizon. To the west the soft blue of the Atlantic fills the spaces between the distant hills, while to the south is the broad shimmering sheet that stands for the Tagus.

Everywhere are the thin white threads of roads, that grow more and more attenuated as they go, until the general tint of the far background swallows them, and they become lost. There are the white patches, too, of villages and towns, patches that lie in brilliant repose upon fold of land or plain. One sees the world broadly from here, and, as it lies patterned beneath, it is at its very best.

Near by the Pena, upon a neighbouring ridge, is the Moorish Castle, whose castellated walls climb precipice and peak. The prospect is similar here, and, as to the spot itself, it is, for all its ruins—or should one say because of them?—at least as attractive as the other. A shell, and little beyond, the remnants of Moorish power still perch daringly aloft with their lichen-covered walls and turrets. One may linger here and dream of the old times when scimitar clashed against straight sword, and when the fray ebbed and flowed for generations, until the sturdy Northern knights at length won Cintra and its neighbourhood for good and all.

When one leaves the sweep of battlements crowning the hill, the way descends through the chestnut and pine, eucalyptus and oak, until one is once again in the town below. And as the carriage rolls away, one may take a last look at the great pile perched like an eagle's nest upon the towering peak, and near by, still rivalling the other for all their decay, the old Moorish battlements of a yet earlier age.

In order to complete the regulation survey of the neighbourhood, as recommended by guide-books and undertaken by tourists, there yet remains another spot to be visited. Monserrate, beloved of Beckford, and now the Portuguese residence of Sir Frederick Cook, is within very short driving distance of Cintra. A couple of hundred reis (the equivalent of tenpence) secures admission to the grounds here, and the money received in this fashion is devoted to charity. According to many, the somewhat florid architecture of the house is open to criticism ; but the building is a private one, after all, and not subject to the rules that govern public places.

In any case the grounds of Monserrate are delightful. The wealth of trees and flowers is simply amazing. One might imagine that half the countries of the world had been delved into to supply Monserrate with its verdure and blossoms—and one would probably be not far wrong in one's imagining. I have seen similar collections of plant life in that fairyland, Madeira ; but that fortunate island lacks the spaciousness that is obvious in properties such as this. For here, amidst the woods and the gardens rioting in blossom, are gentle slopes of turf thickly dotted with trees, every one as curious and unexpected as it is beautiful. Indeed, the loveliness of the spot is essentially languorous—a very dreamlike garden that one leaves with regret.





GATEWAY OF THE PALACIO DA PENA: CINTRA



Having finished with these important and well-known monuments of the neighbourhood, one may at length diverge a little from the beaten track, and make for the small town of Collares. Not that this is by any means unknown; it is humble and retiring merely by comparison. Indeed, Collares is a sufficiently thriving spot; but it has never known the glory either of stately ruins or of a peculiarly vivid fragment of history of its own.

The drive from Monserrate to Collares is delightful. The road leads through a country that smiles—indeed, never had landscape a more radiant countenance—with fruit and flowers for its lips and with sunshine for its eyes. One goes through copses, blossom-covered banks, and rich meadowland. Then one has entered the country of orchard and vine in earnest. Lemon and orange groves, broad expanses of pear, apple, and other fruit trees heavily laden, stretches of vineyard whose branches bend to the ripening grapes—the land is in its fullest radiance, giving back to the sun-rays its warmth and the mingled perfumes of its fruits and flowers, while the mountains and valleys of the background form a fitting frame to the picture.

The houses of Collares have come in sight. In the Praça—the tree-lined rural square that lies amidst the buildings—are a number of folk in holiday costume. There is a *festa* afoot, and a coming and going that enlivens the small place in an unusual degree. The central point of the animation is the inn of José Gomez da Silva, the proprietor of so many vineyards and of so much of the good wine of Collares. Knowing that he is a man of some fame and substance, whose vintages are appreciated not only throughout

Portugal, but take ship as well and sail over the ocean to far Brazil and elsewhere, one expects to find the proprietor of all these in an official apartment, flanked by clerks and office paraphernalia in general. But such is not da Silva's way.

One approaches the arbiter of Collares absolutely without ceremony, unnoticed, indeed, for a while. For da Silva is in the forefront of the battle, stemming the popular onslaught by means of the contents of his long row of casks, filling glasses and bottles and sending them out in haste to satisfy the clamouring of the crowd. His ruddy face, the well-cut features clean-shaven but for the orthodox side whiskers, matches the surroundings admirably. He is assisted by a couple of lieutenants, his sons, and by a small company of attendants who hasten in and out.

Da Silva is jovial ; his welcome breathes cordiality itself, but he is very, very busy. The flood of red wine that comes pouring out of the casks is his, after all, and it is his pride that the flow shall be regulated by his own hands.

One passes onwards to the garden at the back of the inn. A broad, pleasant space, sheltered by trees and shaded by the green roof of a trelliswork of vines. The arrangements in general are primitive and homely ; but they are none the worse for that. In the foreground, suspended from the lowest branch of an ilex-tree, is a small metal reservoir of water with a tin washing-basin beneath it which the wayfarer may use to cleanse the dust of the road from his face. A few dogs are asleep in the sunshine, while a motley company of ducks and hens are strutting to and fro in the background, and occasionally penetrating amongst the tables, quite heedless of the unwonted noise and bustle.







TREADING THE GRAPE.





The country folk have come together here from far and wide. Some are seated at the tables ; others stand gathered in knots, while the attendants, bearing wine and food, hasten to and fro all the while. Each peasant has donned his best for the occasion. The men, long walking-staves in their hands, are in suits of black or dark brown, ornamented profusely with braid, and with a great array of buttons. Some are in stocking-caps, others in the round 'chapeos.' But, however the main costume may vary, the linen of all is equally white and spotless, for immaculate linen is a deeply-rooted and commendable Portuguese weakness.

There are family parties in plenty amongst the crowd, and the women, though lacking the distinctive costume of the men, are in their finest shawls and skirts. As for the children, they wander where they will, making friends here and there after the irresponsible fashion of their years. As for the people in general, they chat and laugh in utter content, with the soft green roof above them, and the sun-circles dancing lightly upon the ground beneath.

There is nothing raucous in the voices and laughter that rise up from the place. For all the sounds of gaiety, the atmosphere of the spot is essentially that of repose. Even those who have drunk not wisely but too well of da Silva's excellent Collares effect nothing to mar this. Their tongues are loosened, it is true, hanging in some cases almost by a thread, one would imagine ; their feet when in motion are inclined to circle a little, and are unduly generous of space—but at this point ends all evidence of excess. The most thorough-going revellers are merely jovial, complete masters still of both their manners and language.

Indeed, of the entire company there is only one who sounds the minor key. The plaintive note comes from a remote corner where sits a very old man. The appearance of the ancient is patriarchal in the extreme ; but, alas, he is unduly befuddled. He has drunk a glass for every year of his age, probably, and, being older, has drunk far more than the rest. Suffering temporary neglect, he resents the phase with insistence. His voice comes mournfully at regular intervals, calling for wine. ' Vinho ! Vinho ! Senhores, Vinho ! ' The dirge is utterly monotonous, and very sad. But no one heeds him. For one thing, his voice is lacking in adequate stridency ; for another, the rest of the folk are very much occupied with their own affairs.

At length, with infinite reluctance, the venerable and thirsty man decides upon the desperate expedient of taking matters into his own hands. It is with considerable pains that he rises ; but, having once taken the initiative, he has not to amble a dozen paces about the garden ere he obtains the wine that his heart craves for. In those intervals when his lips are not more profitably occupied, they sound a joyous major note again, the minor laid aside and forgotten.

Inns are strangely illustrative of the ethics of the countries that hold them. Indeed, they probably serve as the most effectual of all guides to local temperament and habits. At home in England, one uses the place for the specified purpose. One buys liquor and food, and departs with a certain abruptness so soon as the business of the occasion be concluded. In Northern Europe, there is already more latitude in the employment of the institution ; but it is not until one penetrates to the true Southern lands of sunshine that the un-



VIEW FROM CINTRA



selfish and all-embracing character of the inn becomes evident. Here, in Collares, this garden, nominally the proprietor's, is in reality a meeting place free to all. It is a spot where one can buy provisions, or to which one can carry one's own, providing one does not object to the trouble. Indeed, the licence extends even beyond this. The principal *raison d'être* of the place is the sale of wine, it is true ; but there is no reason why one should not bring a few goatskins full of one's own. The tables are at the service of all, and independence of the kind would seem to be resented by none ; least of all by the proprietor.

Some peasants have come to seat themselves at the table whence, together with friends, one had viewed the proceedings. The new-comers are apologetic. There was no room elsewhere, they explain ; it was the lack of that that forced them to the intrusion. They are fairly prosperous folk, and from out of their baskets come, one by one, the attributes of a feast. A giant capon, salad, confectionery, and an enormous bowl of strawberries—what more could one desire ?

The peasants are pressing in their usual courteous invitation that one shall join them in their meal ; but seem more reluctant even than usual to accept the grateful refusal that is as customary as the demand. Indeed, after a while, when the turn of the strawberries comes, their genuine desire and insistence break down the conventional barriers. The strawberries are fresh, they explain, as they heap plates with the fruit, and hand them. They are a home product, as is all the rest of the material that constitutes their feast. So charmed are they with one's appreciation of the fruit that, after a terrific wrangle, they are prevailed upon to accept

cigarettes and wine in exchange. After which they retaliate with more strawberries ; and one brings a second instalment of cigarettes and wine upon the table as a counter-stroke. Then the time has come to enjoy the company of the peasants. They are talkative now, for the entire table has become at home, and the manners of both men and women are faultless.

In the ensuing conversation one had almost forgotten what it was that brought the two parties together, when the friendly battle of the provisions is set going once again. Unbeknown to any save themselves, the peasants have ordered cheeses sufficient in number for the entire company—and here they come, one apiece for each one at the table. The composition is regarded with a little concern. The cheese is essentially local, and differs considerably from that which one has noticed in other districts. It is served, moreover, in a fashion that is quite its own. Within a small tin case—a bottomless circle placed upon a square wooden slab—reposes a white substance of the appearance and consistency of blancmange. One views it with many doubts, and regrets the excess of politeness that has called up this very pallid material. But the thing is necessary ; and it is now—or probably, never—that the essay must be made. To one's relief the stuff proves absolutely tasteless.

Shortly afterwards, with the curt memory and notorious ingratitude of the preserved, one commences to complain of this very negative quality that in the first instance had been cherished as a virtue. The hosts are ready with a quick fire of suggestions. One is implored to smother the cheese with pepper and salt—it was never intended to be eaten without these additions, they explain. Their advice is followed,

as a matter of course. They watch the proceedings and the climax of the second tasting with intense anxiety. Then a chorus of eager voices demands the verdict. One has never tasted such cheese, one assures them. After all, no less could be said, and the statement is sufficiently accurate in that, although the substance is by no means unpalatable, it resembles not in the least any flavour that one had previously associated with cheese. But the assertion is all that the peasants desire. They beam, chuckle, and vouchsafe so many nods of encouragement that one begins to feel a little self-righteous. Indeed, the good folk imbue the partaker with a certain sensation of triumph. It is as though one had taken up a firm stand, regardless of odds, had said the right thing, and was now meeting with the appropriate ovation.

In the meanwhile the time—subservient to habit even in Collares—has been flying. With one of the idyllic small beaches that nestle upon the Atlantic coast as one's object, it is necessary to start at once if one would arrive before nightfall. One bids farewell to one's friends the peasants, and to many other new acquaintances besides. Indeed, ere one departs one has found it essential to shake the hands of half the entire gathering in the inn-garden. Not that the farewells are of a noisy order—far from it—they are as quiet and as unaffected as the other manners of the company.

José da Silva tears himself away from his wine-casks this time. One of the party is an old acquaintance, and he insists on leading the way to where the special casks are stored in order that, an adequate stirrup-cup at hand, the leave-taking may be conducted in a proper spirit. Then out into the square of Collares and away, returning the salutations of those of

the new acquaintances who have accompanied us to the street.

The houses of Collares have disappeared. One is amongst the orchards and vineyards once more, the road set in the midst of a pleasant valley, sinking imperceptibly with the gradual slope of the land. After a while the character of the landscape alters. The apple, orange, pear, and grape have become ever rarer, and have finally disappeared. The soil is sandy now, and covering it are great clumps and stretches of pine-trees. The valley has widened a little. Set in a broad band across its end, is revealed the ocean, sparkling and vividly blue.

One is approaching Praia das Maçãs. As the sea draws nearer, the nature of the country alters still more. The sand is heaped in banks and dunes by the side of the road. It is of a dazzling whiteness now, and the clumps of pine-trees, whose roots spring from it, appear all the darker and gloomier by contrast. Then one has arrived at the end of the valley, and from the summit of a low cliff may view the prospect that both sea and shore present.

Praia das Maçãs is indeed a pearl of a bay. An almost perfect semicircle of firm gleaming sand, its surface is broken here and there by piles and heaps of rocks, while to the back and flanking it—starting where the broken cliffs end—are the white sand-dunes with their harvest of pine-trees above. Beyond, guarding the valley and climbing yet higher in the far distance, are the mountains. Here and there upon their great breasts are lines and splashes of white that stand for the loftily placed villages, and high up in the distance, very far away now, one can just discern the pinnacles of Cintra clinging to the peak that rises against the sky-line.









WEAVING.



So much for the landward view—one has said nothing as yet about the sea. And, as a matter of fact, there is very little to say. It is a Southern sea, with the tints of those waters that wash the Mediterranean, Madeira, and a score of such places both north and south of the line. In view of the description that such seas have undergone, it is wisest to ‘hedge’ after the fashion of an estate agent’s catalogue, and merely to insist that the sea at Praia das Maçãs contains every desirable element that its situation would lead one to expect.

Praia das Maçãs has in all probability a considerable future before it. Nature has made it beautiful, and man is about to make it a tourist resort. It is necessary to mark the distinction between the two results; for in this case nature and mankind have worked to very different ends. That is to say, in no case whatever could the few houses that have already been erected at the place be termed beautiful, or anything approaching that fortunate state. They are frankly ugly. So far, the mischief is by no means irreparable. The houses are few; the Bay is large, and the deformity of the first is lost in the beauty of the second. But, with the growth of the place, it is obviously impossible for this preservative state of affairs to continue. Praia das Maçãs, romantic of shore, sunlit of sea, is in crying need just now of some buildings that shall fit the Bay. One can merely hope, and urge that it will obtain them.

Having considered so deeply for its benefit, the ungrateful spot has wrapped itself up in night, and has hidden both its houses and landscape from view. Yet there are many things born of the darkness that one cannot regret on the drive back. The effect of the carriage lamps upon the white sand, for one

thing, is sufficiently weird in itself. In the glamour of the cast light one might be in Siberia, driving through the snow-drifts, with the dusky pine forests standing out boldly behind. One might imagine this—but for the temperature, and but for the leaping sparks of the fireflies that are dancing in companies by the side of the road—two sufficiently potent flaws in the Northern vision.

The road is lonely. One has driven for miles, and has passed neither pedestrian nor cart. From the distance comes a broad patch of illumination. A brilliantly-lighted electric tramcar sails up through the night, sweeps by, and is gone. One has forgotten the rails by the side of the road. The vision is real this time, and permanent, concerning the future of Praia das Maças not a little.

## CHAPTER VII

### ROUND ABOUT LISBON

Monte Estoril—The banks of the Tagus—Scenes *en route*—A nest of watering-places—Sunshine, verdure, and flowers—Aspect of the coast—The Grand Hotel—Some climatic advantages of the place—Plans for its development—Senhor Robado—An unknown monument—History of the spot—A forgotten tragedy—The convent of Odivellas—The military college—Young Portugal at work and play.

WITH Monte Estoril as one's destination, it is necessary first of all to proceed to the railway terminus of Caes do Sodré. The appearance of the station is distinctly unimposing. Innocent of the architectural pretensions of the Central station, its appearance is that of a shed-like structure placed at random upon the flat waste just by the banks of the Tagus. In reality the station is efficient enough, and the railway which owns it as a terminus is both well managed and adequately equipped. It is obvious, however, that the Company has no concern or belief in pretentious termini.

An express will perform the journey to Monte Estoril in a little over thirty minutes ; the ordinary train requires a few minutes more than the hour. Nevertheless if one be not pressed for time, it is as well to travel by the slow train as by the other. The route, following the Tagus, holds much of interest. One passes the tower of Belem upon the river bank, and the wonderful Jeronymos upon the landward side. In

the background, to the right hand rise the mountains, with lofty Cintra visible in the distance now and then, while to the left runs the shining Tagus with the slopes of d'Outra Banda upon the further bank.

On the road to Monte Estoril is a perfect covey of small and very fascinating bathing resorts. Dafundo, Cruz Quebrada, Paço d'Arcos, Carcavellos—all these, sandy and sunlit, line the broadening Tagus, until the opposite bank has fallen away altogether, and the river has given place to open sea. The train rumbles on past the old stone forts at the water's edge, past the stretches of beach and mesembryanthemum, the cactus-covered walls, the vineyards here and there, and the uniformed women officials who stand guard over the closed gates of the level crossings. Then comes the station of Estoril, and, only a few hundred yards further on, Monte Estoril, where one alights.

As one paces along the broad, tree-lined road, upon emerging, one realises immediately that there is no lack of sunshine at Monte Estoril. The place is ablaze with light, and in those places where the protective green has fallen away, the white and yellow walls shine with almost a surfeit of brilliancy in the sun. Monte Estoril is a fortunate spot—a haunt of graceful villas, palm-trees, cactus, flowering gardens, blossom-covered walls, and shaded roads. In June the pink geranium breaks all bounds, and, in an utter abandonment of rioting, clambers everywhere about the town, smothering houses and gardens alike with its mounds and broad curtains of pink.

So much for the first impressions of the town itself. The shore to its front, and the Bay beyond, are at least equally





THE JERONYMOS AT BELEM



attractive. One descends through the trees and flowers of the road, passes over a narrow band of lowly sand-dunes, and stands upon the beach with the small blue half-circle of the Bay before one. The realm of the sands is an ideal one here. A broad, deep expanse, firm, soft, golden and white, never was there a more delightful spot for tents, and for lounging and resting. And upon the sand-dunes at the back grows that which fringes the foreshore with an unusual splash of colour. There are clumps of handsome sea-thistles here, stately plants that display their own peculiar tints—the grey blue of the thick and massive-textured leaves, and the very shy and tender azure of the flowers.

The country of the rocks that presses its wide uneven stretches here and there amidst the smooth level of the sands, is, alas, all but deserted. A few women, with baskets slung at their backs, are pacing slowly amidst the pools, ceaselessly bending and searching the rocks for the oysters, deep and very wrinkled of shell, that abound in the place. But of the true pleasurable inhabitants of the beach, of children in their teens and of an age when such sand, rocks, and sea come as a genuine vision of fairyland, there is a lamentable dearth. There are just one or two, it must be admitted, and June, moreover, is not the fashionable season of the place. Yet there is a marvellous country for the young running to waste here—a country of pools and of a host of tiny fish that inhabit them, of brilliant shells, of wondrous-hued anemones, and of seaweed that grows in strange forms and tints. A very beautiful realm this; for the beach is painted with all the warmth and richness of the south.

After which—since in one's own case the increasing passage

of years is given to bridge the gulf between the romantic and the purely material, frequently, alas, to the detriment of the romantic—one leaves the sand and the rocks in search of lunch. If one cannot feed romantically, one can at all events lunch amid pleasant surroundings. And these are to be met with in the dining-room of the Grand Hotel. The windows here command a fascinating outlook—not only upon the blue southern waves, but upon the pure white buildings, the dusky verdure, and the various masses of the flowers that abound in the neighbourhood. The room is large and light; the lunch itself is exactly what one had hoped for in one's material and most optimistic moments.

Indeed, when the meal is once safely disposed of, one is a little inclined to regret the excellence of its dishes. One knows full well that, had one fed upon a morsel of black bread and cheese, one would still have been contentedly tramping the beach, exploring its recesses in search of further delights. As it is, the comfort of the chair has been growing steadily; the beach, viewed through a haze of coffee and cigarette smoke, seems a long way off now, and one has discovered, moreover, that the heat outside is inclined to be excessive. In fact, with the mutability of human nature, one has done with the beach for that day. It is very much later that one strolls across the broad upper road, lined with aloes, shrubs, and trees, that bridges the very short space between Monte Estoril and its sister resort, Cascaes.

At the present moment the question of Monte Estoril is exercising the minds of a considerable number of practical and patriotic Portuguese gentlemen. Not satisfied with the modicum of popularity that the place already enjoys, they



THE BEACH: MONTE ESTORIL



claim for it, as a winter health resort, a very important array of advantages. In the first place, the situation is undoubtedly an ideal one. Sheltered from the north by the lofty Cintra mountains, its sunlit slopes point directly to the south, with the warm waters of the Gulf Stream washing its shore. Hence the slightness in variation which is claimed for its winter climate. It is said that the lowest reading of the thermometer for fifteen years in this fortunate place was recorded on the 17th of January 1906, at nine o'clock in the morning—when the temperature registered no less than forty-eight degrees of Fahrenheit. But for this I cannot personally vouch. None can deny the beauty of the spot. It is, moreover, within easy driving distance of other neighbourhoods that rival it in attractions—Cintra, Carcavellos, Cascaes, Cap Roca, Collares—the tremendous outbreak of alliteration is the fault of local nomenclature rather than that of the author—all these are at hand, a sufficiently imposing list.

The place possesses all these advantages; its houses themselves are charming, and the cost of living comparatively low. There can be no doubt that Monte Estoril is deserving of a celebrity similar to that of Cannes, Mentone, or of Madeira. That it has not yet attained to this is due, I think, to the fact that the natural, architectural, and floral attractions of the spot are not supplemented to a sufficient extent by those forms of amusement in the absence of which the average Englishman—and in these days a very large proportion of foreign nationality as well—experiences a lack of full zest during a prolonged sojourn in even the most favoured neighbourhood. Better tennis-courts, and a larger number of them, really good and efficient golf-links—a few innovations of the kind would almost

certainly flood Monte Estoril with a dozen visitors for every one with whom it has now to be content. As it is, it possesses a quieter charm of its own that, to my mind, is at least as delightful as the other.

To the north of Lisbon, notwithstanding that the district can boast of no bathing resorts with shining beaches, there are numerous points of interest. Although the very rapid and well-appointed tramcars will carry the traveller as far as Lumiar, some four miles from the centre of Lisbon, public communication, with the exception of a stray omnibus or two, ceases at that point. Thanks, however, to a pair of fast-trotting horses, an exceedingly comfortable carriage, and the presence of Mr. C. George, who in addition to his major rôle of Consul-General of the Netherlands is also a lover of the antiquities of Lisbon, and, what is more, an authority of weight upon their origin and history, the want of public vehicles was, in my case, not only unheeded, but actually a cause for much congratulation.

The road to Odivellas is one of the most picturesque of all in this direction. Lumiar, with its magnificent park, is sufficiently well known. The road, having passed by this, penetrates into a more undulating country. Then one has entered a very charming tree-lined lane. Just beyond this is a spot that the great majority even of intelligent Lisbon folk themselves leave behind them quite unremarked and unthought of. Indeed, there is extremely little to notice; a low wall upon the left-hand side of the road, and, at the first glimpse, some columns and statuary beyond that might well represent one of the usual wayside fountains. But Mr. George, as good fortune will have it, happens to be one of the very few who







CASCAES: FROM MONTE ESPIRIL

know better than that. The carriage has stopped, and at his instigation one descends to examine the place more closely.

There is need for very little information here. The main facts once explained, the spot tells its own history. In the centre of a small triangle, enclosed by the low wall that one had remarked from the road—and whose interior, one notices now, is lined with the remnants of the national porcelain decoration, the *azulejo*—stands a monument: four stone columns with a dome above that supports four flaming urns of stone, and in the centre a female figure bearing sacramental vessels. The space between the two nearer columns is closed in by stone, and above an altar in front of it hangs a crucifix in a glass case. At the back of the monument is a wall covered with *azulejo* porcelain, and it is here that the chief interest is centred, for it is this that tells the history of the place. The name of the spot is Senhor Robado, and the reason of the nomenclature is made plain enough on the blue tiles.

In 1671 a sacrilegious being robbed a neighbouring church of its sacramental plate, and concealed his booty in the ground whereon the monument now stands. The twelve pictures at the back each depict a scene in the perpetration of the crime and the events that followed. The theft, and the hiding of the sacred vessels, the capture, and the bringing to justice of the criminal are realistically depicted. Then follows the trial and punishment—a penalty eminently fitting to the crime according to the rather lurid lights of those days. One sees the miserable wretch led to the stake, his hands lopped off at the wrists, and the final scene shows the faggots beneath, lit and burning fiercely, sending the flames upwards to envelop the body.

This tragic representation was erected in 1744. I can pro-

duce it with a certain vicarious pride almost in the light of a discovery of Mr. George's. At all events, placed in its retiring position by the quiet roadside as it is, it had escaped the notice of all those other genuine authorities on Lisbon and its surroundings with whom I spoke upon the subject.

Exposed to wind and weather, the tiles have suffered a little damage in parts, and here and there a head of one of the pictured actors in the scene has been chipped away, apparently by human agency. Nevertheless, the general state of preservation remains marvellously good, under the circumstances. Although some little difficulty may be experienced in lighting upon it, Senhor Robado is very well worth a visit.

A little way beyond Senhor Robado one passes some crumbling walls upon the left-hand side of the road. Upon one of these is an almost obliterated coat-of-arms, above which is sculptured a cardinal's hat. Little information seems to be obtainable concerning these very fragmentary ruins, and one passes on to the fine convent of Odivellas, some two miles further along the road. This, one of the many works of that royal personage, was founded by King Diniz in 1305. The church, with its gildings, statuary, and marbles, is very fine of its kind. A sculptured body of the Saviour here is remarkable owing to the profusion of blood which has been made to cover it. The convent is now used as a school for the daughters of military officers, and, if one arrives at the play-hour, one will find the fine old cloisters—studded, as all the rest, with *azulejo*—that surround the beautiful wild garden within a cheerful and very musical haunt that resounds to the young voices.

To the north-east of Lisbon, some four miles from its centre, is situated the military college. Very pleasantly placed within



SENHOR ROBADO: THE MONUMENT



the considerable extent of its own playground and gardens, the building was one originally erected as a palace by Catharine of Bragança, the wife of King Charles II. of England. It has now been added to and modernised in every respect.

The institution is admirably managed, and, indeed, it can be through no fault of the college if every officer that it turns out is not all and everything that he should be. The cadets are brought to hand at quite a tender age here, and undergo a course of seven years' instruction ere being permitted to assume the rank of full-blown officers. More than three hundred military aspirants are lodged in the buildings, and, to all appearance, the years that they pass here must be at least as pleasant as any other period of their lives.

I have to thank the governor of the college and the professors, Major dos Santos in especial, for the very thorough insight given me into the workings of this admirable place. One arrives first of all at the lecture and class-rooms—very spacious and airy apartments. The curriculum is comprehensive to a degree. In addition to the ordinary schoolboy subjects such as Latin, geography, mathematics, and the rest, there are lecture-rooms filled with specimens, models, and apparatus, devoted to chemistry, mineralogy, anatomy, botany, and many other more ambitious studies of the kind. The system employed is essentially modern. Excellent diagrams are employed wherever they are feasible, and for physical geography the range and variety of the models must be of great value to the pupils.

One has come to the English room now—a room where the English language is taught and where no other is permitted to be spoken. In order to further the scheme of thoroughness

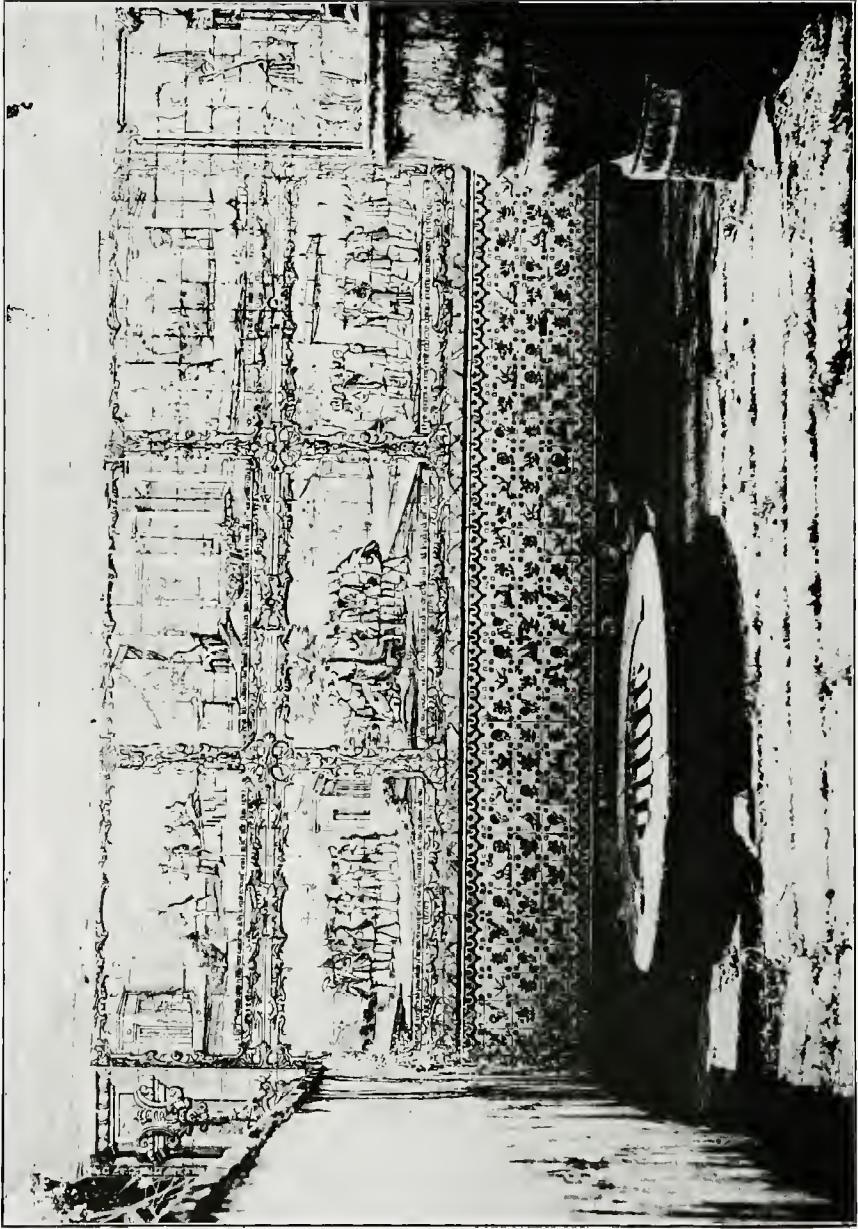
an English atmosphere has been imported into the spot. The walls are covered with English proverbs, printed and framed, and such directions as 'Silence, please!' and other necessary hints to the pupils are one and all in the same language. There are maps, typical pictures, and movable screens of illustrations depicting towns, buildings, famous bridges; and even soldiers and uniforms—all plucked from specimens of the same nationality. The French and German rooms, moreover, are furnished on precisely similar lines. Into each has been brought, by very able organisation, not only the language but the atmosphere as well of each of the nations which the rooms represent.

The dormitories, extremely large, are filled by long rows of beds, each covered with spotless linen, and each with the regulation trunk of the owner at its foot; while the bathroom, in addition to the ordinary receptacles for the water, contains some thirty shower-baths of the most spacious order. And, as the entire place is designed in stone and marble, one may splash here to one's heart's content without fear of the consequences.

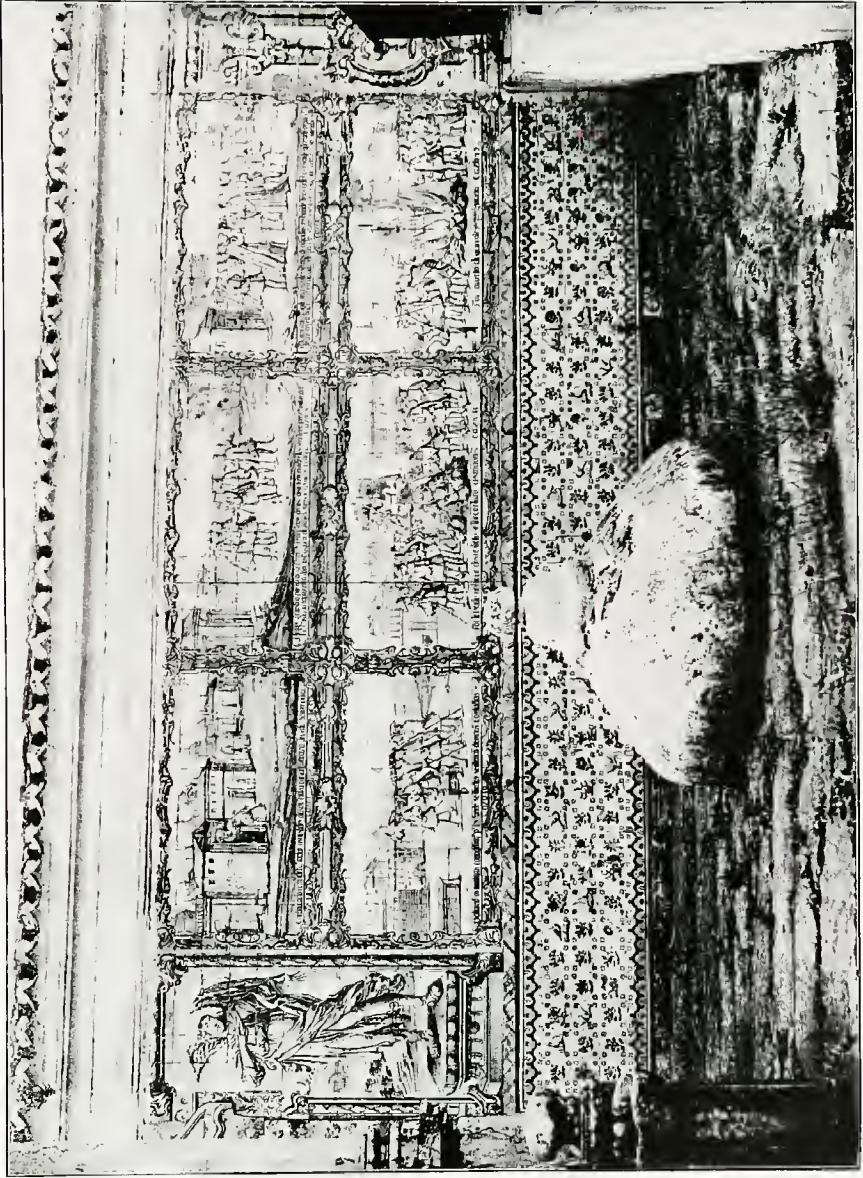
As for the cadets themselves, in grey holland uniform, a number even now are marching steadily across the great courtyard into one of the class-rooms. Others are playing football outside, and playing the Association game, moreover, with a keenness that is pleasant to watch. Then one has arrived at the open-air gymnasium. Some dozen youths are busily occupied with the trapeze and parallel bars, while a large company, led by an instructor, are undergoing a course of physical exercise. Others beyond are drilling with carbines, and come smartly to the salute as the general and his party come in sight.







SEÑOR ROBADO: LEFT SIDE



SENHOR ROBADO: RIGHT SIDE



After a stroll through the outlying dormitories, the gardens, and the fields beyond, one returns to the main building. In the messroom the tables have already been laid for the evening meal. At the first glimpse the impression is that of a restaurant—but of a restaurant arranged with an altogether unusual degree of regularity and order. In the great hall are some twenty-five tables, each with its tumblers, knives, forks, spoons, and napkins. The linen is very white, and everything that has the power glitters. It is merely this attention to detail that gives the first impression of luxury ; for in reality all is very simple. Placed in solitary state at one end of the great room is a table laid for a single person. This is for the cadet-captain of the college—a proud privilege of select pomp and loneliness that may possibly possess its compensating disadvantages.

A little later one is in the theatre, the great hall of the institution. From the governor's box by the side of the stage one watches the entry of the grey-clad companies as they come tramping in one after the other. At last the three hundred and more are assembled to face the box, standing rigidly to attention. At a sign from the governor they sink simultaneously into their seats. A professor takes his place in front of a great screen on the stage, the electric lights die away—for, though it is still daylight, the place has been artificially lit—and a magic lantern commences to throw its pictures on the sheet. It is the last task of the day, the governor explains—half-work, half-play, but wholly appreciated by the audience. However this may be, the merits of the instruction are undoubted. Taken from east to west, led by the pictures from St. Petersburg to London, and from

the Alps to the Andes, the points of interest in each scene are made clear as the lecture progresses.

Leaving these glimpses of the outer world, one passes on for tea to the governor's private apartment, a room that is hung with the portraits of dead and gone governors. One hopes that it will be long ere that of the present general joins the rest, for a more kindly and paternal personality cannot be conceived, nor one better fitted to fill the post. In the midst of the tea comes an interruption. Three chefs, accompanied by a couple of orderlies, enter, laden with trays and dishes. They represent the cadets' evening meal. Soup, beefsteaks, vegetables, bread, a light pudding, and a modicum of red wine. So obviously appetising is the food that one wonders that the general takes the trouble to test it. Yet he takes a mouthful from each dish, and on receiving a nod of approval, the chefs retire to 'dish up' the meal in earnest. As one leaves the great building the clatter of knife and fork is already sounding from the messroom. Young Portugal is dining.

## CHAPTER VIII

### SOUTHWARD BOUND—FROM LISBON TO ESTREMOZ

From Lisbon to Barreiro—In the Alemtejo—Distinctions between North and South—An enormous vineyard—The railroad of philosophy—Some wayside stations—The peace of the South—First glimpses of the cork country—Precautions against grass-fires—Evora—Estremoz.

THE Tagus, according to many, divides Portugal into two countries that are one only in name. In any case, Portugal of the south differs widely from the northern provinces of the land. That one is nearer Africa in the former is obvious not only from the map, but from the appearance of the inhabitants, buildings, and landscape as well. A broad distinction, too, is evident in the parcelling of land. The north is the region of peasant proprietorship ; the south, for the most part, is divided into estates, frequently of imposing magnitude.

When one has taken steamer, left the busy streets of Lisbon behind, and has ploughed across the river, the rapid stream dragging and tearing at the sides of the vessel, it is not long ere the atmosphere of the south glows out in all its own peculiarities. Barreiro, where steamer and railway meet upon the southern bank, is a place of considerable importance and commercial activity. But, when the engine has once puffed languidly away from here, the landscape alters rapidly. As one mounts slowly to a broad plateau, the habitations of men

grow ever fewer and further between. The earth, moreover, is sparser of its crops. There is maize, it is true, and wheat as well ; but the fields of both are a little lowly and thin. Great stretches of vines, on the other hand, are spread profusely upon an almost white soil.

One has been mounting all the while. Cultivation, for the time being, is no more. It is a country of coarse grasses, great clusters of pines breaking the sweep of the land here and there. Then the grasses have fallen away, to be replaced by a bolder carpet of heather, flowering myrtle, and bilberry bushes. One has ample time to take it all in ; for the Government, as represented by the railway, sees to it that the procession of scenic features shall in no way be unduly hurried. The train plods along at rather less than the pace of the Lisbon tramway cars, and, when once halted, loves to improve the occasion by a thorough spell of repose.

As one proceeds, one is tempted to speculate upon the causes that make a land so poor in inhabitants, so rich in railway stations. The train, perhaps, has been ambling forward, singing its own solemn and slumberous song, through an undulating and utterly lonely country. Ahead, some hundreds of yards distant from the line, show the white walls of a building and its outhouses. Then a rough wooden palisade springs up by the side of the rails, and the train groans to a halt within a tiny wayside station. A sun-browned woman stands upon the platform, holding a signal flag in her hand. She is quite alone. No passenger mounts or descends. The entire neighbourhood—outside the hissing radius of the engine—is asleep, or perhaps deserted, since the sole evidence of humanity in the background is centred in the white-walled building. The



butterflies are dancing about the flowers ; a couple of storks are pacing with dignity through the grasses—but the train has moved onwards, and has left the silent mystery of the spot behind it, only to halt again at a similar point further on.

But what, after all, is the cause for hurry here ? Will the maize swell faster, or the grapes redden quicker because a train may choose to rush with unseemly rapidity through the land ? It is a country of agriculture, slow of growth and fairly sure, with a train to match. For the engine is passing through cultivated patches again that rest amongst the moors and heaths. The olive-trees have become a feature now, and the foliage of the cork oak has commenced to stand out in correspondingly dark masses.

On either side of the track, chasing the iron rails wherever they lead, is a broad strip of ploughed land. A bare road cut into the vegetation some fifty yards from the permanent way, it is the guardian of the various harvests and trees beyond. It is a precaution against the spread of fire. Sparks from the engine may do their worst. They may set the near grasses ablaze, and send them smoking to death—as far and no further than the level obstacle that lies in wait to protect the rest.

At lengthy intervals a more important station drifts into being to summon the train to an even longer halt than usual—places whose platforms are populous, and in whose yards are sheets of cork stacked in great heaps, and precious hay packed carefully in sacks—in old, much and often darned sacks, that in some places cumber the ground in their thousands. At such spots the train becomes infected with the comparative bustle of the spot. The officials had become humanly drowsy beneath the influence of the deserted wayside stations. Now they are

alert, doubly official and impressive to the tune of hurrying footsteps, the sounding of whistles, and the blowing of horns. It becomes evident that the mannerisms of even a train are subservient to local atmosphere.

After a spell at one of these disturbing centres, Vendas Novas, one enters the cork country in earnest. The dark foliage presses forward in forests now that alternate with the evergreen oak and the lowlier olive groves. Grazing in the shade beneath are large herds of pigs and of black goats. One has passed Casa Branca, and the forests grow more interminable. Between the trunks masses of rock rise heaving upwards through the soil—smooth grey boulders piled up in heaps exactly after the fashion of a Devon Tor. The mounds of cork at the stations have been swelling in size, while heaps of bark struck from smaller branches lie here and there upon the ground.

Evora is showing upon the left now, hedges of exceptionally luxuriant aloe upon its outskirts. Upon the other side is the historical castle of Evoramonte, standing in lonely pride upon a mountain top. After this the swell of the country becomes more broken. The rocks rise more majestically, and small, boulder-strewn ravines, each with its narrow stream of water in the centre, open out by the side of the line. The great purple heads of the thistle stand out more frequently now amidst the wealth of wildflowers, while here and there are groves and avenues of towering eucalyptus through which the train passes. In the background, grazing amidst the drying grasses, are herds of cattle—astonishingly fine and fat cattle—creatures imposing in their girth, and height, and horns.







SPINNING.



Estremoz has come in sight. The ancient town, raised high above the surrounding landscape, stands out with a wonderful glamour. A pinnacle of white buildings clinging to a hill and covering it, with its castle for the topmost point, it is strangely redolent of mediæval romance. One imagines it a town of legend, of chivalry—and rightly; for such it has been—lifted up in fitting state a little way from the earth. It is a spot where the banners should still be flying, and from whose high pinnacles and battlements the knights should even now be riding down to the lower ground, filled with those wild aspirations that have grown as worn as the battlements themselves.

But one is in a railway carriage—an inconvenient place in which to conjure up such visions. Moreover, the train itself is behaving in an erratic and irritating fashion. Estremoz has disappeared from the right-hand window, to come into view again on the left, while the high castle of Evoramonte that has remained in sight all the while is performing similar feats of a peep-bo order in the rear. Then, after some further vagaries of the kind, the train appears to have become oblivious of the existence of Estremoz, or to be slighting the place with malice intent. At all events, it is steaming well beyond the white peak of buildings that rises up so boldly against the blue of the sky. A glance at the railway map in the carriage is reassuring. The train cannot avoid Evora and retain the lines at the same time. It is merely wheeling and circling in order to mount more easily the eminence upon which the old city stands.

There, by the side of the line, are the ramparts of Estremoz. Well beneath the town itself, they mark a stirring epoch in

the later history of the place. Great earthworks faced with brick that echoed the din of battle during the Peninsular War, their lines are still grim and bold in the main, though the earth and brick has crumbled sadly here and there. One is now almost in the shadow of the buildings and castle above. Estremoz ! The seven hours' journey is over.



## CHAPTER IX

### THE ALEMTEJO PROVINCE

Some aspects of the district—Progress in agriculture—The reclaiming of the soil—The Southern labourer—His ways and means—Some questions of climate, land, and forestry—Characteristics of the peasant—His simplicity—Children of the soil—Homeward bound—The lives and fare of the workers—Inborn politeness—The exigences of etiquette—Sturdiness of the race—Relations between master and man.

THE Alemtejo province possesses a charm that is distinctly its own. It must be admitted that a certain number of the cultured amongst its own inhabitants profess to find little beauty in the landscape, alleging even that it is monotonous to a certain degree. Such is the result of familiarity in surroundings! It is true that the foliage of olive, evergreen oak, and cork-tree—the three that are most characteristic of the country—are of an almost uniform shade of dark green. But, spread as these forests are over champaign country and rolling hills that culminate here and there in mountain ranges, the effect of the whole scene is fascinating in the extreme—more especially when the dark green is relieved by the lighter verdure of the vineyards, and maize and alfalfa fields, the yellow of the corn, and the vivid, multi-coloured carpet of the wildflowers.

As an agricultural district, the Alemtejo has made no little progress of late years. Indeed, this southern province furnishes several lessons which might with advantage be taken to

heart nearer home. Its agriculture and its cereals in especial have been given the benefit of fiscal protection, and the industries have been encouraged by other wise means. As a very practical measure, for instance, the State railways carry chemical manures free of charge. There is no doubt that the work that has been, and is yet being, carried on in the Alemtejo is monumental to a certain degree. Senhor Alfredo Lecocq, the Director-General of Agriculture, has devoted himself wholeheartedly to this great task of improvement, and has taken forestry more especially under his charge. The Royal Agricultural Association, too, has performed much admirable work, and such able gentlemen as Senhor Cincinato da Costa and Dom Luiz de Castro have assisted with indefatigable zeal.

The result has more than justified this benevolent jurisdiction. During the last fifteen years the face of the country has altered to an amazing extent. Maize and corn and vines have sprung up to cover the areas that hitherto had rested bare, and no less than eighty per cent. of the vast uncultivated tracts that prevailed there have been tamed and brought back to bear their share in the progress of the land. The labourers, as a matter of course, have benefited equally with the soil itself and its owners. For the Alemtejo, differing widely from the small-holdings northern provinces, is a district of large estates. The wages, which were wont to average 240 reis a day, have now risen to an average of 400 reis. And the price of food? What other question could possibly be thundered by the advocate of the 'large loaf'? The price of bread, the staple food, has risen; so much I must admit. It is dearer by twenty per cent.—an advance that the labourer pays with

a certain cheerfulness when his own income has risen by sixty per cent.

It must not, however, be deduced from this that the labouring population of the Alemtejo constitutes a comfortable army of small capitalists. On the contrary, a succession of those unavoidable phenomena, bad harvests, has brought an amount of distress in its train that, under the old conditions, would have induced terrible results. The district, moreover, is an unfavourable one for regular work. For one reason alone, there are seasons before the advent of the autumn rains when the soil, dried to a brick-like consistency, is impossible to be manipulated.

The province, indeed, with the exception of the district to the north-east of Evora, is naturally somewhat arid, although the soil itself is excellent. For all that so much has already been effected, much more remains to be done, more especially in districts such as the Serra d'Ossa, the Monchique Mountains, and others, where the higher soil, ill-adapted for cereals, offers a promising field for forestry. A landowner, an authority on the subject, assures me that these higher grounds are eminently suited in parts to the chestnut, and to the *Pinus Corsicus* where the chestnut refuses to thrive. The same authority urges that the Kauri pine from New Zealand and the Australian Jarra-tree should be brought over to find a home in these spots, and, knowing the Antipodes as I do, the soundness of this latter suggestion seems to me sufficient guarantee of that of the first. To say nothing of the value of the timber itself, the influence of trees upon rainfall must be taken into consideration, and the question of rainfall is the one great problem of the Alemtejo.

So much for a preliminary survey of the physical aspects of the country. To return to those who work the land—for a study of the simple life one may commend oneself to the labourers of the Alemtejo. Children of Nature, they work from sunrise to sunset, and have as yet found no grievance in the task. *Ganadeiros, Ganhões*—shepherds, swineherds, and all the rest—they are simple and utterly illiterate almost to a man. By no means helpless or unintelligent in their own fashion, for all that. Innocent of the artificial aid of letters and figures, their memory has become developed to a wonderful pitch, and their own system of mental arithmetic is unexpectedly efficient, as may soon be discovered should one become involved in a conversation with a peasant concerning the numbers of flocks, and of yet more intricate calculations.

The Alemtejan—true son of the land—is conservative to a degree. An innovation, more especially in agricultural implements, he resents—for no reason concerning a harmful economy of labour, but merely because it is an innovation! If he can see his way to put any of these new-fangled machines out of gear he will do so, quite without malice, in the cheering consciousness of a goodly act achieved. Although he is becoming more accustomed to modern implements now, deep down in the soul of many it is the crude old Moorish wooden plough just tipped with iron that is still best beloved after all. Yet he has his moments of exaltation in which he rises to the level of the new order. A friend of the writer, for instance, halting his motor-car before his most ancient retainer, demanded of the patriarch in jocular fashion whether he would care for a ride. To his surprise the old man, after a moment's hesitation, announced his intention of accepting. In the next breath he

explained the reason. He was positive that the thing would kill him, but as he was already over eighty it made no odds—and it would be a very distinguished death !

As one watches these children of the soil strolling homeward along the roads where the blocks of stone line either side to confine the wheeled traffic to its proper track, one's heart cannot fail to go out in sympathy with the simple content that marks their lives. They have been toiling in the fields beneath a blazing sun all day, men and women both—the latter with kerchief swathed round the hat as an extra precaution against the rays, and with skirts tied up round the ankles for convenience sake, after the fashion of Turkish trousers. They have eaten their frugal midday meal from cork-wood vessels, the only break in the day's toil, and now with the fall of night at hand they are upon their homeward way.

The setting sun, shining across the olive groves, and fields, and distant mountains, has caught up the whole countryside in the magic glamour that only the Southern dying day may know. Near at hand, the last rays have lit up the rising dust, and have illuminated the haze of particles with such a subtle fire that all who walk the road seem to glide forward as enchanted beings.

It is swathed in all this mystic yet brilliant glow that the group of country folk advance. In their flaunting costumes they seem exalted, as though they breathed back the poetic fire of the sinking sun. Not until they have approached near enough for their faces to be distinguishable does the delusion die. They are workers very weary from the hard day's work. What do they know or understand of this glamour through which they pass ? Before them is the prospect of frugal bread

and oil, and of repose upon a bunk after that. The accident of this glorification of theirs may be a pleasure to others ; but to them—it is one of many thousand homeward ploddings ! When are the authors themselves of the picturesque the better off for it ? Indeed, were the phase realised by its authors, it is certain enough that the picturesque would die of the discovery. The tired faces are abreast now. ‘ *Deus o Salve !* ’ rings out in a soft-voiced chorus. ‘ May God keep you ! ’ The peasants have passed on the way to their rest.

But, after all, this touch of the tragic is only perceptible under the influence of the hour. The Alemtejo peasant is content enough. Bread and oil, haricots and lentils, to say nothing of a banquet of fat pork once or twice a week—this is good, honest food at all events, and fit for a king, if he has never known better. And these hardy folk have health—nay, more, they abound in the blessing. The shepherds and swineherds, living in the open air, and sleeping both summer and winter under the stars more often than not, may suffer from rheumatism now and then, but all other illness is astonishingly rare.

They are a peaceful folk, the Alemtejans. Placid, soft-tempered, with an inborn sense of right and wrong that is unexpectedly accurate, there are many worse neighbours than these peasants. Kindly and courteous by nature, they have in addition a code of manners that is strictly their own. Etiquette ordains that there are certain things not to be done. The mention of the word donkey or pig is only to be effected with the greatest diffidence. When it is absolutely necessary—in view of the vast herds of pigs in the country, these occasions are only too frequent—it may be tolerated, but only after the prelude, ‘ *Com licença* ’—‘ by your leave ! ’ An omission of









THRESHING WHEAT.



the phrase is inexcusable. The same prelude is also indispensable to the mention of the word fowl; although why this harmless and peculiarly white-breasted bird should be included in the slight is a little difficult to understand.

Should they fall out amongst themselves—*humanum est!*—one finds that their vocabulary of abuse is as well stocked as the local oaks with acorns. So effective is the verbal battery that the employment of the more silent and tangible weapons is very seldom insisted on. Still, there are occasions when the stout sticks swing in the air, and when broken heads respond to heartily dealt blows. Very rarely will they resort to the use of the knife. As a matter of fact, the quick stab with the naked steel is an act altogether foreign to the genuine Portuguese character. There is an honest sturdiness here that the popular prejudices of many of the untravelled may find difficult to associate with so far southern a race. As for a genuine criminal class, the feature is practically unknown. Loyal, simple, and extremely appreciative of kindness, they group themselves round the landowners in a manner that almost resembles voluntary feudalism.

The result is a staunchness of association that can be rivalled in few other quarters of the globe. To the third and fourth generation they will faithfully serve the same estate and the lineal descendants of the master who first employed their ancestor. And in this Debrett-like chain of allegiance they take peculiar pride, pointing out with gratification the fact that for generations they have earned their wages from the same source.

It is owing to this mutual sense of confidence that the relations between master and man are absolutely natural and un-

strained. The peasants will bring their troubles to their employers for solution ; they will trust to them when ill, and will exchange jests and banter with the lords of the land with a freedom that is not only permitted, but encouraged. . For so accurately defined is the status of master and servant here that actual presumption on the part of the latter is an undreamed-of thing.

## CHAPTER X

### A SOUTHERN CORK FOREST

The native mule-cart—Its appearance and design—Some ethics of country travel—Simple methods of driving—Aspects of the forest—A park-like scene—Some wolf stories—A summer stream—Corn amidst the glades—The cork harvest—Stripping the trees—The appearance of the trunks—The art of cutting—Scientific cork forestry—Some ethics of remuneration—Useful properties of cork—Quaint meal-buckets—Divers uses of the bark.

THE Alemtejo is a country of glades, and of stretches of hill and dale that are curiously park-like where the cork forests extend. And these cork forests, beyond almost anything else, constitute the feature of the province. One may drive for mile upon mile between the unbroken aisles of green—and when the roads are good one may drive in anything one will, from a carriage and pair to a country mule-cart. For preference, take the latter by all means! It is of the land, and entirely in keeping with the surroundings.

The mule-cart possesses this advantage. Once within it, no possibility arises of one of those polite disputes as to who shall sit facing the horses—in this case, mules. In the first place, there are no seats—with the exception of the all-sufficient floor—in the structure at all. The cart is a lengthy affair of plain wood, open both at the back and front, and with fairly high, straight sides. The pole that projects in front continues

beneath the vehicle, and it is upon this that the cart is built up, much in the fashion of a ship upon its keel. As one arrives at the spot where it waits, the pair of mules are already harnessed; but the preparations for the journey are not yet complete. Mattresses stuffed with maize leaf are placed carefully to cover the wooden boards of the floor; blankets again are spread on the top of these, and the cart is furnished, and ready for the reception of its visitors. Failing a step, one clambers up from behind with the best degree of grace of which one is capable, settles oneself upon the blankets and the yielding, crackling mattresses, and the journey has begun.

One is already in the shade of the dark green leaves. The ground dips and rises gently, and the road, hardened by the summer's heat, is in its best condition. True, it is scored and rutted fairly heavily here and there, and a wheel from time to time slides down a six-inch depression with a jolt. But the thick mattresses effectually neutralise the want of springs, and the travelling is surprisingly easy. Moreover, the attitude of the traveller is quite unrestrained. One can lie, or sit, or study the passing landscape from a point of vantage, prone upon one's back!

After a while one comes to the conclusion that the simplicity of the turn-out is admirable. As for the harness of the mules, it is upon no more complicated a plan than the cart. Each animal is driven by a single rein—an ordinary rope that resolves itself into metal chain in that part that lies above the animal's neck. The reason of this latter soon becomes apparent when the driving once commences. Upon the collar of each mule is a species of upright pommel, an upright that stands well above the neck. Upon one side or the other of this

the single rein must lie. If one would pull to the left, the rope—if it be not already on that side—is twitched, and, coiling upwards, the chain at the end leaps over the upright to the left, thus exerting its pull upon the animal's mouth from the desired direction. If one would steer to the right it is jerked back again, the weight of metal at the end causing it to leap the obstacle with the greater ease. The method of guidance is simplicity itself, although it is no style of driving by which to cope with a sudden emergency. But, after all, in the midst of a cork forest such a possibility may very comfortably be left out of consideration.

The cork oaks are not tall; but, standing well apart, they give an impression of considerable stateliness. Each is clearly and well defined. There is no tangle of scrub and undergrowth beneath; the furrowed trunks rise out directly from the grasses and from the wealth of wildflowers—purple, red, yellow, and white—above which the tall abrotia raises its clusters of blossom in star-like pride. Thus one passes glade upon glade, dell upon dell, mystic haunts in which wood nymphs and sprites might well revel—one could imagine no fitter spot.

The mules pace steadily onwards through an ever-changing vista that the combinations of slopes and valleys, of brown-grey trunks and of dark leafage afford. And then one notices a large ancient scar upon the flanks of one of the animals. It was caused by strong white fangs—the legacy of a wolf. For the Alemtejo, although it knows nothing of the creatures in their packs, is still haunted by solitary wolves. As a matter of course follow wolf stories. The beast that attacked the grazing mule paid the penalty. He had strayed too near

the haunts of man, was chased from pillar to post—this metaphor to be read boskily—and, hounded by dogs and shot by men, rendered up his skin in the good old-time lupine fashion.

All of which leads automatically to wolf-hound lore, and to the deeds of one in particular, the keenest canine sportsman and guardian that ever bayed at his hated enemy. Of him it is told and vouched for that, when a wolf had been prowling for a while, unnoticed by mankind, in the neighbourhood of the house that was his home, his attempts to elucidate the situation to the denser mortals were heartrending in their urgency. Nevertheless for a considerable while they failed. At length, running towards where hung the spiked collar that was placed about his neck on the occasions of wolf-hunts, he leaped up frantically at it time after time. And then his message was understood. The collar was flung on him : rifles were wrenched down, and in a trice there was a fevered rushing out of doors, and a grim chase that saw at the end yet another wolf laid low.

One has come to the outskirts of the forest now, and the path follows its edge. By the road winds a stream whose banks, overhung with bushes, glow in a doubled brilliance of wildflowers. But, far down beneath the top of the banks, the stream is drying fast ; it is running in a thin current that daily grows more attenuated in its bed. There is still a clear trickle in the centre of the course ; but it is starving, and will not be fed again until the autumn. And the brilliant funeral rim of flowers will wither in sympathy too. Until the autumn ! Then the scars and hollows that are scooped out upon the bank and far beyond it speak eloquently enough of the riotous



force of the stream when in the full vigour of its rain-fed life.

Upon the further side of the water is a broad expanse of fertility—a level stretch of yellow and green where the corn and the maize are ripening side by side. Beyond this again, where the ground rises in gentle undulations from the small plain, are olive groves, the trees dotting the hillside in regular lines. Into the forest once more, past a small flock of black sheep that graze beneath the trees, and many companies of stout and stolid pigs. Then one has come to a spot where the ground is yellow again with corn. From out of the level sea of ears the dark trunks of the cork oaks rise up like sombre lighthouse shafts from out of a calm stretch of golden water. But the thing is not intended for mere effect ; it is a lesson in the economy of space.

So far there has been much to see by the road. Animals, plants, and trees—all these have offered themselves generously enough for the pictures of the journey. But the road itself has wound its track emptily—not a wayfarer has been met or passed. Here is one at length, a sturdy peasant in light brown, leading a donkey that bears upon its back a cask of wine. The wine has been bought at one of the storehouses of the estate where the great vats tower in their buildings by the side of the vineyards. The man is obviously glad of the encounter that breaks the monotony of his way. His face is lit with a beaming smile as his '*Deus o Salve!*' rolls sonorously over the dried earth of the road.

From somewhere to the front is heard the sound of blows, a thudding that comes dully through the glades. The road ahead is occupied once more. Upon the winding grey-yellow

thread comes an ox-drawn cart, piled up with cork as high as the slabs will consent to balance. By the roadside is a great mound of cork, each fragment black, grey, and white with lichen upon the one side, a smooth yellow upon the other. The sound of the blows comes from quite near at hand now. As the eye roams about in search of the cause, one sees that there are men perched up amidst the branches of the trees on either side of the road. They are striking with axes at the trunks. The cork harvest is being gathered, and at such a time none could be satisfied with the distant view that the interior of the mule-cart affords. As one draws near it is evident that a ladder is propped against the stem of each tree that is being operated upon. Such a ladder! Worthy in its effective simplicity of this delightful southern land. A branch lopped off from each of the trees themselves has been made to serve towards the further mutilation of the trunks. Forked at the upper end, and thus resting securely, the axe has struck out notches at intervals along the branch. Each of just sufficient depth to hold a human foot, it is by means of these that the men have mounted aloft.

Perched amongst the branches, the workers, bare-footed, are striking in diagonal lines with the axe upon the trunk and larger limbs of the trees. Then, when the line of cuts comprises a complete square, the edge of the blade serves as a lever. Inserted between the bark and the trunk, it is made to exert an outward pressure. With a reluctant groaning and creaking, a large sheet of cork, wrenched away, bends out from the tree, and falls with a crash to the ground. In the place where it had reposed, the trunk, naked now, glows softly in a rich chrome yellow—a delicate tint that a few hours'







BRINGING IN THE GRAPES.



exposure to the unsympathetic outer air suffices to destroy. With each week it darkens, until it passes from red to a deep purple stage, from which again it blackens with the years as the first evidence of a new coat of bark begins to assert itself.

An object lesson in this is at hand even now. Within a radius of a few hundred yards are tree trunks in all their various stages of decolletage—the yellow, red, and purple contrasting strangely with the heavy sprays of dark verdure about it—complaining with curious eloquence in colour, since they lack any other voice. All about are great stacks and heaps of the cork. There are sufficient of the thick slabs here alone, one imagines, to stopper an entire vintage of the country. But there is no knowing what its ultimate fate may be. As a life-belt it may preserve a man from drowning, or as a bottle-cork it may assist another to drown himself in drink—the possibilities of its career are almost human in their variety.

This cutting of the cork, as one sees it, appears simple enough. Nevertheless, there is far more art in the proceeding than might be imagined at the first glimpse. The hand of the axeman must possess sufficient cunning to strike inwards precisely to a certain depth and no further. An incision into the wood of the trunk itself is necessarily harmful to the tree. And each of these thick-barked stems is an asset of no little importance in itself. A cork oak is wont to yield up the whole of its bark—although a lapse of several years is generally permitted between the stripping of the upper and the lower portions—once in ten years, and each brings in, taking an average of the decade, about four shillings per annum. The craft of the cork oak, moreover, is a science in itself. An

expert, by merely glancing at the trunk, will know exactly how many times it has yielded up its wrinkled covering, or whether the bark upon it is virgin. The scientific lopping of the branches, too, in order that the fewest number and the greatest thickness in each may result is a matter of vital importance. The consequence is that, under the management of an expert, a cork forest will produce almost double the quantity of bark as compared with a neglected one.

Cork is an important factor in the Alemtejo. It enters into the life of the province in the most unexpected and far-reaching fashion. Even now, by the side of the men grouped beneath the trees, one sees it in some of its local forms of utility. There is a collection of round buckets, very cleverly contrived of the ever-useful cork, pieced together by means of wooden nails. Each has a cork lid to match, so accurately made that it fits into the vessel with an almost hermetic exactitude, and each is provided with a wooden handle. Within these are the meals of the axemen—some frugal stew that may possibly know amongst its ingredients the sybaritic luxury of bacon. But it is hot. As it was put in, so it will emerge, steaming! The convenience is one of the merits of the non-conducting substance. A good servant this, since it will keep the food at its most palatable temperature for many hours upon end. One may wonder what the peasant would do without it. He, on the contrary, would probably imagine nothing of the kind, since it would never occur to him to conceive the world without cork-trees and meal-buckets that guarantee hot food at any hour and in any place.

But these gloriously useful implements, after all, form only one of the many uses to which the accommodating bark is put



to in its own home. The substance pervades all things. It is built up into chairs, and covers doors. Ducks and hens drink out of cork troughs, and it serves for drinking-cups and ladles for humanity as well. Doves fly homewards to cork cotes ; bees buzz in and out of cork hives, and if dogs fail to sleep in cork kennels it is because the peasant seldom owns a dog, and, as for the dog, he owns a kennel more seldom still.

## CHAPTER XI

### AN ALEMTEJO FARM

The homestead—Horses—Mules—Cattle—Goats and Sheep—Threshing lupines—A vast fig plantation—A Verdelho vineyard—The grape industry, cereals, and other ramifications of the estate—Fortunate pigs—The homecoming of the sow—Porcine shrillings—Scenes in the styes—Popularity of pork—Method of paying swineherds—The bailiff's home—Bunks of the labourers—Their fare—A country meal—The siesta—A garden in the forest—Wells—The possibilities of the artesian—Results of irrigation.

IN the centre of a wide clearing amidst the cork-trees and evergreen oaks stands a long, low, white house, its walls creeper-covered in parts, and its red roof covering a goodly space of ground. Here and there about it are clumps of shady trees, and flowering shrubs and blossoms. But the edge of the forest is many acres distant, its glades looking more park-like than ever from across the intervening stretch of cultivated land. All about the main buildings, but conveniently remote, are cottages, outbuildings, and sheds. But for the extent of these latter one would judge the place a private country residence. As a matter of fact, it is that, and a rather glorified farmhouse as well.

Although the interior of the house looks invitingly cool, it is not there that one is bound just at present. There is much to see and do ere the hour of second breakfast and rest. First



THE MOCHAU HOMESTEAD



of all there are the horses. Where is the estate-owner living that does not parade his horses for his guest's pleasure before any other cattle or thing? Except perhaps in far-away Argentina, where the lordly bulls run them close in the intensity of interest. One had heard little of the more scientific horse-breeding in Portugal. Yet here is sufficient evidence that the thing is done. In a great loose-box is a numerous company of Hackney youngsters, sheltering from the sun, sleek, kindly to handle, and with all the confidential manners and equine points that spring from undoubted breed. Their strain, as a matter of fact, is unexceptionable; for the sires and dams of the majority are of well-known English stock. So much for the horseflesh. Then, by a natural process of descent in species, on to the clean-limbed mules, and the great, upstanding donkeys whose bodies tower aloft as though in a vain attempt to overtake their correspondingly lengthy ears. No creatures for children to disport themselves upon, these! So great a loss of dignity to animals such as they is inconceivable.

In a field near by cattle are grazing, great horned beasts, with massive shoulders and fat sides; while beneath the trees beyond are goats and sheep, all dark in colour. And then—it is a country of surprises—one has come suddenly upon a threshing-floor, and a scene of curious activity. Upon the ground is a wide spread of lupine pods, yellow and deep. Round about the spot a couple of mules are pacing, dragging behind them an implement shod with metal knobs that is half roller, half harrow. As the crusher goes round, mercilessly smashing the pods and making them every minute huskier and flakier yet, half a dozen men are at work with feverish activity. Striking downwards into the mass with their forks,

they toss up the husks and dried shreds in clouds, while all the time the little white beans are rolling clear.

There is no doubt about the quality of the men's work. It may be the master's eye—both Portuguese and Spaniard possess a formidable stock of proverbs turning upon this eye of the master, and than Portugal, at all events, there is no country where men work more consistently with or without supervision. Therefore, giving these the benefit of the doubt, one may class the energy as normal. In any case, the scene, as it is, is one to be remembered. The circling mules, the toiling men, the grinding of the roller, and the crowds of brittle lupine pod fragments that, flung skyward, rise and fall incessantly—all this makes yet another picture of the South to be treasured.

The threshing-floor has been left behind, the figures of men and beasts still busy amidst the tossing cloud. One passes through evergreen oaks and the lowlier olive-trees to a broad space of open country beyond. Here the whole of a sunlit hillside is covered with verdure. The soft green clumps are spread out in orderly rows. Seven thousand fig-trees in one plantation, with the large purple-green bulbs softening into ripeness upon each! Food for a thousand gods, one imagines. Nothing of the kind. The destiny of the fruit is far less exalted. The majority, at all events, will serve to feed a few hundred pigs. Very shortly now, when the ground is burnt to its driest point, the very luscious food will be offered to the porkers. And this until the autumn crop of acorns falls from the trees. With his teeth deep in the unlimited supply of the delicate, yielding bulbs, each herald of bacon should swell mightily and grow fat with unheard-of rapidity out of sheer—

and profitable—gratitude. Fortunate fig-fed pigs! Lost in the enraptured contemplation of the feast before the creatures, I have discovered too late that I have written an almost unpronounceable sentence!

One is passing between the green rows of a vineyard now—a vineyard that stretches for fifty or sixty acres on either hand—and the eye of its owner is peering keenly here and there, searching the leaves and young Verdelho grapes for symptoms of disease. Fortunately in vain. Then to a collection of very modern buildings close by where are great stone wine-presses, and a brandy distillery with its plant of the latest type. And all about are the great vats and the long rows of pipes, all filled with the wine of the South. One begins to feel a weighty respect, not only for the Portuguese estate, but for the variety of products that it consents to nourish and yield. For there, beyond, are fields sprouting many cereals, and amongst them ‘Alfalfa’—the lucerne that leaps up time after time in a single season to offer its green stalk to the cutting machine—or the scythe, as the case may be.

After this, there are the implement sheds and the granaries to be inspected. Then, past the main house again to a great oblong of cement, a rectangular sea of white that is hedged about by rows of covered pens, before each of which is a latched gate of open woodwork. Within each is a family of very small pigs, the oldest a very few weeks of age. Little red things, pathetically bald—all over!—they bring one in strong sympathy with Lamb in his dissertation upon the species. When he implored tender justice for the suckling: ‘Consider, he is a weakling—a flower,’ it was to a roasted one that he referred, it is true. Yet one feels convinced that

he would have pleaded with almost as much enthusiasm for these equally delicate, though living creatures.

Nevertheless, too much sympathy would be wasted on these piglets. They are not orphaned. As it happens, the mothers are returning even now from their feeding ground. The great sows, the majority salmon-coloured, accompanied by the men in charge, shamble along through the trees in a large straggling company. Increasing their speed as they draw near, the first dozen, with the main body close at their heels, shuffle heavily into the yard. Simultaneously with the pattering of their feet upon the cement an extraordinarily shrill din breaks out from all the four corners of the place. Every single youngster is squealing in its own especial shrillest note—bidding its mother hasten.

The noise is terrific—a blending of many hundreds of squeals, in dozens of tenor keys. The only other clamour to which the outburst is comparable is that of the shrilling and chirruping of a great flock of birds. But each piglet is worth in lung power at least half a dozen feathered creatures—and the result, in consequence, is unique. Even the responsive gruntings of the parents are drowned. As for these, conscience struck perhaps at their prolonged feed, they break into fevered haste under the stress of the frenzied appeals. But they retain their heads throughout the turmoil. Indeed they display a sagacity with which the layman would never have credited the sow.

Each of the mothers, almost without exception, runs directly to her own sty in the uniform rows, led there either by the voice or lineaments of her legitimate offspring—there is no other way—a feat that is certainly superhuman! After this she



pushes up the metal latch with her snout, inserts the same lengthy and convenient instrument between the wooden bars, levers open the door, walks in, and, behold ! she is at home. It has been my fate to meet many animals, but with the intimate life of pigs I am but poorly acquainted. Therefore, whether this peculiar form of intelligence is confined to Portuguese soil, or not, I am unable to say.

The chorus is diminishing now ; the volume is fading by the loss of note after note, when of a sudden the din breaks out again from some quarters with a new sound of plaintive anger. Half a dozen mothers, less gifted than the rest, have blundered ! This time the human assistants come to the fore. There is an eviction, and a re-adjustment of sows. The notes of protest die away finally. All round the yard the long lines of doors are closed now. Amidst the new silence one would scarcely suspect the wealth of life that lies within. A great peace and content pervades the whole region of the styes.

The pig is undoubtedly a great factor and breadwinner in Portuguese rural life. A treasured delicacy among the poorest, one meets him with great frequency in the form of ham, sausage, or bacon at the smaller hotels. Indeed, it is largely owing to the importance of the porcine tribe that the ever-green oak, and more particularly its harvest of acorns, is cherished. These latter are peculiarly abundant in the south, and the stout porker feeding beneath the oak is quite one of the accepted scenes of country life.

The swineherds on an estate such as these receive their wages principally 'in kind.' That is to say, they draw daily rations of oil and flour, and in addition are usually given a sow and her litter as their own property. Thus they are

capitalists in pigs, a very long way, it must be admitted, behind the Chicago magnates in the same walk of life. At the same time the litter of the swineherd is wont to thrive in a consistently satisfactory fashion. Although there may be mortality and sorrow in the neighbouring styes, that of the swineherd seldom suffers. And if the bailiff suspects changelings, having no desire to test the matter in good old Solomon fashion, he gives the man the benefit of the doubt—or certainty, as it may be. For the swineherd is a worthy fellow, after all, and earns his live pigs with the best of workers.

But—*toujours porc!*—one can have enough of the topic. The bailiff's house offers a change from these grunting subjects. The man himself, intelligent, with clean-shaven, well-cut features, and eyes kindly, yet firm—one of the best of the Southern types—leads the way, apologising for the poorness of the interior. There is no need. The walls are spotlessly white, hung here and there with the pictures of saints, and a couple of very indifferent but much prized specimens of the photographic art; the furniture, if simplicity itself in design, is all that is needed, and the room in general breathes cleanliness and frugal comfort. The dark-eyed wife—for all her shyness—receives her guests with the quiet dignity that is the privilege of far higher spheres alone in Northern lands, and as for the very small girl and boy—dark cherubs both—they rise to the occasion, and support their parent's rôle by an outburst of childish eloquence when addressed.

The quarters of the labourers are simpler yet. One apartment is allotted to a certain number of these, and, though the area is roomy enough, economy in space is strictly studied. The sleeping place of each is an ingenious con-

trivance that constitutes—but not at the same time—both bunk and cupboard. Across a spacious hollow in the wall is a broad door that opens from above. When this is lowered, and covered with the maize-stuffed mattress, it serves most efficiently as a bed, at the back of which is the cupboard, exposed. When the slab, on the other hand, is raised and fastened, one has a closed cupboard, and no bed! The arrangement—that reminds one curiously of shipboard life—is most practical, and, were the walls of sufficient thickness to permit the simple wardrobe, it would doubtless be carried out in other lands.

In the great kitchen of the main building a log fire is blazing. Set in a circle about the flaming wood are a score or so of earthenware pots. Each of these contains the meal of one of the dependants, and probably the contents of no two are alike, since each—whether it be beans, other vegetables, lordly bacon, or plain bread and oil—is master of his own food, and its choice rests with him. Its destiny, too—the intermediate one—is likewise uncertain. It may be eaten in the quarters near by, or, safely preserved in the cork bucket, it may be carried many a mile, and disposed of under the shade of some distant oak in the neighbourhood of which the task of the day lies.

And then into the cool of the house itself at length, where the shutters are closed, and the white walls shine only dimly in the pleasant half-light. So to breakfast or lunch, whichever one will. In whatever country one may find oneself there are perhaps no others that can rival the native dishes of the land when prepared at their best and by a master of the local arts. And when at the end of all, after the small round cheeses,

excellent if hard, come strawberries, oranges, walnuts, and a wealth of other fruit that, plucked from near by, seem still glowing from the sunrays, one comes to the enthusiastic conclusion that all is very well indeed with the country house. And this, too, before the appearance of the Verdelho wine that comes now to do honour to the dessert!

Hailing from the very vineyard that one had inspected a few hours before, it is rich and generous, and palatable to a degree even in the minds of those whose taste may lie in the direction of the lighter vintages. Verdelho has a history, as a matter of fact, and ranked high in many lands ere the overwhelming popularity of the Douro produce came to force it into comparative oblivion. For all that, the visitor to southern Portugal who fails to demand Verdelho of the genuine kind will have my pity, but not my sympathy.

After this—seeing that it is now midday, and that one has risen at four—there is but one timely performance in these latitudes, the siesta. And, as I have already attacked the subject at length in another book, and as the circumstances—although in the former case the subject country was well south of the equator—are precisely similar, I trust it will savour of no presumption if I reproduce the following: ‘It is the custom of those who dwell in the cooler latitude to condemn the siesta. The midday repose is often stigmatised as needless, effeminate, and somewhat the mark of a decadent race. In a northern climate its indulgence would undoubtedly bear such interpretations. But in a country such as this no reproach of the kind can be applied with justice. For here the summer’s sun beats down with brazen force, and if the workers on the land who rise with the coming of the dawn seek a shaded refuge







WHILE MOTHER IS AT WORK.





from the hottest hours they may do so with an easy mind, so far as their character for energy is concerned. . . . And as he who comes from the siesta treads upon the earth without, the dust yields its thick powder to every pressure of his foot. But he may come out to battle against the heat with an easy mind. The climax of the day is past. With each hour the coolness grows, until the fresh evening breeze sets a comfortable seal upon the sultry midsummer day.'

And this, although written of a very different country, is entirely applicable to southern Portugal.

One leaves the Mochau homestead with regret—a regret that the pleasant-faced bailiff and his children, who now come in his wake, as well as the white-shirted men, including even the barber attached to the place, and the women with brilliant skirts, do their utmost to make one believe they share. No time-serving this; it is merely the result of natural good-breeding and manners.

One is in the cork woods again; but even then the place has something yet in store. Long ere the boundary is reached, the ground sinks down to a well-defined valley, where the grass and alfalfa is greener, and the corn taller and yellower than one has seen them anywhere else that day. Then, through the dark foliage of the cork-trees shows an unexpected glow of colour quite near at hand. Pressing through the dusky aisles to discover the cause of this, one finds oneself without warning in an enchanting spot.

Surrounded on three sides by the forest, with a vista of the rich open valley to the fourth, is a garden—a garden where roses are blooming, where the pomegranate blossom is flaunting in insolent loveliness, mingled with a host of other flowers,

both greater and lesser. There are trees—pears, peaches, nectarines, plums, and walnuts, while the purely ornamental brethren of the species raise their varied foliage upon the outskirts, the dark green leaves of the orange and lemon trees showing up by contrast here and there. Upon the ground below are strawberries, and row upon row of the more aristocratic vegetables—all growing with a luxuriance almost impossible to rival.

In the centre of this idyllic spot, beneath a clump of spreading shade trees, is a well. About this a blindfolded donkey is pacing in a continuous circle at the end of the shaft which levers up the water from below. He is all alone. No other creature is in sight. Yet he goes on without an instant's halt, round and round, and round and about again, while the water splashes up, then oozes in tiny channels in all directions amongst the roots. Afterwards one discovers a couple of gardeners working round a bend some hundreds of yards away, hidden from sight by the trees—but at first the impression is a little extraordinary. The cultivated spot with its shaded nooks, blazing with flowers, and glowing with fruit, set in the midst of a dark cork forest, the solitude and stillness broken only by the presence of the donkey and the light tramping of his patient hoofs—the thing is so strange, so totally unexpected, that one dreams for a moment of a magician's touch.

But if there be a magician on the spot, it is the donkey himself. For it is the waters that the strength of his body calls forth, and that go upon their mission of irrigation, that are responsible first of all for this out-of-the-ordinary luxuriance in the midst of the forest.

And the poor creature, blindfolded, is debarred from even

an attempt at understanding the nature of his efforts! The enchanted spot holds out a lesson of its own. ‘Artesian wells,’ says the landowner with conviction, ‘and one half of the Alemejo would rival this very spot!’ The possibility suffices to take one’s breath away. One hopes they will come—and quickly.

## CHAPTER XII

### A SOUTHERN CHÂTEAU

Anglo-Portuguese land-owners—The Reynolds family—The Quinta do Carmo—Some aspects of a country house—The Chapel—The gardens—A wealth of blossom—Guardian hedges and trees—A realm of enchantment—Dwarf vines—A self-supporting establishment—An Ali-Baba room—Olive oil, brandy, and wine—The preserving of fruit—Some delicious results—The servant question—As simplified in Portugal.

IT is naturally with some diffidence that one touches upon the subject of private life, more especially when one has enjoyed its benefits at first hand. But Mr. John Reynolds, the owner of the estate described in the previous chapter, and of several others besides, although living essentially a private life, owes a certain debt to public interest that cannot well be overlooked. To quote an English name in connection with Portuguese home topics savours, doubtless, at the first blush of anomaly. Yet his own, and the other branches of the family, can date their arrival in Portugal some four generations back, and in the great lonely stretches of the Alemtejo—where, with the exception of the Spaniard, foreigners are practically unknown, and where no separate English community exists—the name of the family has stood as a household word for a great number of decades. The Reynolds family, as a matter of fact, retaining their enterprise to the full in the southern climate,

have played no small part in the development of the province. It was they, for instance, who caused the first seeds of the eucalyptus to be introduced from the Antipodes, since which time the great evergreens, thriving exceedingly, have changed not only the face of the Alemtejo, but that of the whole of Portugal as well. In all such movements—the introduction of new flora, the encouragement of modern machinery, and of agricultural societies, they have spared neither pains nor capital. Completely associated with the Alemtejo as they are, it would be a shock to a native of the province to suggest that the family is not Alemtejan to the backbone—as, indeed, is emphatically the case. At the same time, seeing that no thread of association with the mother-country has been allowed to atrophy, the Reynolds remain thoroughly English—but it takes an Englishman and no Alemtejan to believe that.

Therefore in the Quinta do Carmo, Mr. John Reynolds's principal residence, which in this case may be translated by *château*, all—from the building itself, a gift from a long-dead king to a favourite, to the retainers and daily customs—all is essentially Portuguese. That is to say, as Portuguese as the normal cosmopolitan habits of the more fortunate in the land permit. One can take the place as a typical example of the old country houses of standing.

To the front of the house is a wide quadrangle. From across this the white walls of the main building, with the loftier façade of the chapel at one extremity, confront the equally lengthy but far less pretentious stretch of building that holds the offices, stabling, garage, and the general space devoted to utilitarian purposes. Upon the third side is the lofty wall that contains the entrance gates in its centre, while

facing it again are the pleasure gardens, half seen through the broad gateways in the white masonry that protects them.

Entering the house, one finds oneself first of all in the entrance hall, a spacious apartment some eighty feet in length, and lofty in proportion. From this centre the living rooms run in a continuous suite both to right and left. Behind these the main corridor stretches from end to end of the main wing, and upon the other side of this are the bedrooms, running likewise from end to end of the house in a long row. The kitchens and domestic offices are in another wing, separated from all the rest. The whole is constructed upon a single floor—a fact that accounts for the quite exceptional length and depth of the place, even when compared with buildings of similar pretensions. This, I think—somewhat after the accepted manner of the house-agent—will convey the general scheme on which the house is planned. The result is exceedingly simple and imposing at the same time.

The walls of the hall and of the majority of the living apartments are tiled with very fine specimens of *azulejos*, the most favourite scenes being hunting, classic, and pastoral. The chapel, of which the interior is largely constructed of local marble, is a small gem of its kind. An exuberant taste has not run riot here, and the gilding is sufficiently restrained, accentuated, moreover, at those particular points where it best fits in with the surroundings.

To deal first of all with the purely æsthetic features of the spot ; in order to picture the gardens one must conceive first of all the blossoms of a dozen lands that have sent their offerings to glow in company in this space within the walls. Along some



QUINTA DO CARMO: MAIN WING





of the paths are borders of lavender, each perhaps a hundred yards in length, the dim blue of which stands out in a height and profusion that is unknown in more northern lands. Above these extend rows of magnolia-trees—each dappled with the characteristic flower of its own especial species—palms, dragon-trees, pomegranates, camellias, the dark foliage of the orange and lemon leaves, and a host of other trees and shrubs notable either for blossom or form. Upon the earth itself is a blaze of flower whose particular atoms it would be tedious to describe. Nothing less, in fact, than a florist's catalogue would conscientiously serve the purpose. The roses alone one cannot pass by unnoticed, since, whether twining and clustering high aloft, or in clumps of standard bushes, their magnificent blossoms, shining out from a kaleidoscopic background, form the keynote of the colour scheme of the gardens.

Standing out here and there are great yew hedges, their walls of an astonishing density and height, that guard with solemn dignity the brilliant spaces to their front, while at intervals the tall close shafts of the cypress rise in stately cones of nearly a hundred feet in height, dwarfing even the ilex and the rest of the trees in the neighbourhood. There are stone steps leading from the shaded waters of a broad pond to mount to the verandahs and porticoes of a garden house that commands the most delightful of all the garden vistas. There are lesser summer-houses of wood smothered in strange creepers, and pergolas a foot deep in a climbing plant whose name I know not, but which I have seen haunting its native New Zealand bush. There are stone benches, softened and dark with age, let into the recesses of the solid hedge-walls—and what there is beyond to go towards the very entrancing consumma-

tion of the whole would take too long to tell. It is a garden of gardens—one can say no more.

In wealth of blossom I have seen some almost fabulous spots in the island of Madeira that equal and perhaps even surpass it. But there, as has been said before, the broken ground, for all its charm, does not permit the spacious and utterly stately setting to the sea of blossom. There is an atmosphere here, moreover, that no mere gardener can induce—the mellowness of age and of a haunt of many memories joined to the brilliance of the flowers.

Beyond its mere beauty there is much of intrinsic interest in this realm of the gardeners. One may see the dwarfed vines growing in their pots, for instance, dainty and precious plants that are borne in turn to the dining-table, covered with their array of purple or white bunches. But their ornamentation there, however effective, serves merely a secondary purpose. The principal object of their presence is that the guests may cut their grapes direct from the plant, and revel in the sentimental addition to their flavour that the performance induces.

But it is not only fanciful products such as these that the surrounding estates supply to the Quinta. In the matter of general produce the place is a self-supporting one. Indeed, with the exception of foreign luxuries, the household tables have to thank its lands for all they bear. From every variety of meat to the fruits, from bread and cheese to olive-oil and vinegar, from wine and brandy to vegetables—it would take a tried housewife to complete the list; but every item is there. It is only after an inspection of the entire premises of the Quinta that the true importance of its utilitarian side becomes evident. One realises then that the house and

pleasure-grounds are the ornaments of a perfect hive of industry.

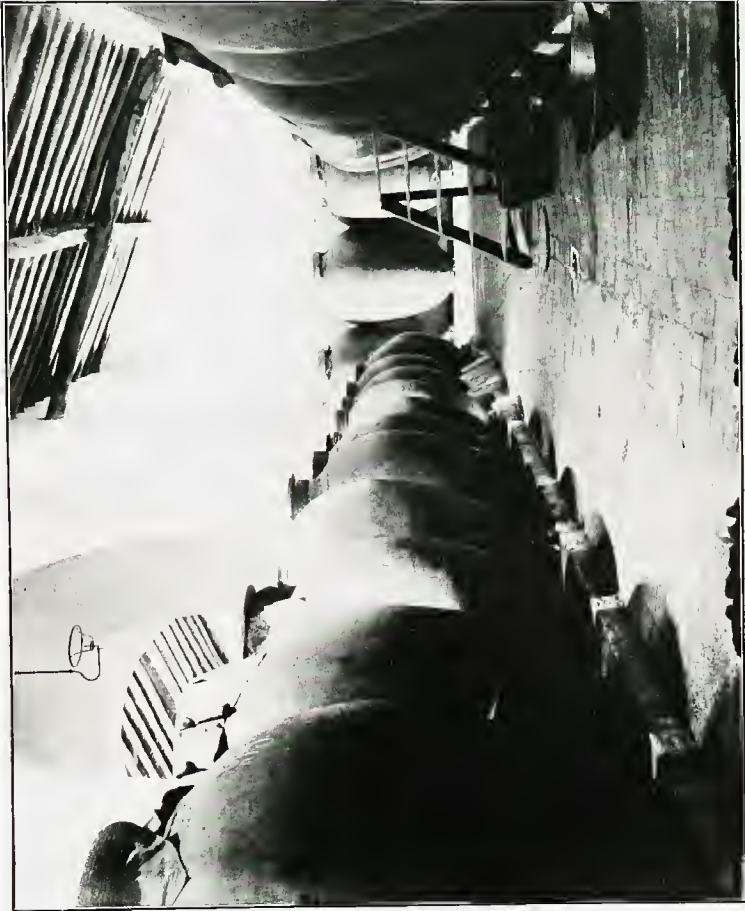
It has already been explained that the side of the great courtyard opposite to the house is devoted to stabling, offices, and similar purposes. In the same set of buildings is a granary, and a great chamber beyond that affords one of the surprises of the Quinta do Carmo. Its interior is filled with rows of vinegar jars. But this bald statement affords no conception of the actual aspect of the place. In common with some millions of others, it has been my lot to see the pantomimic jars as represented in 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves,' to say nothing of the pictures in the versions of the stirring tale as represented in juvenile books. In one's ignorance one had considered the things monstrous, bizarre, and had liked them all the better for their impossibility. But, in this room, here they were to the life! And it was only at the sight of them that one realised that the pantomimic specimens, at all events, had libelled rather than exaggerated the true proportions of the originals.

Smooth great jars of the well-known model, the average height of the collection was nine feet, and there must have been at least forty of the gargantuan vessels! Half a dozen thieves at least could conceal themselves in each instead of the single bad character with which, so far as I remember, the jars of Ali were severally content. Many of these specimens are very old, claiming at least a century for their age, and the proud designer of each, long dead, has left his initials or signature carved upon the huge, swelling flank in memory of his feat. Here they stand in proud and massive rows. Nothing is wanting save the flash of a scimitar or the bright

gleam of a turban. Atmosphere ! The place reeks of this kind far more than that of vinegar.

Passing through the long line of buildings in which this wonderful chamber is contained, one discovers that another quadrangle, hedged about by its buildings, lies beyond. To one side is the blacksmith, assisted by a couple of his underlings, working in his own premises : for the Quinta undertakes its own repairs. Further on are the presses where the olives are crushed for their oil. After passing by a great brandy distillery, with its modern machinery mounting to the roof, one arrives at the quarters devoted to the making and storing of wines. Here are wine-presses of imposing dimensions, great vats that rival in size those of Villa Nova de Gaia itself, lengthy rows of pipes, and, in fact, all the paraphernalia of an important wine store.

One would have thought that all these various branches of production would have satisfied the majority of estate-owners. But one of the most imposing and characteristic of its industries is yet to come. Indeed, almost the chief pride of the place is centred in a great building that stands apart from the rest. Here, in one of the many lofty chambers, is an engine driven by steam ; in another are lengthy lines of spotless boilers, and in another are ten thousand porcelain pans, each of which is capable of holding five kilos of fruit. In short, this is where the Estremoz plums, the figs, and the fruit in general from the surrounding estates find a home, to be endowed with a longer and yet sweeter life than befalls its less fortunate brethren. As it lies in stone chambers cool and spotless throughout, the fruit affords one of the most tempting esculent spectacles that is possible to imagine. In fact, it is best for



THE ALI BABA ROOM: QUINTA DO CARMO



one who has not yet shed his sweet tooth to depart in comparative haste lest he fall to unduly by the way and pay the inevitable penalty.

To discriminate between the merits of these various fruits is useless. The Estremoz plums are, I suppose, the most famous. Nevertheless there is one other—the Mandarin orange in its entirety, skin and all—that, as preserved here, appeared far and away the most delicious of anything of the kind that has yet been attempted. In its own fashion it is as much superior to all the rest as is Cliquot to Saumur. Steel chains would scarcely hold back the average schoolboy from a second, had he tasted a first. A creation rather than a manufacture, it stands alone! One can only hope to meet with it again. Even a journey to Portugal is a paltry thing to this end.

But such gluttonous rhapsodies lead one from the subject of the Quinta do Carmo itself. And that topic is one of no little interest in its own neighbourhood, at all events. For the benefits that the estate conveys, not only upon its own servants, but upon the surrounding populace as well, are very great. The system in vogue may be described as one of a benevolent and voluntary feudalism. So far as the retainers are concerned, the interests of the owner's family have become their own—as they were those of their fathers and mothers before them—to an extent that would appear almost incredible and undoubtedly detrimental to the enlightened and up-to-date domestic servants of our own land! But the tie in this benighted South is no mere affair of cash. It springs from the perfect confidence, and, in consequence, the real freedom of intercourse that the association of generations involves. And how much preferable it is to be served by such than by those others who

reckon their duties merely at so much an hour is obvious to one who has experienced both.

It is to houses such as this, too, that the peasantry from the entire neighbourhood flock when in doubt, distress, or sickness. In return they give what they can—courtesy, at all events, and very willing help if it be required. That they are poor is lamentable enough, and seldom through any fault of their own. But it is time to leave the Quinta do Carmo, lest one become discursive upon points of charity, and others that are equally private. And one leaves it in manuscript almost with the same amount of regret as in reality.



## CHAPTER XIII

### HERE AND THERE IN THE SOUTH

Some aspects of Estremoz—The town gates—The market-place—Approach to the castle—A picturesque quarter—Impoverished butterflies—Estremoz Castle—The *Torre do Menagem*—View from the summit—A town of romance—King Diniz and his queen—The battle-field of Ameixial—The *Outeiro da Força*—Alentejo roads—Scenes of leisurely traffic—Peculiarities of the local dog—His objections to speed—Gypsies—Trimmed eucalyptus—Butterflies, lizards, and birds—Past dangers of the road—The Moorish plough—Piorno—The vintner's bush—Villa Viçosa—The historic home of the Braganças—The last letters of King Carlos—A melancholy blotting-pad—A frustrated plot—Some Southern sports.

THE town of Estremoz, as has already been remarked, piles itself upon a hill to support the pinnacle of its castle, the highest point of all. The entrances to the ancient town in no way disappoint the expectations that the distant view of the place has aroused. Whether one approaches from the direction of Villa Viçosa or from Ameixial, an imposing gateway, sculptured, lofty, and deep, guards the houses within. Having once entered, one has already left the comparatively modern ramparts far beneath. One is, beneath its peak, at the intermediate altitude of the place. In the centre is an extensive Praça, well shaded by trees, where the country-folk gather on market days, when the long wooden tables are dragged out to support the produce of the district. Amidst the buildings

that surround the place are shops of no mean order, and warehouses stocked with the terra-cotta Estremoz ware. Branching away from this central point are the streets of the town—thoroughfares in which a building stands out here and there that, from its appearance, might be just as the dusky African invaders left it, Moorish windows, roofs, and all. The streets of the pleasant place are broad, cleanly, and well filled with life.

This first crude survey of the southern city concluded, one is naturally enough impelled by the spectacle above to mount to its crowning heights. The broader thoroughfares are left below. A narrow, tortuous street winds steeply upwards, flanked by ancient buildings of very picturesque and dilapidated appearance. Just here, indeed, the higher one mounts in the world, the lower one sinks in social surroundings. As one arrives at the outer walls of the castle itself the aspect of the inhabitants is on a par with the humble dwellings that surround it.

At the evening hour, when the day's work is over, there are dozens of men, women, and children reclining in groups upon the hard, warm stones. The picture they afford is a striking one. The poorest of the poor even in an impoverished neighbourhood, they have enriched themselves in the only fashion that lay within their power and cost them nothing. Dark, and of that strangely wild appearance that is typical but that affords no actual index whatever to temperament, they have decked themselves out in a wealth of colour that compensates in its own fashion for the sorry texture and scarcity of the garments.

They have their own sense of dignity. An influx of strangers, a rare enough event here, neither rouses their curiosity nor embarrasses their pose. Poised just beneath the battlements



ESTREMOZ: ONE OF THE TOWN GATES



of the castle, far above the town, they lie, splashed like butterflies with blue, yellow, red, and the rest of the daring hues that frequently hide an empty stomach. In their intervals of silence one imagines that they dream. There seems little other recreation in this existence of theirs.

The castle itself is before one. Here, by the way, more than a century ago was stored a fine armoury that, taken by the French, formed the foundation of the present Invalides Museum in Paris. Nevertheless, robbed even of this, the castle in itself retains sufficient interest.

Passing through the gateway, the old halls, and guard-rooms, and up the flights of stone steps, one arrives at the top of the great main keep. Even then one has not arrived at the summit of the building. From the centre of this, leaving a wide stone platform on all sides, rises another tower, the Torre do Menagem. Set within this is a low-arched doorway that gives upon a flight of stone steps. The climbing is not so easy here. The spiral stairway mounts in total darkness, and the way is as narrow and the steps as steep as befits the last refuge of the stronghold's defenders in extremity. Mounting, unarmed and in peace, one can sympathise with a force of besiegers who may have attempted the task in some forgotten raid. Yet, as one emerges at length into daylight upon the top, it is clear that even a hundred additional steps would have been worth the attainment of the panorama.

Directly beneath are the keeps, walls, and outlying towers of the castle. Both mediæval and Moorish, the spread of the dark old stone battlements is revealed in its entirety, tier stretching beneath tier, until the great main wall at the bottom falls to the ground, protected by its own set of towers. At the

foot of this are the dwellings of the impoverished that one has already remarked upon, with the recumbent splashes of colour still in the roadway. Beneath this again is spread the main town with its red roofs, white walls, the broad spaces of the Moorish housetops, and the loftier buildings of the churches and chapels. Lower yet, encircling the whole with grim, well-defined lines, are the mounds and trenches of the ramparts that broaden and swell at intervals into the massive structures of the disused forts. After a survey of it all one comes to the conclusion that this town of romance is best seen from very near or very far—either by peering down upon it from between the battlements of the Torre do Menagem, or by gazing upwards towards the pile from the depths of the remoter plain.

But the panorama, naturally, is not bounded by the ramparts. To the south is a stretch of mountains, a wooded Serra that rolls majestically, with the castle of Evoramonte standing out clearly, though on one of the remoter peaks, until the hill-tops fade away in the blue distance. To the west and north is champaign country dotted with the white specks of houses and outbuildings, and in places swelling into undulations thickly painted with the dark green of cork forests and olive plantations, while to the eastward the vista of the rolling slopes only ends with the hills that rise, far beyond the frontier, in Spain. It is a prospect to be remembered. From here King Diniz the Peaceful, the builder of cities and chief founder of the realm, must often have gazed over the new Portugal, freed from the Moor, that was rising and consolidating under his hand six hundred years ago. And his wife Isabel, mediator and peacemaker as well, was often by his side, remaining upon the height of Estremoz until her death.

There is, however, too much of historical interest to bear detailed inclusion in this limited space. Within three or four miles of Estremoz, for instance, is the battlefield of Ameixial, where the Portuguese army of liberation rushed upon the Spaniards in 1661 as they lay upon the rounded slopes of the hills, and routed Don Juan and all his men. An inscription upon a stone cross by the field itself recalls the action that, perhaps more than any other, served to free the country from the Spanish bondage.

There is an ancient tower, the *Outeiro da Força*, upon a hill-top in the neighbourhood, too, that revels in more uncertain and mystical fame. Legend has it that it is a spot of grim memories—a haunt of execution and of murder. The lonely spot may well enough deserve its reputation. Attached to it is an underground passage, partially blocked, that still awaits exploration. So it is just possible that it may yet afford some sensation to the neighbourhood.

The high-roads of the district, though totally unknown to the average foreigner, are excellent both in construction and preservation. One may wonder a little when first driving along them at the large stones that lie at intervals on either side of the highway. As a matter of fact, they serve to partition off the edges of the road, and to keep the wheeled traffic in its centre. Seeing that it is an unusual thing to set eyes upon three vehicles occupying at the same time any of the long stretches of highway, the precaution may seem a little superfluous. Nevertheless, being the custom, it doubtless serves well enough at times. On the road between Estremoz and Villa Viçosa, where marble quarries abound, this partition of the way is effected by blocks of the lordly and mottled stone.

There is little 'hustle' in the locomotion upon these Southern high-roads. The gait of both human beings and animals is deliberate—from motives of necessity rather than from a lack of energy. It is seldom that both passing man and beast are not burdened to the exclusion of the possibility of any ambitious flights of speed. One may pass a wagon lost beneath its lofty stack of cork, or a man or woman may approach resting upon a heterogeneous pile of goods that has for its lowest foundation a mule! With a pannier upon either side, and a human being—seated sideways as though in a chair—upon the overflowing produce, speed in the creature, even if possible, would be disconcerting to the passenger. The men are weary from their labours if not from their loads; while the women, in gorgeous petticoats, brilliant kerchief headgear, and with the few gold ornaments that represent their fortune in their ears and upon their breasts, go staggering beneath bundles of corn or hay that they have gleaned. As for the lengthy bodies of the mule-carts, they are designed for pace no more than the rest. Here and there one may meet with a horseman, his feet encased in quaint stirrups, who scampers freely along; but the episode is rare.

The ethics of this leisurely progress seem to have become deeply engrained in the life of the district. At least so it would appear from the objections of the local dogs to anything that breaks into the monotony of the slowly beating paces. If one have the good fortune to be favoured with a seat in a fast-moving carriage drawn by a pair of mettlesome horses that reel off the miles in the fashion to which their forefathers were accustomed in their northern home, one will be afforded endless opportunities of the contemplation of this canine trait.



I verily believe that no dog in the neighbourhood exists that can withstand the provocation of these rattling hoofs. Whether he leaps up from the roadside, whether he dashes out from the precincts of a cottage, or whether he comes panting over the fields a quarter of a mile distant from the road—one may take it for granted that every dog upon the route will perform his duty, and will continue to yap canine threats and to charge as fiercely as a whole regiment of cavalry, until the coachman, losing patience, ends that particular assault by means of his whip. There are some more populous stretches of the road through which the progress is enlivened by perfect volleys of howls and yelps, and by an almost continuous succession of dogs that dash in to the attack like furry torpedoes hurled against a battleship. On the other hand, they ignore altogether all vehicles moving, according to their ideas, at a rational speed. It is only the rare exhilaration of the smartly beating hoofs that convulses the Alemtejo dog in a mad fit of delirium.

By the roadside here and there are groups of gypsies, as nomadic here as elsewhere. With the smoke rising up from their cooking fires as a central point to the gathering, they loll at their ease. In the neighbourhood are their mules and horses; for here, too, the gypsy is as keen a dealer in livestock as elsewhere, and no fair in the South is complete without his bands. Clothes of a slightly different pattern, a darker complexion, and a saturnine tendency in the expression that the others lack, are the marks that distinguish him from the humble peasant wayfarer.

One is rolling along the broad high-road towards Villa Viçosa now. Estremoz has been left far behind, and even

the tall rows of eucalyptus-trees that line its outskirts have disappeared. One has lost sight of them with less than the usual regret. Upon the other side of the town is an avenue of these stately trees such as I have never seen equalled in Europe, and that would hold its own in the Antipodes itself. But these upon the Villa Viçosa road have another tale to tell. Almost as tall as the magnificent specimens on the Ameixial side—upon the exact height of the giants I will not speculate—they have been sadly used, lopped and mutilated out of all recognition. The result, if lamentable, is, at all events, striking. Lofty shafts rising in tens of fathoms to the upper atmosphere, each is leafless and smooth as a mast but for a small knot of verdure that crowns its top. Great brooms that seem to sweep the sky! So complained my hostess, and a more apt simile could not be. But the authorities had needed wood; these great branches were conveniently near, and the mischief was done ere intervention on the part of the appreciative was possible. A similar process of stripping, by the way, is much in vogue with the pine-trees; but the vandalism in connection with these comparatively lowly growths is scarcely noticed. Fortunately both eucalyptus and pine thrive to such a degree here that they themselves lose no time in repairing the æsthetic errors of humanity.

As one proceeds, the inevitable olive groves and cork forests rise up at intervals on either hand. Everywhere are the wild-flowers, over which hover the butterflies—clouded yellows, red admirals, swallow-tails, and gorgeous fritillaries amongst the number. From out of the shelter of the bank peers a great lizard, and darts his foot-long body across the road in a panic at the approaching wheels. Above, a couple of hawks are

circling, while by the side of the road flit the 'popa' birds—hoopoes—with their tufted heads and brilliantly barred wings.

All is sun-bathed, still, and very peaceful. But this peace is a blessing that the spot has not always known. Less than a century ago there was danger here and to spare for the traveller. Even now one is passing by a dense thicket, one of the few that remain, since the great majority of the forest trees now send up their trunks from a smooth expanse of cleared ground. It was a haunt such as this that in bygone days formed the refuge of the desperadoes who leaped out to plunder the wayfarer whenever an opportunity offered. The robbers have gone, and the wild boar, whose taste in locality was similar, has become so rare as practically to be extinct.

As one passes by a stretch of open ground a peasant is ploughing the land. Drawn by a couple of great oxen, the instrument itself is insignificant out of all proportion. A curved piece of timber shod with a point of iron, it scratches the ground with an undue diffidence. But since, in response to this faint tickling, the ground smiles with a harvest, what more could be desired? demands the peasant. Nevertheless, the ancient Moorish plough is dying, however slowly, and the soil is smiling with greater heartiness in consequence.

At the back of the cultivated land is a broad stretch of moorland, thickly dotted with the handsome bushes of the *Piorno*. And this, with its peculiarly tinted leaves shining like silver in the sun, is one of those numerous growths that delight the stranger's eye as deeply as it is detested by the natives. For the *Piorno*, for all its silver sheen, is an all-devouring curse that would smother the arable and pasture land were it permitted to flourish unchecked. As it is, it is made to serve what little

purpose it can. Brooms, for instance, are manufactured from its twigs, very effective instruments for rougher work that contrast quaintly with those very dainty and delicate little grass brushes with which the household ornaments are wont to be dusted.

There are wildflowers again by the roadside now, and high above the rest hovers the star-like blossom of the abrotia—that plant so prodigal of medicinal properties both in bulb and leaf. A startled blackbird flies, shrieking, over a hedge shining darkly beneath its load of blackberries, and a crested lark soars up in the air. Then one has come abreast of a tiny group of cottages, each with its trellis-work of vine, immaculate in their weekly coating of whitewash, and almost as spotless within as without. An inn is there too, the building little larger than the rest, but flaunting from its walls in clear and proud distinction the vintner's bush—the branch of bay. Here and there are horses and mules raising water from the wells about which they circle. And then, to the front, the old ramparts and walls of Villa Viçosa have come in sight at last.

One is in the broad Praça, where are situated the church, the barracks, and, above all, the palace of the Braganças. With its long façade, a little lacking in individuality, the exterior of the place is decidedly uninteresting. Not so its interior and its historical associations. The more important apartments run in a lengthy suite along the front of the building. One of these is a gallery from whose walls the portraits of the dead and gone Dukes of Bragança stare down, garbed in the different costumes of the various ages. It was here that in 1640 the eighth Duke, Dom João, and his Duchess awaited in suspense the news of the failure or the success of the plot of liberation—







ON THE SAND DUNES.





tidings that involved either death or a crown. It was from here, too, that Dom Carlos and the Crown Prince set out on the morning of their death.

Thus Villa Viçosa has gained still more in history—at a terrible cost. The place, altogether out of the beaten track of tourists, is seldom visited, and when I was there all remained as it had been left on the departure of the royal family. Upon the table in the king's study was a blotting-pad, and upon the paper remained the impressions of the unfortunate monarch's letters and signatures—the last he inscribed before his murder. Whether the pad remains yet I know not ; but, as a melancholy relic, it brought back the history of the crime with a strange vividness. It was a mere chance, as a matter of fact, that the palace of Villa Viçosa was not stained with the blood that was shed in Lisbon. One of the anarchistic gang had actually obtained admittance within the walls of the palace while the royal party was in residence during its last visit. He was in waiting outside one of the doors through which King Carlos would pass, when his presence was discovered. But, though ejected, none at the time suspected his murderous intent.

There is sufficient matter for thought as one passes out through the stately old-fashioned gardens with their rows of stone benches, past a chamber with a circular hole in its floor that has a grim history of its own. For the hole was filled with water once, and, submerged to his waist, some unfortunate noble, whose name has escaped me, in the dark ages was kept within it until he died.

After this the route lies through the forest, the royal shooting ground that affords one of the chief attractions of the spot at the present day. And then back once more along the main

roads, dusky now with the mystic light of early evening, across which giant winged beetles flit with a whirring of wings in the still air. There are tales of shooting now to banish the atmosphere of tragedy, and accounts of the coursing, fishing, and the sport of the South in general. But, foremost and most enthusiastic of all, are the praises of the amateur bull-fight. It is possible to begin at any time ; the assurances are fervid. There is the Estremoz ring, always at hand, and as for the bulls, the matter is simplicity itself. A hornless steer— or one whose frontal weapons are but half-grown—is the very thing for a beginner ! After all, what are half a dozen somersaults in the sand ? A small price compared with the fun of the proceeding ! Nevertheless, one decides with admirable caution that the part of a spectator is the finest first step in the apprenticeship of these amateur tumbings.

## CHAPTER XIV

### EVORA AND ITS FAIR

An ancient town—Some historical fragments—Notable buildings—The chapel of bones—The fair ground—Aspects of the populace—A town of canvas—A Southern gathering—Frenzied stock-dealing—The public gardens—Some holiday ethics—A few agricultural types—Sober peasants—The fair at night.

EVORA, in common with so many other cities of southern Portugal, carries its head high in the air. A city with white walls that pile themselves well above the surrounding landscape, it is a spot of many memories. Roman, Moorish, and Christian in turn, its history loses neither in romance nor interest for being identical with those of a number of surrounding towns.

Evora is said to have been captured from the Moors in the eleventh century by a Portuguese nobleman who, by reason of a broil, had fallen under the king's displeasure. Becoming weary of his enforced exile in the remote haunts of the country, he resolved upon strenuous methods to end it. Collecting about him a band of venturesome followers, he made for the town of Evora. Surprising the Moorish garrison in a desperate assault, he captured the place, and as a reward was more than reinstated, both materially and in honour.

This species of daring feat, like so much of the remaining history of Evora, is common enough in the early episodes

of the land. Indeed, performances of the kind seem to have been fairly frequent in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. When a man of family had fallen into disgrace with his king or with any other high authority, the only effectual course was first of all to put a safe distance between himself and outraged majesty. Afterwards came opportunity for his remedy—some especially glorious deed done against the Moors. This almost regulation procedure was followed in the case of his survival, not only by pardon, but by promotion as well. In this respect the more reckless knights must have sadly missed the Moors after their final departure from the southern coast. Not that they were invariably discouraged by the inconvenient remoteness of their dusky antagonists even then. As a matter of fact, one Da Camara, very much later, labouring under regal displeasure, took the trouble to sail even from Madeira to Morocco, where, with much blood and success, he worked out both social salvation and betterment.

Gladius and scutum clanging together with rude barbarian spear; battleaxe and sword *versus* curved scimitar; the arquebus ball, and the swifter flying bullet of later years—such has been the military history of the south, and of Evora. It has its monuments of peace, besides, that stand out, mile-stones of the ages. The Roman temple of Diana, with its glorious set of columns rising in majesty within the town itself; the Roman aqueduct, whose arches come striding over hill and dale to gain the white walls of the city; the twelfth-century cathedral, with its treasures and jewelled crosses; the church of the Graça with its gigantic stone men—the ‘infants of the Graça’—guarding the entrance; the Gothic-Norman edifice of S. Braz with its pinnacle towers; the Collegio dos Loyos

with its cloisters and magnificent archway—these are only a few of the number of the historical buildings of Evora.

The stately fifteenth-century church of S. Francisco stands alone in one respect. Its many chapels and sanctuaries have rivals in plenty elsewhere ; but it contains that which is more human and enthralling in its own fashion than the stonework of all the rest. Passing along one of the massive aisles, one comes to a doorway, above which is carved :—

‘ N6s ossos que aqui estamos  
Pelos vossos esperamos.’

of which the rough translation is :—

‘ We bones that here lie  
Await yours when you die.’

It is the doorway of the chapel of bones. As one enters the large space within, one has penetrated to the realms of the dead, to the stale, worn, and most sordid panoply of death itself. The walls bristle with bones. Arms, legs, knees, thighs, the grim tapestry of bone covers the walls entirely, and the greater part of the roof besides. The floor alone is of stone, of very welcome cold and solid stone.

At the first entrance into the dim light of the chapel the impression of the grisly furniture is necessarily a little confused. After a while, the scheme of this ossuary decoration reveals itself little by little. The curves of the arched roof above are accurately traced and accentuated by lines of skulls standing out boldly from the lesser bones. The six square columns that rise to meet them are likewise inlaid. Skulls mark each angle : collar-bones and shinbones fill the spaces between. The deep window recesses are contrived

in thigh-bones, while at one point hangs a dried and mummified body—all that remains of it.

It is obvious that the original architects of the grisly chapel had something beyond the merely bizarre in view. This cheapening of the dead is apparently for the benefit of the living. The walls are liberally covered with inscriptions, each of which hangs from some convenient bone. They are warnings, invocations—prayers to remember this inevitable end of humanity. They are superfluous. Greater eloquence than that of these purely utilitarian human relics it would be impossible to conceive. Not that this mute pathos has the power to touch all alike. There are obviously many who accept the relics as furniture in its most prosaic sense. The multitude of names scribbled upon the smooth surface of the skulls is evidence of this. That the result has actually enhanced the effect that was intended is a fact of which the writers are doubtless supremely unconscious. Yet it is so. As one leaves the bones in their thousands, dimly seen in the half light, one's own would seem to itch just a little in sympathy with their nude brethren.

But Evora has life to show as well as death. At all times the town is a fairly important centre, and at midsummer it becomes a magnet that draws to it humanity and cattle from a radius of many scores of miles. He who has not witnessed Evora fair has yet to learn the exotic fulness into which the life of southern Portugal can blossom at times.

The fair that commences upon St. John's Day affords a spectacle for which the countryside from far and near has been ransacked. From the earliest morning the dust-clouds rise continuously along all the roads that lead to the ancient city.

Bullock-carts, horse-carts, mule-carts, ass-carts—the wheels of all these go grinding along over the powdery surface of the highways, converging towards the common centre. The hoofs of ridden animals are tramping, too, and the feet of humble pedestrians, whether bare or roughly shod, go plodding along at their own pace. The railway has yawned, shaken itself, and is in a fever of special trains—trains as crowded with humanity as are the vines near by with grapes. And then—one arrives!

The platform is packed with holiday makers. Dodging with some difficulty the bristling points of sticks and umbrellas, one emerges at length from the crush, and passes in company with the rest along the broad street, past S. Braz, towards the fair ground. Even here the scene is a little bewildering. The normal stillness of the place has been shattered into a thousand unwonted fragments of clamour. Horsemen are cantering to and fro, men are singing, women and children calling shrilly; dogs are barking; here and there rise the strains of a guitar, while, as a background to all the rest, comes the heavy tramping of feet. The order of going is unrestrained. There is jostling of a good-tempered order, and a confusion that is doubled when the wheels of a passing cart cleave asunder the ranks of the crowd.

One has come to the fair itself now. The site of it is a broad, level expanse flanked on two sides by the houses and gardens of the town. On the third side are eucalyptus groves, and on the fourth is more verdure, amidst which stands the great circle of the bull-ring. Then one has entered the small town of booths, and the further landscape is lost behind the wares and the canvas walls. There are many streets of these booths,

thoroughfares that run parallel or intersect each other in the manner of a more durable city. And each canvas shop, though it may contain commonplace-enough articles, glows with its own colours in the sunshine. Here is one that contains footgear and nothing beyond. But the boots revel in a range of hues unknown to the more northern productions. There are black and yellow boots, it is true; but there are others, tanned and untanned, of red, and of other daring shades, that hang in gorgeous rows at the back of the booth. There are hats, too, further on, always of rounded felt, whether sombre or bright.

Here is another street—a flaunting street of toys and knick-knacks. They are as glittering, as tawdry, and as cheap as things in a popular fair should be. In each thoroughfare the groups of peasants are parading up and down ceaselessly. There are family parties, each parent's head shaded from the sun by his broad umbrella, each child drinking in the details of this wonderful transformation that has made him a heaven out of plain everyday Evora, as he knows it. There are young men, too, bachelors freed from the plough, and gay for the nonce. In all the bravery of his plush jacket and tightly-fitting trousers, a youth scans with an eager eye the rows of gaudy trinkets. There are some of these that will undoubtedly cause his lady to sing his love refrain back to him with a deeper thrill than before, and a richer one—straight from the heart. Can his purse afford this potent thing? That is the sole question that arises.

Here is a dismounted rider who tramps along, a pair of bright-coloured saddlebags hanging from his shoulders. When the capacious pockets are as full as his purchases will permit,



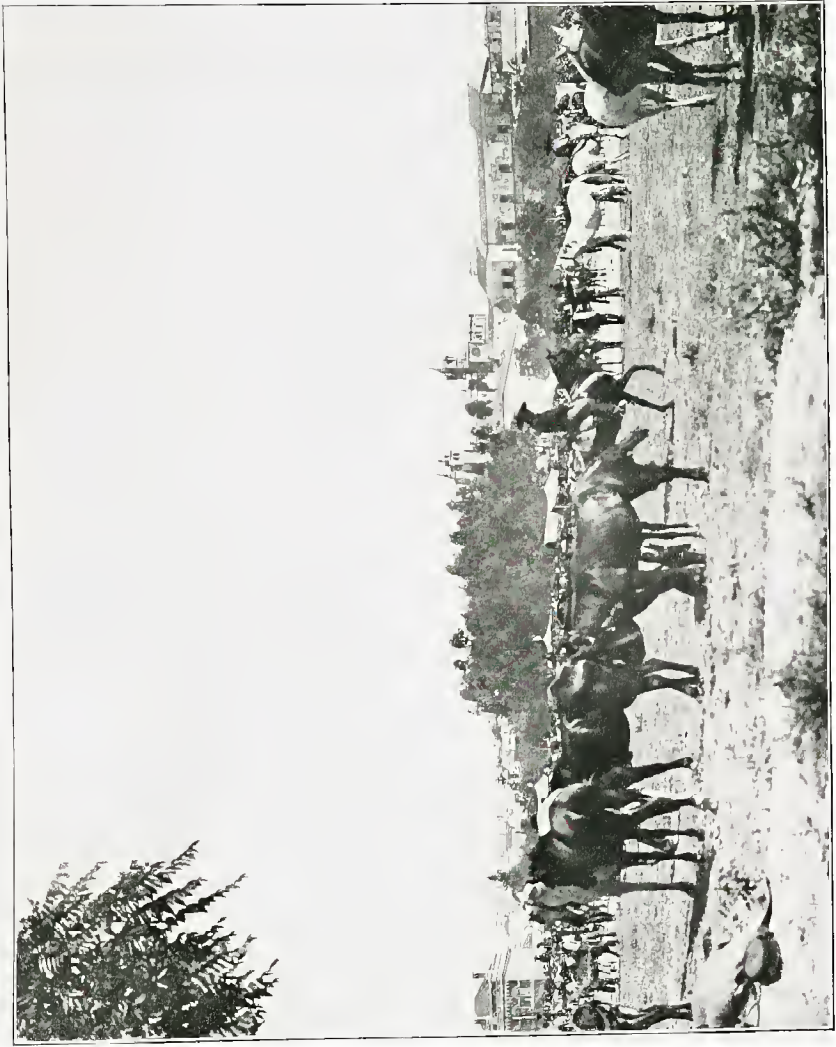
they will be transferred from his back to that of his horse or mule. Until that time he is his own beast of burden, swathed in the blanket that hangs halfway to the ground.

One passes by rows of shooting galleries where young men aim with fierce intentness. The prizes, bottles of wine, are placed in rows by the side of the targets. But wine is cheap, and cartridges are dear. It is the honour of the shot that tempts the competitor. Then through the street of refreshment booths, some score of them or more, already doing a brisk trade in liquids and dishes that exhale garlic with unrestrained frankness, until one comes to the haunt of the pottery merchants from Estremoz near by. The terra-cotta ware lies in heaps and mounds upon the stalls and upon the ground. The vessels are disposed in a quaint medley : great pitchers, jars, and dishes mingle with such eccentricities as earthenware bugles, while the purely decorative is represented by delicate miniatures, an inch or so in height, of the larger specimens of the industry. Near by is a collection of country vehicles, many hundreds of them, that, having deposited their owners, await in passive expectancy, while the steeds graze in the neighbourhood—on any stray blades of grass that they may find.

The collection of crude vehicles is typical of the district ; and near by is something else that is equally characteristic of the south. Balanced against a row of tree trunks are great bundles of agricultural implements. Spades, shovels, forks, they make a brave array, although each is fashioned of wood, and of wood alone. But they are well carved, and serve efficiently enough for the shallow trenching of the country. None better, the labourers will assert, mindful of the ways of their fathers !

At the cheese stores one is tempted to linger ; for the great masses of almost flat, circular shapes are representative of a very important industry. Then the booths in this direction have come to an end. Beyond lies the great open space where is transacted the most important business of all—the actual *raison d'être* of the fair. Here, mustered in confused masses, is regiment upon regiment of horses, mules, and asses. To view the scene as a whole is impossible. There is a panorama of variously coloured necks and heads, of long mule ears amidst the shorter ones of their equine neighbours. Now and again the head and shoulders of a plunging animal will rear up above the rest. Then the dust-cloud, growing opaque, will shut out all but the immediate forefront ; then, thinning, it will reveal more than before. The scene is one of bewildering confusion—a dozen acres of shouting men, of horses, mules, and asses with thudding hoofs, with the dust-cloud floating above the restless gathering all the while. At times sounds a more rapid beat of hoofs. A rider is exhibiting the paces of his mount. Bucketing through the throng, cannoning there, pulling up here, dodging and grazing man and beast, it seems all one both to the rider and to those in his neighbourhood more directly threatened.

Interspersed with the animals are groups of men—picturesque men in a variety of costumes who stand, keen-eyed and alert for a bargain, or who thread their way from one point to another through the maze of hoofs and heads. There are Portuguese farmers, in short, braided jackets of brown, yellow or black, and Spanish dealers in still shorter jackets, and with headgear smaller and straighter-brimmed than the broad Portuguese ‘chapeo.’ There are gypsies innumerable too, both Portu-



EVORA : A CORNER OF THE HORSE FAIR



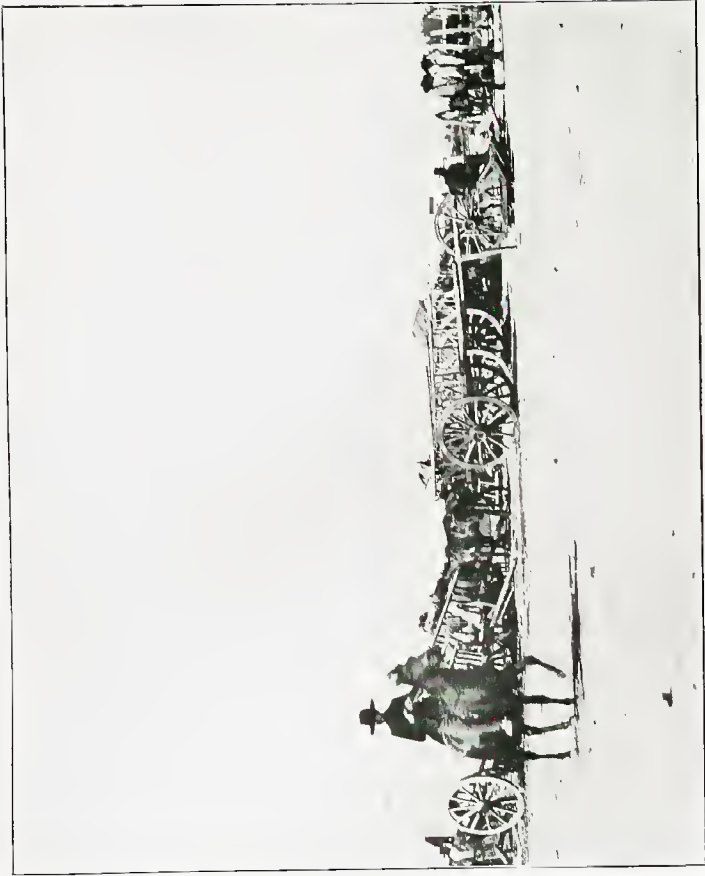
guese and Spanish. Darker and wilder looking than the rest, they are in their element now, and bargain with the true inveteracy of their race.

Not all, however, are in the full clamour of harangue and demonstration. Upon the outskirts of the throng, in the shade of the eucalyptus-trees, repose the dealers of a more fatalistic disposition. Where is the cause for hurry, after all? The day has a long while yet to run. So, a restful fringe to the inner confusion, they sleep in peace by the side of their animals, clutching rein or tether-line as they slumber. A reckless-looking lot of men, these, as untamed in their appearance as the rest, even though just now they are in the land of dream horses, and dream prices of a fabulous magnitude. One understands the presence of the groups of cavalry stationed here and there about the spot. There are latent possibilities in these wilder groups of men that have come from over the border and from afar.

After a while one learns that the methods of the comfortable philosophers upon the outskirts are not without a certain wisdom of their own. The pandemonium of the place—the ceaseless waves and volleys of din—soon tell upon the ears and nerves of one who has neither horse to sell nor desire to buy. In the neighbourhood of the building set apart for members of the agricultural society there is a haven of comparative stillness. The large landowners are here, consulting with their bailiffs and with important yeomen farmers clad in staid and modern costume. Behind this are the streets of the town itself, and even into these the outer eddies of the fair have flowed. As far as one can see there are collections of men and women grouped about some central figure. Whether

this be a hawk, a fortune-teller with little red demons that rise and sink in water, an itinerant dentist, or a street musician, his task is that of all public entertainers—to amuse the crowd. It is easy here, as the peals of laughter that roll up and down the street testify. The throng extends right up to the arcades, that unusual feature in Portuguese architecture of which Evora boasts not a little.

Against a wall are arranged a number of staves from five to eight feet long, shod with brass at either end. Ostensibly for walking purposes alone, these are in reality more formidable than they appear. One has merely to screw off the longer brass end—a sharp steel blade is revealed, and the thing becomes a spear, a sufficiently menacing weapon. They are especially beloved of young men. These, it must be admitted, are wont to carry them rather for the ‘swagger’ that such a romantic thing as sharp steel endows rather than for any more serious purpose. Their sale, however, is illegal—according to the strict letter of the law. Nevertheless, the policeman who is chatting with the salesman smiles with considerable benignity as customers troop up to inspect the wares of doubtful character. Presently a rival merchant approaches, and sets out his stock-in-trade of long sticks in the neighbourhood. The new-comer obviously lacks the acquaintance of the policeman, who strides towards him in his purely official capacity, and orders him to move on elsewhere. But the second merchant proves disobliging. Further commands are productive of nothing beyond heated protests. The fire of these shatters the officialdom of the policeman. He gives it up, becomes human again, and returns with an apologetic shrug to his friend.



NATIVE WAGONS: EYORA FAIR





Bordering this road is the Passeio, the public gardens of the town. Once in the shade of the trees and amidst the wealth of the flowers here, the turmoil without dies down to a murmuring. There are butterflies flitting in peace, and a few folk reposing on the benches. But if one would obtain a panoramic view of the doings in the street, one need only make for the edge of the gardens that stands well above the pavement. The river and eddies of humanity below are even denser now than before. All at once there is a swaying to and fro, and a block. Even the companies of youths playing the guitar, and the boys with blaring bugles who have valiantly threaded their way through the holiday-makers, have perforce to halt. A sturdy peasant has seated himself in a chair, his plush jacket making a merry show in the sunlight. Before him has opened a narrow lane of roadway, flanked on either side by the front rank of the dense throng. Facing him, at the other end of the open space, is a camera with a photographer behind it. In the meanwhile the crowd, not a little interested in the proceeding itself, is quite content to wait upon the pleasure of the photographer and his client.

The peasant, for the time being, has become the hero of the street. With all those curious eyes glued upon him, the man might well feel abashed. But he is too much in earnest, too much occupied with what is happening, to experience any embarrassment. Indeed, if he displays any nervousness, it is at the proceeding itself. The machine snaps upon his tense, set face. The people have swept together again on the instant, and the daring subject has to force his way through them towards the photographer. A couple of minutes later the tin-type is in his hands. Then he is endeavouring with might and

main to retain upon his face the critical expression that he had brought into being there. Utterly in vain! Deep pride and gratification are beaming out in an irrepressible glow. His friends press round to see for themselves what has been done. He permits it; but never for one moment do his fingers relax their hold of a corner of the new treasure. The thing is precious—marked down already for an heirloom.

In charge of the main gates of the Passeio is an old and decrepit man—the guardian of the quietude within. Never was the sanctity of a spot preserved with greater and noisier strenuousness. The ancient official overflows with an altogether anachronistic energy. A couple of peasants, laden with the paraphernalia of a meal, are about to enter. He toddles towards them with amazing speed and resolution. They may lunch elsewhere; but not here. The Passeio is no place to be laden with the débris of a countryman's feast! Scarcely have the peasants departed, when a stray and imprudent cur essays to pass the portals. Dodging painfully in front of the intruder, the guardian strives to interpose his body between the creature and the gardens. Failing in this, he hurls his stick in a fury. Steered by some marvellous fate, it hits the dog fairly. The animal makes off with a howl, to disappear, alas! within the forbidden shady groves! More peasants with bags; further vociferation; a gang of noisy boys, and a drunken gypsy—all these have been repelled. Snatching a moment's rest, the devoted official mops his forehead, happily unconscious of the fact that a stream of undesirable folk, more cunning than the rest, are entering the gardens by another and less noticeable gate.

From the direction of the bull-ring sounds a blare of trumpets.

It is the signal that the bull's horns are being padded in preparation for the afternoon's fight. At the sound the people on the fair ground prick their ears, and those who have not already secured tickets hasten towards the shops where they are sold.

One has lunched at the Hotel Eborense—the table filled with well-dressed landowners, and with substantial farmers whose ruddy cheeks and well-cut features blend fittingly with their solid mien. Would one believe it! The countenances of many of these latter closely resemble that of the pictured English squire of a couple of generations back. In southern Portugal! The reader may protest. Yet here they are—comfortable, keen-eyed, ruddy men, whose tongues wag a little sparingly, perhaps, but whose laugh rolls out roundly enough upon occasion.

The midday heat is over all. A strange silence has fallen upon the fair-ground. The humbler folk, too, have eaten and drunk, and have taken a shaded and slumberous refuge beneath canvas, carts, and trees. With the tempering of the rays there is an awakening *en masse*. The fair is once again in full swing.

One has seen the bull-fight, in company with many thousands of other spectators. Never was there such enthusiasm and rolling thunder of applause. One has walked back through the soaring dust-clouds to the Passeio, and has watched the Evora ladies who turned out to parade there in full state. This is an occasion to be made the most of—almost the only one in the year, in fact, when the beauty of the town is permitted to saunter, unhindered, in the public eye. They, too, are not unwilling to mark the event by bringing into force their fullest array of attractions.

Darkness has fallen. The streets of booths are lit with varying brilliance. The cinematograph is in full swing, and so, alas! is a solitary roundabout, from whose steam organ the notes come grinding and growling with the wonted insistence that befits a more prosaic spot than this. One might imagine that a night of disorder would follow so strenuous a day. The place, on the contrary, though still well filled, is at its quietest now. There are a few, it is true, who, having communed too closely with Bacchus, are moving to and fro with vague steps and still vaguer soliloquies; while others, influenced in a lesser and more joyous degree, are laughing louder than their wont. A peaceful aftermath, quite free from insult and brawling! As for the rest, they pace the canvas-flanked streets soberly enough, with a keen eye for 'remnants' and a bargain at the last hour.

The lights have gone from many of the booths now. It is time to return. At the station is the same great crowd that the trains deposited there in the morning. It is as orderly as it was at the beginning of the day. But very different is the aspect of many of its members. The spoils of the fair are in evidence everywhere. Here is a man, a newly-purchased hat worn for convenience above the old one; here is another burdened with wooden spades and forks; while a third contemplates in pride the latest local fashion in boots as evidenced upon his feet. A woman carries a bundle of pottery upon her head; while there a girl is weighing in her hands a new gold chain—a fresh acquisition to the fortune worn upon her breast. Then sounds the whistle of the approaching engine, and the laden crowd, forgetting all else, seethes upon the platform in its struggle towards the carriages.

The train speeds through the warm night. The noise and singing from its compartments has died down little by little. An earthenware trumpet that has sounded with tremendous pertinacity is the last to give in. But even that ceases at length. There is no sound beyond the rumble of the train as it passes by shadowy aloes, half-seen vineyards, dark cork forests, olive groves, and towering eucalyptus-trees. The scents of the night are wafted in strongly through the open windows. But there are few left to delight in them—for the majority of the passengers are already asleep.

## CHAPTER XV

### THE FAR NORTH

Vianna do Castello—The Pearl of the North—Its commercial status—The first home of the English—*Bacalháo*—The industry, past and present—The vicissitudes of the port—The Santa Lucia Hill—Panorama from the heights—Some beauties of the spot—The Vianna woman—Her costume and attractions—The qualities of the Northern girl—The tasks of the sex—A prosperous district—Trinkets as investments—The inconvenience of wealth.

VIANNA DO CASTELLO is practically the northernmost coast town of Portugal. Caminha alone, an altogether unimportant spot, lies between it and the Galician frontier, which is less than a score of miles remote. Portugal is undoubtedly richer in its town situations than most countries; but of all that it can produce there is probably none that can show a more delightful setting for its houses than Vianna. The spot is of the kind that is wont to provoke a metaphorical epithet, not necessarily either brilliant or appropriate, upon which conscientious guides and patriotic inhabitants seize with avidity, and by means of which the place eventually becomes labelled, whether it will or not. Many places infinitely less beautiful than Vianna have suffered this. If the procedure be indispensable in its case, one is perfectly safe in terming it the Pearl of the North. Metaphorically true, and innocent of any striking originality, the phrase is unlikely to work any lasting harm to the town outside these pages, or even to endure the



VIANNA DO CASTELLO





compliment of plagiarism such as is evident in the titles of Scotch whiskies and other patent articles.

Vianna, to return to its more natural aspects, is situated at the mouth of the river Lima—a stream that flows seawards through enchanting stretches of mountain and pine-wood that flank on either hand the broad extent of its fertile valley. By the town itself the river widens to such an extent that the harbour presents as imposing an appearance as any in the land. But this seeming importance is deceptive. The harbour is in reality unduly shallow ; and, moreover, far fewer keels plough its waters now than formerly was the case.

Indeed, the commercial importance of the northern town has waned steadily now for almost a century. Yet to the English, at all events, the sentimental associations of the place should be livelier than those of most others. Vianna was the first home that the permanent British settlers knew in Portugal. Long before either Oporto or the Douro was thought of as a basis of operations the British were here, buying the wines of the country and selling the produce of their own. For at that time Vianna was the central point of the wine industry. None of it is left now, so far as the main operations are concerned. The field of these has been transferred to the southward. But the name of the town remains ineffaceable upon the early wine annals, for all that.

There was a time, too, when the harbour was wont to be filled with the sailing vessels that plied to and fro between the port and Newfoundland. The Portuguese were, as is a matter of common knowledge, the pioneers who developed the fisheries upon the famous transatlantic banks. It was then, more than four hundred years ago, that they first acquired the taste for

codfish, pressed flat as 'Bombay Duck,' and dried almost to the consistency of wood.

They have long ago lost all concern with Newfoundland, it is true. But the taste for the fish, the famous *Bacalháo*, remains as constant and fresh as ever—certainly far fresher than the fish. As a relic of the imperial era the love of *Bacalháo* ranks with the church of Belem itself! It is, at all events, as historical a tribute of the palate as the other is of the eye! Not that it would be advisable to insist too strongly upon this theory when actually in Belem and beneath the spell of the wonderful building.

There are as many cod-laden vessels as ever that cross the Atlantic; but those that sail to the mouth of the Lima are now few and far between. Oporto, not satisfied with having arrogated to herself the central interest of the wine trade, has usurped that of the fish as well. A certain proportion still remains, however. Indeed, if one walks through the various rooms of the great warehouse in which the *Bacalháo* is still stored, one would say, judging by the quasi-fragrance of the spot, that there remained a wonderful quantity! For the *Bacalháo* is never so powerful as in death, although the ordeal of the culinary fire chastens its aggressive features out of all knowledge, and renders it surprisingly palatable as a dish.

For the last couple of centuries or so this importation of cod has been in English hands, and the names of Newman, Hunt, and Roope have stood as household words in this connection as prominently as in the port commerce of the country. But Mr. Cabel Roope, who was the last to continue the operations, has now, I believe, finally severed his connection with the Vianna *Bacalháo*.

After these digressions it is time to return to the physical aspects of this historical town. If one would see Vianna in its best and most extensive aspects it is necessary to mount the Santa Lucia Hill on the north. A broad carriage-way winds and curves upwards to the heights above. The panorama as revealed from the summit is amazingly fine. Directly beneath, faced by the ocean and flanked by the river, are the buildings and streets of the town. Rising above the roofs are the white and black church towers. In an open space beyond is the circle of the bull-ring, while at the very edge of the shore frowns the stone fort, spread out like a great starfish with its old-fashioned glacis and bastions. To the west is the ocean, into whose brilliant waters jut out the long breakwaters of the harbour, in which, under the shadow of the fort, the masts and yards of sailing vessels prick upwards. From the east comes the stream of the broad Lima, spanned by a fine bridge where the town commences.

Upon the further side of the river, to the south, stretches the wide expanse of white sand dunes, a shining barrier that separates the blue of the sea from the soft violet of the distant land. A strong breeze adds to the exhilaration of the sunlit air, and its influence has stirred the dunes to their own life. From different points along the glittering surface rise white smoky puffs that, growing into clouds, speed along between sea and shore—to fall into nothingness again, or to sweep along, undiminished, until the South receives them into its invisible distance.

Looking to the northward, the character of the foreshore has become completely altered. From where it resumes the line that the Lima has cut in two extends a remarkable stretch of

ground, as level as a marsh, between the hills and sea, that drops its low edge abruptly into the water. So lowly is the expanse, and of such different character to the abruptly swelling hills of the background, that at the first glimpse one can imagine it as nothing else but tidal territory of the waves, flecked with green and brown seaweed. But the green is maize, for the ground is cultivated in parts, and here and there the verdure springs up at the very edge of the salt water. Indeed, the fields upon it of the more enterprising folk are clearly marked out by fences of heaped stones, the reason for these barriers in such a spot not being obvious.

Everywhere are pine-woods. Upon the slopes of the Santa Lucia Hill itself ; inland upon the hills that border the Lima valley, and rolling away in innumerable folds to the southward, the dark verdure stands guard over water and sand, orchard and field, vineyard and garden. Its perfume is in the sparkling air, blending with the faint salt of the sea and the scent of the flowers. And all this, and the panorama beyond, is to be obtained at one and the same time from the Santa Lucia Hill ! Trebly fortunate place !

Upon the summit itself, moreover, are different objects of varying interest. There is, in the first place, a large deserted building, intended for an hotel, that has been abandoned since the premature death of its builder, the originator of the scheme. At a slightly higher altitude upon the slope an elaborate church is in the course of construction. According to the accounts of many, it is intended that the spot shall eventually rival Bom Jesus as a place of pilgrimage and penitence ; but that is for the future to decide. And then, to vary the interest still more, there is a cromlech, traces of many barrows and similar



A GLIMPSE FROM SANTA LUCIA HILL



prehistoric remains, and some clear vestiges of rough walls of heaped stone that extend for no little distance, the exact significance of which seems extremely doubtful.

Vianna, since it lies to the north of the more beaten tracks, has not yet become popular from the social point of view. That this fate awaits it, and very shortly, there can be very little doubt. As an ideal summer bathing-resort, its claims are unsurpassable. But, when the time comes, it is sincerely to be hoped that the influx of pleasure-seekers will not work towards the destruction of those strong local characteristics which at present dominate the town and countryside.

Of the salient features of the place the most salient of all—is the Vianna woman ! I am quite aware that, from a feminine point of view, the same thing should be said to apply automatically to every corner of the globe. In which case Vianna would be merely commonplace, which it most emphatically is not, no more than are its women.

Dealing with femininity, one naturally arrives first of all at the topic of costume. In this respect the woman of northernmost Portugal is a perfect butterfly, infinitely more gorgeous than her sisters in any other part. With short striped skirts of blue, red, and white, or some such similar combination of colours ; a close-fitting cape tinted to match, and thickly studded with gold ornaments, from which the snowy white linen of the sleeves emerges ; and a bright kerchief poised most daintily upon the head—but this is a thankless task ! In the first place, no creature in mere trousers should attempt a description of the kind. In the second, this crude catalogue of hues renders not the faintest conception of the singularly tasteful and harmonious effect that the daring colour scheme

produces. It has been my lot to see a certain variety of peasant costume—from Switzerland and southern Germany to the dyked banks of the Zuyder Zee. But the aspect of all these, when compared with the Vianna garb, was merely uncouth and bizarre.

At the same time it must be admitted in common fairness that the women of Vianna stand quite alone in Portugal itself. Even the famous maids of Oporto cannot hold a candle to them in æsthetics. For the fairer sex of the far north is endowed, not only with vigour, but with a surprising degree of softer charm as well. The dramatic garb is not retained for special occasions. One may see it on the roadside and in the fields, adorning many a labouring form, and may learn from it its wearer's home, since each village claims its distinctive female uniform.

There was a maid in the service of a lady of my acquaintance—a peasant girl, tall, dark, svelte, with features of classic regularity, wonderful dark eyes, and a voice to match all the rest—the very incarnation of many a fiction heroine—who was wont to glide through the rooms with a quiet grace and coquettish dignity that was both admirable and amazing. And this peerless creature, radiant in her butterfly tints—she was so much the daughter of romance that one cannot refrain from one of its customary explosions—was wont, during the periods of her mistress's absence, to go back to her village, there to tramp behind the plough, to hoe the fields, and to perform all the ordinary tasks of the agricultural labourer! Such are the normal duties of the woman here. For the men of the district, possessed with an unconquerable aversion to this form of work, are well content to leave the soil to their wives and daughters, while they, for their part, go out into the world and adopt









THE OLD PRESS AND THE NEW.



the less strenuous callings of carpenters, masons, and more especially, waiters.

It is seldom indeed, however, that the field-work of these women is menial in the sense of being hired. If the north is the land of peasant proprietorship, the district of Vianna is more particularly marked in this respect than all the rest. Each family is largely independent, tilling its own land, supplying many of its wants by its own produce, and, frequently enough, not only fashioning the clothes of its own members, but actually weaving the stuff from which they are made.

That the neighbourhood is the most prosperous in Portugal is testified to by the unusual accumulation of gold ornaments upon the women—the visible evidence of fortune, as has been said. Distrustful of institutions that merely give slips of paper in return for good money, it is the better way, according to the wearers. The chains, massive lockets and earrings too, all of the finest gold, are readily marketable, and the traffic in these precious investments is continuous.

It happened, when I was in Vianna, that the maid already referred to had reached one of those exciting periods in her financial career when the accumulation of ready cash justified a fresh investment in a chain. In her anxiety to negotiate a favourable bargain, no stone had been left unturned. The offers of itinerant goldsmiths were fiercely haggled, and the dealers remained in suspense while the specimens of precious ware were pondered and judged. An indecision of many weeks gave rise to a fever of consultations, not only with her mistress, but with her relatives as well—a fatal step, as the consequences soon showed. For these latter, joyfully discovering an oppor-

tunity at their very hand, were even more prodigal in demands for a loan than in advice.

So persistent did these become that the prospects of a 'deal' in jewellery were hastened not a little. Nevertheless, it was not my lot to witness its consummation. When I left, Rosalina, still firm, though harassed, had lit upon some measure of protection. With the purchase money artfully concealed in the centre of her ball of worsted she was holding out bravely, beating down the dealers' prices and successfully defying the avarice of her nearest and dearest at the same time. One can only hope that success attended the eventual bargain.

## CHAPTER XVI

### A NORTHERN SKETCH: THE DESERTED CONVENT

THERE is a convent in the north—its exact situation I will not disclose. In the first place, there is no reason why I should ; in the second, there are very many why I should not. I even disclaim all selfishness in the matter. Surely one ewe-lamb of a convent out of all the flocks of such buildings that the land holds may be retained and held private by all justifiable means ! Since it passed out of active being it has never known a crowd, and its walls, above all, have never yet heard the patter of the professional guide. A visitation of the sort might tax the strength of the worn old building. And there is this beyond. That which is a continual feast for two, or three, or half a dozen, would be so no longer were it devoured by parties of fifty at a time. There are occasions when local appreciation—a rare enough quality in residents—must be considered.

Moreover, it is of little use to search for this convent. To all intents and purposes it is visible from nowhere except its own immediate surroundings. The shy old building lies *perdu* on a slope in the midst of a pine-forest. One can peer out from the spot and catch numerous glimpses of the fair, distant landscape. But to see the place from without—that is a different matter.

At the entrance to the forest is an ancient, stone-flagged

road that curiously resembles a Roman highway, although the residents of the place assert with confidence that it is in reality nothing of the sort. Many of these flagstones are now agley; the upheavals of time are responsible for that, but the road is well defined, and at all events efficient enough for foot traffic. One passes through the hush of the pine-wood, the sunshine striking brilliant sparks from the wealth of mica on the ground in those more open spots that permit the rays. After a while one arrives at a gateway, stately, but crumbling a little with age. Behind this is a graceful cross upon a slender and very tall shaft. One is in the courtyard now, great masses of wild-flowers cumbering the walls, and littering the ground.

One has come to the deserted cloisters. The small square that they encompass is half in shadow, half sun-bathed. It is silent—as it has been these many years—with the brooding hush of reminiscence. In the centre is a great plumbago-tree that generously spreads out its blossom towards the columns on all sides. Other flowers of lesser pretensions are there as well, twining about the stonework and the ground. Upon the walls are the remains of ancient frescoes, the subjects all but indistinguishable now.

One had thought at first that the place was utterly devoid of sound. But this is not so. A very faint clucking rises from amidst the wild-flowers of the courtyard—a subdued murmur of a strolling hen that serves but to accentuate the repose of the spot. A bird or two flits across from shadow to sunshine, and butterflies are dancing above the flowers. They are the attributes of a building, either dead and very beautiful and undefiled in its death, or of one in a trance, with the remnants of life deep down within it.





A DESERTED CONVENT: MAIN ENTRANCE



The columns about the courtyard rise to support a wooden gallery, and mount again to meet the red tiles of the roof that comes sloping down from above, and that bears a sundial upon a point in its surface. As one climbs to the gallery, the crazy old wooden stairway creaks ominously beneath the foot, and, once above, it is necessary to tread with caution. For the rotting timber has already given way in places, and the resisting power of the rest is uncomfortably dubious.

Entering the building itself, one comes to the long main corridor. On either side are the monks' cells, left much as they have always been. In the centre of the passage is a far wider opening on one side—a lesser chapel, with its crucifix and decorations. And then one has arrived at a cell that is furnished! The high bed has clothes upon it; there are chairs and garments, and the ray of light that streams in through the deep window recess falls upon the images of saints upon the walls. The poor garments and the rough bedclothes detract not in the least from the solemn effect of light and of deep shadow amidst the massive stone.

Down again, by way of another stairway that is as rickety as the first, to the main chapel of the convent. The place still serves for devotions once a year. For all the dust that lies within it, the interior is a-glitter with gold and with all shades of colouring, that emanate from the decorations and the garments of the crudely-fashioned saints.

After this to the kitchen—a great stone chamber, grey with age and smoke, from which radiate other rooms and recesses. The furniture is as severe as elsewhere in the more secular portions of the place. There are stone arches, stone tables, stone benches, though the result is softened by a wonderful

old wooden settle that reposes in one corner. There is further evidence of humanity here. Hams are hanging from the roof ; vegetables are upon the table, and a small pot steams by the side of a fire—a little blaze that is all but lost in the midst of one of the huge stone fireplaces.

And here at last is humanity itself. A very old man and his equally ancient wife emerge from one of the further recesses, and deliver themselves of cordial but toothless welcomes. Worn and wrinkled, the pair of them are part and parcel of the building. Young and strong, they knew it in the days when life was still flickering within its walls. Decrepit, they serve it still, and sleep upon high stone couches in cells—cells that are still hung with sacred panoply, and into which the single beam of light flows in to accentuate the gloom.

The influence of the place is strongly evident upon them. The very simple folk are filled to the brim with the dreamy peace that the building exhales. Indeed, the lonely spot seems to have absorbed them, body and soul. They can render back to it none of the little vitality that is in them. They are as lost in the convent as is the little pot in the majestic fireplace, and as the vegetables are upon the great spread of stone.

Yet what existence could better fit their years ? They can cook a little, spin a little, and lay out to dry upon the ground the garments they have both made and washed. They can pray a little in the silent chapels between tending their vegetables and drawing their instalments of water from the well. Their life is in reality an echo of the past, or of what the past should have been, but perhaps was not altogether at the end. There are the gardens to care for too—a task that is efficiently



A SUNNY CORNER OF THE CONVENT



performed, judging by the glow of camellia, rhododendron, carnation, and rose.

And if they would follow the recreation of the past, they can sally out by a pair of gigantic magnolia-trees heavily hung with white blossom, past a deserted chapel whose figures lie in fragments behind the window bars, to a glade in the wood beyond. Here are worn stone benches—the seats of many a meditation. To this place they come frequently ; but whether their restful pose betokens reminiscent thought or mere comfortable dozing, who can say ? And none would be uncharitable enough to inquire.

In any case there are few visitors who are not addicted to musing for the time being here. The atmosphere of the place takes care of that. And it is usually some while ere one saunters past the orange grove, and passes towards the main gates. Upon these are set three stone figures of monks, and in the neighbourhood is a tall, slender cross similar to the first. Then one is upon the stone-flagged road amongst the trees again. One has left the convent behind. But its picture remains steadfast—slumbering alone in the pine-woods with its old man and woman, and the birds and butterflies in its courtyard.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE MINHO

A garden land—The vine beautiful—Aspects of a fruitful district—The romance of the Brazilian—Some homes of the fortunate—Braga—Women porters—The Cathedral—Bom Jesus—The haunt of the penitents—Beauty of the spot—The stairway of sorrow—Some idylls of mendicancy.

THE Minho valley is the garden of the north. Soft, and wonderfully pleasant to the eye, the district is the greenest and freshest of all in Portugal. It is through this fertile land that one passes on the way from Oporto to the ancient city of Braga. The country that lies between these towns is typical of the Minho. Even in midsummer, when to the south the streams are drying in their beds and the parched grasses are yellowing fast, the verdure in this northern garden remains, and the green of the vines forms no contrast here, but merely an addition to the rest.

Nevertheless, it is these vines that constitute one of the most salient features of the midsummer landscape. The verdure of the trees, of the maize and vegetables below, the yellow of the corn, even the varied tints of the flowers—all these are regulated more or less, and their luxuriance kept within certain bounds. It is not so with the vine. The soft tendrils of the favoured plants are encouraged to roam almost where they will. They grow in the first place in reasonable and unselfish



fashion upon the ground. Not content with this, they rise upon the stone columns and wooden supports of pergolas, and form a second thick stratum of leaves and bunches stretched out, roof-wise, in mid-air.

But the riotous propensities of these vines are not confined to the climbing and smothering of such pergolas. Lining the hedgerows, and passing in lines across the surface of the small fields themselves, are trees—young oaks, for the most part, though there are poplars here and there as well. And each of these carries a foreign burden of lighter green. Amidst the darker foliage that they caress—entirely for their own purposes—are twining and clinging coils of vine that stand out from the rest with a curiously brilliant effect.

With the wandering propensities of the vine encouraged in this fashion, one may frequently notice a strange variety of crops in a single field. Upon the ground itself is green maize or yellow corn, from the midst of whose closely set ears and leaves tree trunks sprout upwards, about which the stems of the vine go twining aloft. And there are times when these mingled harvests are yet more confused and abundant. It happens frequently enough that the trees that lend their support to this delightful parasite are themselves fruit-bearers. Cherry-trees, frequently chosen for the purpose, add a liberal contribution of their own to this feast of colour. One may see their branches festooned with light green like the rest, and, scattered in profusion about the verdure, great bunches of ripening grapes hanging cheek by jowl with the scarlet and purple clusters of the cherries.

Wandering amidst these varied strata of leaf, bloom, and fruit, the sun-rays filtering through the sheltering leaves above

with a strange softness and glamour, the effect is entrancing. The fascination that the spot exercises is easy enough to understand then ; for the attractions of the Minho are freely admitted by the Portuguese themselves ; by none more so, indeed, than by those fortunate folk, one-time emigrants, who have found a reward of ease and comfort from their labours in Brazil. It is from the Minho that the strongest tide of emigration has always flowed—and still runs with the same strength as ever. And it is to the Minho that the successful return, so soon as they have accumulated sufficient to enable them to settle down in a greater or lesser degree of luxury.

There is a romantic element about the lives of these returned wanderers that supplies their neighbours with a strong incentive to emigration. As for the unsuccessful ones, they have disappeared from sight and from memory as well. Their fate is unknown and unasked. The possibilities of Brazil are patent to all in the house and grounds of the latest arrival from the far south.

So João or Pedro, inspired by the sight, and with the adventurous blood of his ancestors stirring strongly within him, works harder even than before. His plot of land is his own. Poor, indeed, to beggary is he among his neighbours who cannot lay claim to a few yards of fertile soil. He may sell it to help the venture, while he plods along, eating his bread and oil more sparingly than before. Then the day comes—the great day of his departure. One catches sight of him in Oporto, the first step of the long journey already accomplished. He is waiting by the tram lines, his luggage—a couple of gaudy and profusely-tinselled boxes—beside him. Thence in good time he is whirled oceanwards. Lying in the harbour of Leixões is







FILLING THE LOGAR.



the packet that is to bear him southwards—a revelation in itself, the first of many.

After this his new life has begun in earnest. He has danced and has fed his fill on board in this new and unaccustomed spell of careless idleness. He has seen Pernambuco with its palm-trees, its reefs, and its shark-infested waters. He has marked the Peak of Corcovada and the inner wonders of the bay as the vessel steamed into Rio. He has stared in amazement at the spread of the tropical town; has wrangled with boatmen, has landed, and has marvelled at the great Avenida. He has had his mental shocks as well. He has been appalled at the prices to be paid, and has had his spirits mounted even more in proportion at the importance of the wages to be received. After this one loses him. Coffee, diamonds, rubber—there are a hundred industrial ramifications that depend from these three great products alone of Brazil. Whichever one of these has absorbed him, or whether his industry have yet another setting, does not matter. So far as Portugal is concerned, he has shot his bolt. His destiny is working itself out somewhere south of the Line, and if any eddies flow out from the whirlpool of his strugglings they are lost in the broad South Atlantic.

It is possible, of course, that he may never return. In which case he is not singular, having the right to claim, as a matter of fact, innumerable and unavoidable precedents for his absence during the last four hundred years. On the other hand, it may be that he is borne homewards, pacing the first-class decks this time, illuminated by the full beacon of prosperity. One may make very nearly certain that he is bound for the Minho.

Here he carries out a dream that has been his for years—that came to him, as a matter of fact, when he first resolved to seek his fortune abroad. He buys land, cultivates and plants it, and builds in the centre a model house of the kind of which he has dreamed all this long while. Alas! there are some who mistake these visions for nightmares. There can be no doubt that the time of the returned adventurer has been fully taken up in amassing his fortune. There has been opportunity neither for architectural study, nor for any other of the gentler arts. A very short tour of the more fashionable spots in the Minho will entirely convince the observer as to that.

Nevertheless, the fortunate man himself is entirely satisfied with the result. And, after all, he has planned and built for himself and his friends, and for the benefit of no chance spectator. Nature, too, in her kindest mood, has come open-handed to his assistance. There are creepers that mount in haste to temper the peculiarly harsh shade of red, yellow, or blue, that is the especial weakness of the owner. His garden is almost certain to be profusely decorated with statues—no cold things of lifeless marble, these, but figures of men and women of far warmer stone, with realistically coloured clothes, whether ancient or modern, with a genuine tint to the hats, and rosy complexions. Even these the friendly flowers, shuddering a little in the balmy air, embrace, and to the best of their ability conceal the flaring figures from the public eye.

Thus nature tides the returned wanderer over the direst artistic aftermaths of his wealth. The Minho is full of him. His manners are kindly and quite up to the high Portuguese standard. It is his house and garden that proclaim him *nouveau riche*. And this they do with no uncertain voice;



for it must frankly be admitted that his taste in both is frequently execrable. Nevertheless, he is very happy, living in luxury in the very neighbourhood where he toiled hard for very existence as a youth, waited upon by servants now, and with his vines, orchards, and pleasure gardens in all their luxuriance about him.

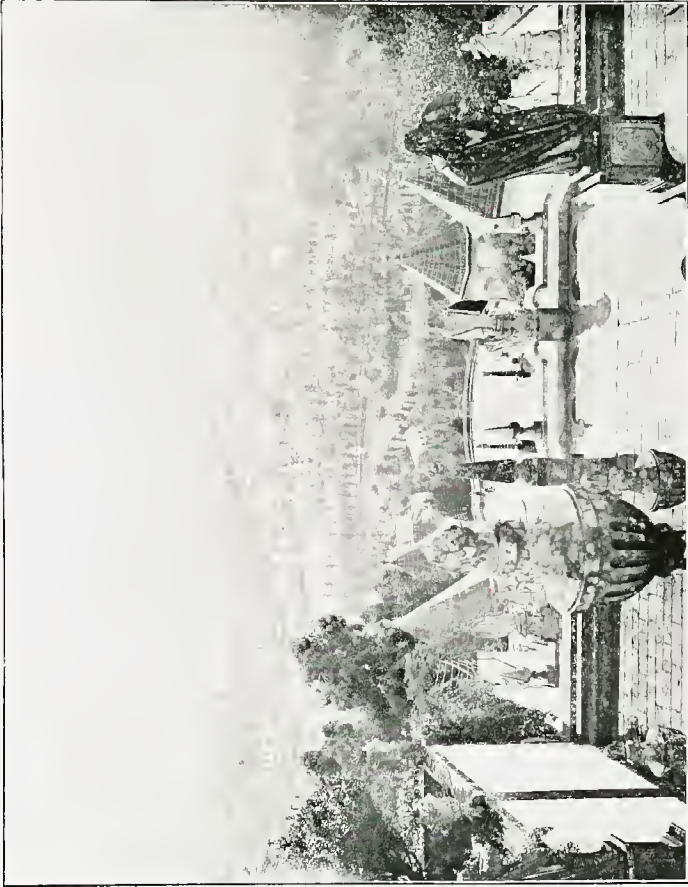
In the midst of this fertile land stands the old cathedral city of Braga. Should one arrive here by train, the row of female porters, each with badge and number, cannot well fail to attract attention. Not that the sight is by any means an unique one. But the number here is greater than usual, and the persuasive capabilities of these ladies are of an order so distinguished as even to be subjected to a touch of restraint. The female porters, therefore, are mustered at one side of the station yard, a little apart from the crowd of arriving travellers. There, shepherded by an especially unimpressionable policeman, they remain in a line, until one or the other is singled out and beckoned forward by the owner of a portmanteau or bag.

After this one may see the cathedral itself, with its wealth of historical tombs, and the bewilderingly rich carvings and decorations of its choir. Then one may go out into the gardens in the centre of the town, and watch the life of the spot from this shaded point of vantage. Amidst the buildings that surround the Praça is an open-air café, cunningly placed in the shelter of an arcade. A number of folk are here, many waiting for the omnibus that shall take them upon a cross-country journey to their destination. These primitive vehicles themselves are sufficiently worthy of remark, with their quaintly coloured bodies, and the heterogeneous company of horses and

mules that clatter along in front—or refuse to budge at all, as the case may be. In any case, when once fairly launched upon their route, they are the centres of great activity, and each coloured vehicle with its long-eared mob in front represents a passing, or even a halting, spasm of bustle that infests for the time being the tranquillity of the broad, sunlit streets.

As for oneself, having no use at present for these more picturesque conveyances, one boards the steam tramway, prosaic, noisy; but, at all events, reliable. Emerging from the fierce glare of the streets, the carriages enter once again the garden country of flowers, orchards, vines, and trees. Then it has come to a halt, after a lengthy final upward clamber, at the foot of a wooded slope. A station is at the roadside here, and behind it one has a glimpse of rails that mount abruptly through the trees. As one enters the carriage that waits, its seats at a protesting angle in preparation for the climb, the official sounds a plaintive call upon his horn. The note is repeated from above. A little later one commences the ascent, meeting the descending car in mid-career.

Once at the top, one is conscious of many things. One has arrived at the noted spot of penitence, Bom Jesus, and there, to the front, at the top of the great sequence of stairways, is the main church of the place. All about the spot are gardens, broad shaded walks, ponds stocked with fish and water-birds, flower-beds, and stretches of woodland. Nor does the chief sanctuary of Bom Jesus stand alone upon its broad plateau halfway up the lofty hill. Placed so near as almost to shoulder it are several hotels—sacred and secular buildings are both freely admitted within the penitential pale here. As a matter of fact, there are two worlds to be catered for at Bom Jesus, that of



VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT: BOM JESUS



the excursionist, and that of the penitent. The hotels are for the first, the stairways that lead up the hill are for the second.

The hotels are distinctly good. One may enjoy a meal in a comfortable dining-room here ; one may listen at the same time to the guitar strains of the native musicians, and permit one's eye to roam through the windows over one of the very finest panoramas in Portugal. The fertile valleys and wooded slopes fall and rise far below in an almost endless succession, each providing its own portion of smiling landscape, until the great spread of country, rising in the far distance, culminates in the mountains, blue and shadowy, upon the horizon. After this one may stroll about the grounds, feed the birds and the fish, and make the most in general of the exceedingly fair surroundings.

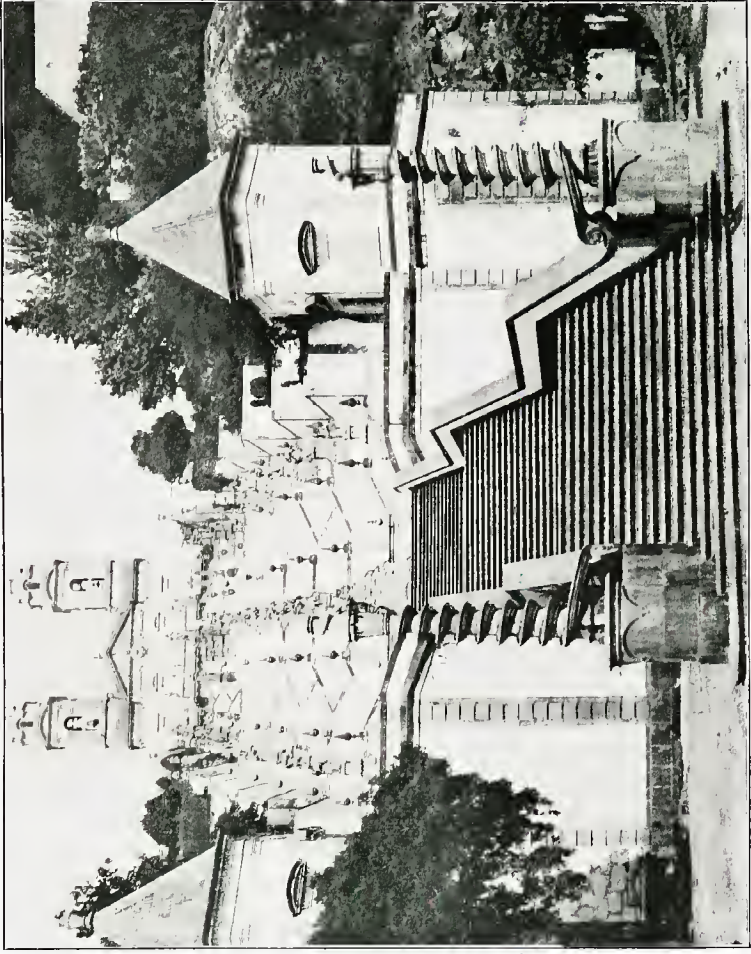
So much for the secular side of Bom Jesus. For the pious there are the church, chapels, and the shrines—the Stations of the Cross. And for those who are not only pious, but penitents as well, there is a penance provided that should satisfy the most conscience-ridden folk in the world.

On entering the broad gates below—having arrived as a penitent, one has no concern with the funicular railway on this occasion—the first flight of steps is before one. Then the road turns to the right, broad, shaded, and with the periodical flights of steps of a shallow and comfortable order. Here one comes to the first of the many chapels that line the great stretch of stairways. As with the rest of them, here and elsewhere in the land, one peers at the scene within through a trellis-work of bars let into the doors and window-places. The first of the Stations of the Cross contains a solitary figure—the Saviour in meditation in the Garden of Olives. The subject

is well conceived, and adequately rendered in wax and colouring. But in this shaded chapel where the figure of the Saviour sits alone amidst the hush of the great stairway, is something that jars harshly and strangely with all the rest. At the feet of Christ are grasses and flowers, contrived in plaster and wax. Amidst these, placed there with the utmost tenderness and care, is a bunch of living wild-flowers, whose stems project from a pickle bottle—a homely thing of the grocer's window, with the British name of the manufacturer stamped boldly upon its label!

The heartrending incongruity comes with an inevitable shock. At first one sees merely a wanton carelessness, a casual irreverence that totally mars the effect of the chapel. Yet in reality there is nothing of this, and it is well to bear the fact in mind, since a repetition of such incongruity may be reasonably expected elsewhere. He who placed the pickle bottle at the feet of the Saviour did so in all reverence. Beyond even that, he performed the act of homage with a certain joyous pride, since in his eyes the foreign vessel that held the flowers was finer and more glittering than his own simple and severely-curved pottery. As for the label, it told him nothing beyond providing an extra assurance of the value of the object, since it was worthy of such printing and decoration. Hence the presence of the pickle bottle. At the sight of it why should one not sorrow for the inconvenient limitations of one's own realms of beauty, rather than for anything else!

Upon the opposite side of the stairway, facing the first, is another chapel. And so, in pairs, they line the ascent at intervals, each representing a scene of the Crucifixion. Arriving as a penitent, determined to perform the disciplinary task from



BOM JESUS: THE PENITENTIAL STAIRWAY





the beginning to its bitterest end, one sinks upon one's knees at the bottom, where the first stone steps rise, and commences there, kneeling all the while, the arduous ascent of the stone. At the beginning the steps are shallow, and the angle of the ascent fairly easy. But after a while—and a very long while, supposing the journey performed in penitential fashion—the steps lead from out of the shade of the trees into the outer glaring sunlight. They have altered in character all at once. They seem to have reached this point, to soar upwards in sudden boldness and resolution. There are statues and fountains now, while each flight, zig-zagging from right to left, and back once more, bears the name of a sense or of a virtue, with an allegorical fountain to match.

At the sight of this great final stretch of stonework to be climbed, the heart of many a penitent must have failed him. Indeed, ere the concluding lofty flights have come into sight, one imagines that very little flesh can be left upon the knee-bones of the pilgrim. Yet there are some, on the other hand, whose penitential enthusiasm is not to be sated even by this steep mountain-side of steps. One of these, a couple of the gardeners assured me, had visited the spot upon the previous day. After the usual number of hours of strenuous labour he had won his way upwards upon his knees to the church—the main building that surmounts the topmost flight of steps. Even in this wonted place of rest, however, the man's uneasy conscience would not permit him to stay. On the contrary, it drove him still further upwards upon his knees, through ground altogether unaccustomed for the purpose, until he arrived at the summit of the mountain behind. After which, content at last, he rose upon his feet, and staggered down the hill.

At the foot of the great stairway of Bom Jesus are wont to congregate a rather unusual number of beggars. A fair proportion of these bear the physical marks of tragedy that constitute the stock-in-trade of their profession. Sightless children, armless women, and legless men, the collection of human jetsom is much as elsewhere. Amongst them was one, sufficiently youthful in years, but a very king and emperor of beggars, for all that. Though not more than sixteen years old, his face was grey-white, ravaged in ghastly fashion by disease, while his vacant eyes, turning dully in their sockets, stared outwards in the fashion of the almost blind.

As he drew near, staggering a little, then feeling his way afresh, his infirmities sat gruesomely upon him. From his shaken, pulsating, and altogether horrible lips, came meaningless words and phrases. His quivering hand alone was eloquent, and it was seldom that he stretched this out in vain. For, a little horrified by the propinquity of this terrible human tragedy, the bystanders gave—with a celerity that constituted in itself an abject plea for the creature's withdrawal.

The sun was sinking slowly behind the wealth of trees, hovering here and there in long shafts through the vine-leaves upon their trellis-work, when there sounded a whistle, and the busy little steam-tram came panting up the incline from Braga. Amidst the comparative bustle of its arrival, and the descent of its passengers, the presence of the wasted form of the beggar was forgotten. Not until the new-comers, ascending in the funicular railway, had disappeared from sight, did the striking personality come into prominence again. Attached to the second car of the tramway was a small truck, dedicated to the carriage of luggage. As the miniature train was about to return

by the same way that it had come, a certain amount of shunting operation was necessary, in order that the engine should change places with the little luggage truck. In charge of this latter was a man, pushing very slowly. As the truck came against the desired end of the train, he seized the coupling, and after much labour and some stumblings made it fast in the proper fashion. The man, accepting a cigarette from the engine-driver, raised his head to light it. As he did so, one gazed at the face with a curious shock. The features were those of the revolting beggar !

A little later the small train was about to start, and the two carriages were already filled with passengers. Into the roadway by the side of the track stepped a man, who thrummed busily upon his guitar, while a second, who stood by his side, burst into a whistling refrain to the accompaniment of the other. And—the whistler was the beggar once again ; and, moreover, the beggar whistled extremely well ! Such are three episodes merely in the life of this versatile person. Enacted within a couple of hours or so, the scope permitted him was naturally limited. The full variety of his extent of rôles—he being a settled *habitué* of Bom Jesus—it remains for future travellers to tell.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### OPORTO

A city of panoramas—Some fragments of the old town—The bridges of the Douro—A bird's-eye restaurant—An incident of 1809—The Rua das Flores—The Northern head—Its ethics of balance—Street scenes—At the river-side—The *Carros de bois*—The Canga—Traffic in Oporto—A blending of the past and present.

OPORTO, pride of the north, is essentially a dramatic town. It possesses, that is to say, a keen eye for dramatic effect, and chooses the moments of its first appearance with consummate skill. In the first place, approaching by railway from the south, the stranger is granted no inkling of what is coming. He has sped along—white sand-dunes, dark pines, and blue sea blending and alternating on the left—and has halted in enforced company with the train at Villa Nova de Gaia. And the station precincts of that momentous spot are unduly secretive. Then the train has moved onwards again. It has growled through a tunnel, and a minute later it is rumbling hollowly upon a bridge. That is the moment that Oporto has reserved for the traveller from the south. Irresistibly urged—either by instinct or example—there are very few indeed who fail to push forth their heads from the carriage window just then.

The panorama is one that is never likely to be forgotten. The train is in mid-air, poised upon rails that a great iron arch rises some two hundred feet above the water to support. One's



APPROACHING OPORTO



eye seeks the southern bank—the bank that is receding. To the westward are bold cliffs and bluffs that tower above the water, and hold aloft their vegetation and rock, broken only here and there by buildings. Upon the eastern side of the bridge are the red roofs of Villa Nova de Gaia, while far below flows the Douro. Gliding upon its surface are the quaint river boats with their crude square sails that, to seaward, are lost amidst the crowd of steamers and other more imposing craft that lie moored in the stream. But all this, quite sufficient in itself for less well-endowed places, serves merely as an introduction here. For there, ahead on the opposite bank, rises Oporto in very regal state.

One may approach the place by water—to be greeted by a similar and equally well-planned surprise. It is all the same, moreover, from which direction one comes, whether from the ocean or from the upper reaches that wind amidst the vineyards. In either case the result is the same—the sudden receding of the bank, and the revelation of the bridges and of the proud buildings that group themselves upon the hilly shore, a vista that is brought into being with almost the effective suddenness of the withdrawal of a curtain.

In such a town it would obviously be unfair to expect that the interior should rival the exterior in spectacular effect. Nevertheless, Oporto from within has much of which to boast. Fine Praças, spacious boulevards, and municipal gardens, a riverside front of absorbing interest, famous bridges—it can lay claim to all these, to say nothing of the many enchanting scenic peeps of the surrounding country that are obtainable from within the city walls.

It is true that, compared with Lisbon, the northern town

bestrides the river bank in a somewhat irregular fashion, and that, cheek by jowl with its more stately avenues, is frequently scattered a maze of narrow winding streets. It is for this reason that Oporto reveals its intricacies more slowly and reluctantly than the capital. But, once away from such broader thoroughfares as the Passeio das Fontainhas, the Rua da Restauração, and the Avenida da Boa Vista, one finds plentiful compensation in the narrow streets of the older quarters with their quaint houses covered from first floor to summit with a profuse network of wooden balconies. Perhaps some of the best specimens of these old-time buildings are to be seen along the river-side to the west, and again at the back of the Praça da Ribeira. Running parallel with the latter is a fascinating street of the past—narrow, sombre, balconied, and as redolent of the romantic dust and litter of ages as could be desired of even the most exigent antiquarian.

Oporto constitutes yet another of those many cities that profess to be built upon seven hills. The reason why such a number of cities lay claim to this mystic number is as cryptic as the fashion in which the particular elevations are singled out for fame. As a matter of fact, were one to make a point of observing closely the contour of the majority of these places, knowing nothing of the claim, it is very seldom that the precise number would be arrived at. But there is no reason to labour the point. If a city takes any especial pride in covering seven hills, it is both unprofitable and unkind to dispute it. Therefore one must allow Oporto without any further question its seven hills—and all the others besides.

It is not my intention in this place to dilate upon the architectural features of the Douro city. The lofty tower of the





SOME NORTHERN VEGETATION



Clerigos, jutting out like a lighthouse to split the thoroughfare into two, the cathedral, the markets, the Crystal Palace, and the stately Praças and municipal gardens—all these have been so frequently commented upon that a further description here would result in nothing beyond a tedious ‘overlapping.’ That Oporto is a city of bridges is well enough known too. Indeed, the Portonians are not a little proud of the two great structures that span the river. That of Maria Pia was originally intended for the railway alone ; but a few daring foot-passengers obtain the benefit of its lofty track for all that. The bridge of Dom Luiz is of similar construction ; it possesses, however, a low-level thoroughfare in addition to the upper track upon which the tramcars run.

A very excellent restaurant has recently been completed upon the lofty Villa Nova bank just by the side of the bridge. As a strategic point of view from which to obtain a panorama of the bridge and of Oporto itself, the place is, I think, unrivalled. One may lunch here in the open upon a balcony, and may lunch very well indeed. One may experience at the same time a strangely bird-like feeling, for beneath the edge of the balcony is a sheer drop of several hundred feet. And there just in front are the great stanchions and tremendous curves of the monster bridge, and the twin roadways black with passengers. Far below is the Douro, with its craft, toy-like on the stream, while the houses and trees of Oporto rise upwards in tiers upon the other bank.

The experience is a very delightful one ; more especially when a possible preliminary giddiness has been corrected by a first course of soup, or of those extremely succulent prawns for which the coast is so famed.

Oporto has, of course, only risen step by step to its present lordly condition of bridges. In the first place it was content with a lowly structure of boats. It was one of these earlier forms that in 1809 collapsed beneath the weight of the retreating Portuguese cavalry at the capture of the city by the French. There, while the sinking timber was splintering all the while beneath hostile cannon shot, thousands of men, women, and children met their death. Fleeing for safety towards the further bank, they were caught in the yellow tide, and, together with horses and timber, were swept in pathetic battalions out to sea. It was not until 1842 that the bridge of boats was replaced by a suspension bridge, which, in turn, was superseded by the tremendous structure that now takes its great stride across the waters.

To turn to a less stupendous, and perhaps even more national, feature of the town, the Rua das Flores is the headquarters of the gold and silversmith industry for which the Douro city is so famed. There are shops of the kind scattered broadcast throughout the streets, but in the Rua das Flores the shop-fronts with the glittering wares break out as thickly as the spring field-flowers in the Alemtejo. In one part, indeed, there are a score or more extending in an unbroken line along the street. Enormous earrings of silver and solid gold, chains with various adornments and pictures of saints to hang upon the breast, filigree work of the most delicate order, and purses and satchels, beautifully wrought in gold or silver chain-mail—these are perhaps the most salient articles that glisten from out of the windows.

It is an enchanted land this—a region that attracts both peasants and the visitors from oversea. From very different



AN OPORTO STREET



causes, it must be admitted. For, though the latter buy in the light-hearted fashion of souvenir-hunters, the affair is a weighty investment with the women of the country, a purchase to be considered and dreamed of for weeks beforehand, and only to be settled after the gravest and most anxious deliberation. But of this trait much has already been told.

The street-life of Oporto affords a fascinating study. Nowhere in Portugal are more picturesque scenes to be met with, although those of the north, centre, and south of the land vary to such a degree that comparisons between all three are futile. The street-side fountains that prevail in all parts are especially fine here, and the kerchiefed women and white-shirted men that group themselves around the spouting water are as effective as elsewhere in their unconscious posings. Here will come a party of women, bearing fish, fruit, vegetables, and other market produce upon their heads. Indeed, whatever the brain-power within, none can lay it to the charge of the women of the north that they do not work with their heads!

Occasionally these patient craniums suffer the most unexpected burdens. Here, for instance, is one beneath a quite exceptional fish—a creature of such length that its head and tail stick out on either side in crude imitation of a great pair of bullock horns near by. Here is a mother who supports an even more precious commodity. Upon the round padded cap is a cradle, and within the cradle is a baby. And as it—or he, or she, as the case may be—goes, balanced upon the head of the woman who strides easily along, there is no shade of anxiety upon the mother's face. Ye mothers of England! There is matter for pause here. How many could step it thus for mile after mile, in company with others, and therefore talking,

as a matter of course (the feminine trait prevails here as elsewhere), knowing all the while that a single unguarded movement of the head—and ‘down will come baby, cradle and all!’ As for the infant, rocked, lulled, and proceeding on its way all at the same time, it slumbers on in a perfect confidence that is doubtless justified to the full, since, obviated by continuous practice, the unguarded movement and the slip never seem to come about.

But, although the women are the chief carriers of burdens in the north, the men are doing their share as well. One may notice one laden with a large yellow-grey bundle—a bundle that exhales strange and very strong odours. It is *bacalháo*, beloved of the populace, the dried codfish of board-like consistency that reveals some totally unexpected qualities when cooked. Here and there, too, one passes a small store of this very *bacalháo*, and the passage leaves an unmistakable impression upon the nostrils.

By the riverside the scene is as lively as elsewhere. Picturesque men and women are unloading the produce from the quaint boats with the wooden platform just behind the mast, while others, equally picturesque, content themselves with looking on—whether from necessity or choice, it is impossible to tell. Small boats, pulled along lustily enough, are crossing to and fro between the banks, and new-comers are continuously arriving to swell the crowds about the couple of hawkers that have set their pitches upon the spot.

Everywhere, along the river bank, and throughout the streets inland, are the ox-wagons—the *carros de boios*. Rumbling steadily along, drawn by the stout oxen with the giant horns, they are just the vehicles that best fit in with the street life of





A NORTHERN YOKE OF OXEN



Oporto. Electric cars may speed along, their huge bodies shining with paint and varnish, but neither they nor anything else can destroy one jot of the individuality and effect of these *carros*. The crude dignity of the carts is unsurpassable. The simple wooden body, that recalls a rough chariot, is set upon two wheels, the axle of which moves in sympathy with the revolutions. And these wheels are at least as noble in their way as all the rest of the vehicle. Formed frequently out of merely a couple of blocks of massive wood, they are wont to be almost solid, a couple or more of circles, one cut on either side of the axle, serving rather as a form of simple decoration than anything else.

The final touch is supplied by the *canga*, the yoke of the bullocks. A broad slab of solid wood, this is raised upwards in various shapes—although a plain oblong is the most general—to the height of a couple of feet or more. Of beautifully-carved wood in which the tracings are frequently symbolic, the thing is a work of art of its kind, and is proudly decorated on its upper surface with tufts of bristles. The effect of the entire ‘turn-out’—an incongruously irreverent word in this instance—is striking. The spreading horns of the oxen surmounted by the *canga*, the chariot-like body, and the wheels of another age, make a picture without which Oporto would be infinitely the poorer in spectacular effect.

Not that this species of ox-cart is the only one that the northern town knows. There are others—less frequent and characteristic, it is true—that are larger in size, or, at all events, in superstructure, and that make a bid to rival the first in quaintness of effect. The sides of these are fairly lofty, and are entirely of basket-work. Rounded in front, and opening from

the back, perhaps in some respects these actually resemble chariots more than the others. Of greater capacity, if somewhat frailer than the first, they are employed for the carriage of the lighter commodities, and are generally filled to overflowing with market produce and the like.

Undoubtedly nothing impresses so much as contrast, and one can imagine nothing more effective in contrast than the meeting of a *carro de boios* and an Oporto electric-tramway car. One realises that for the time being the gap between the ancient and modern is bridged—just as the actual bridge of Dom Luiz leaps back to join the past at the sight of the Douro boats meandering upon the stream beneath. For Oporto does nothing by halves, and where it is modern, it is essentially and unmistakably up-to-date. It is a city of very solid wealth and comfort, with churches, theatres, and municipal buildings worthy of its condition. In the inevitable cinematograph buildings it is well found, and, although there is decidedly a need for some larger hotels, there are a considerable number of these, the best of which is the Grand Hotel do Porto.

The town is a medley, if one will, with its proud squares and palms, narrow lanes and *carros*, with its nobly-bridged river, and its steamers and quaint boats—but it is a medley of the kind that is richest in human interest, and, in a city, charms most of all.

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE ENGLISH IN OPORTO

A notable community—The British Factory—Status and significance of the Association—Some historical fragments—The Factory House—The interior of a famous building—Customs of the Institution—The hospitality of centuries—The English Club—Circumstances of the British residents.

THE nomenclature of Oporto has possessed a far-reaching influence. Not only has it been concerned in the naming of Portugal itself, but it has also spread out a second verbal tentacle to include the famous wine. Strictly speaking, it has rather exceeded its powers in both cases. In the first place, the land has spread far and wide away from the original county; and, as to the wine, its grapes find no root in the soil of Oporto itself. The vats and pipes too, for their part, find a refuge in Villa Nova de Gaia, just across the water. Nevertheless, broadly speaking, Oporto is the home of port-wine, and it is near enough to it to justify the general opinion that prevails upon the subject abroad. The town is undoubtedly the stronghold of the English. After Vianna do Castello, it is their oldest home in the country, and to this day they are far more in evidence in the Douro town than in any other Portuguese city.

There are very few visitors to Oporto who do not clamour for port-wine upon their arrival. The fetich of the conscien-

tious tourist is invariably, and very rightly, 'local colour.' For the same reason that he will seek scarabs in Egypt, brass-work in Benares, and basket-chairs in Madeira, the temptation to secure port in Oporto is a very real one, even to the total abstainer.

And he will get it—very sound and genuine wine. But—let him be under no delusion on the subject—the brightest rubies of port, the supreme essence of the highest wine—this lurks in coyer and shyer places than mere restaurants and hotels. One may find it and cherish it at the lodges in Villa Nova, or, better still, at the private houses of the port-shippers, if one have this opportunity. My advice to intending visitors to Oporto is this—strain every nerve to obtain an introduction to a port-shipper! Otherwise one may come away with much the same sensations as though one had gone out after pheasants without a gun. Although, in the case of Oporto, it must be admitted that the counter-attractions are sufficiently numerous to cause one to be ignorant of what one has missed.

In what light the gentlemen of the Douro will view these hints I do not know. In any case it is a well-known fact that all attempts to discover the limits of their hospitality have proved as futile as the search for the frosty Poles.

Indeed, after a few visits to the houses of these gentlemen, one inevitably finds oneself demanding—who would not be a port-shipper? Yet this state of affairs has been brought about not by years alone, but by centuries of labour. It is almost two hundred and seventy years since the British, protected by treaty rights, came to establish themselves in earnest in northern Portugal. Since that remote time the community, to use a colloquialism, 'has never looked back.' Indeed, with









QUAYSIDE : OPORTO



each generation, while strictly adhering to its own native traditions, it has welded itself more firmly in the existence of the land of its adoption, and has gained in honour all the while.

The history of the British in Oporto deserves a volume to itself, and, as a matter of fact, a very excellent one has already been published on the subject by Mr. Charles Sellers. Here space will only permit the barest outline. The most visible glory of the community is centred in the Factory House, or, as in these times it should—but seldom is—more accurately be termed the House of the British Association. Although this present establishment was only completed towards the end of the eighteenth century, the history of the Factory itself dates from more than a hundred years previously. The original status of the British Factory was, broadly speaking, that of a body of merchants who enjoyed special privileges, and were entrusted with self-government to a considerable degree. Administrative meetings were held under the presidency of the British Consul. That this authority was acknowledged not only by the Portuguese but by the British Government as well is evidenced, according to Mr. Sellers, by the fact, amongst others, that in 1741 the Admiralty instructed the commanders of British ships to obey the directions of the Factory and to be entirely at its disposal.

During the occupation of Oporto by Marshal Soult in 1809, the Association was naturally under a cloud, and documentary evidence as to the happenings in that disturbed period is rare. It is certain that the French did their utmost to exterminate British commerce and institutions while the power lay with them, and the functions of the Factory ceased with the rupture of trade. When Wellington, however, had led the heads of

his columns behind the rounded Serra Convent tower, had found a boat, flung his daring advance-guard across the water, and, aided by barges from the other shore, had finally stormed the town and driven the French from the spot, the merchants came into their own once more. Out of chaos came order little by little, and with the resumption of the old régime the Factory raised up its head again, and has held it unbrokenly in the air from then until now.

During the last century a certain amount of discussion has arisen concerning the functions of the old establishment, and dissensions arose that have practically lasted until the present day. At times the disputes between the 'ins' - the members—and the 'outs'—the less privileged persons of the community—have been tinged with a certain bitterness that, though regrettable, was perhaps only to be expected with the issue involved. Even in the past, however, the claims of either party were wont to be made subservient to the general unanimity of the colony.

As it is, the institution—although less than a dozen firms owe direct allegiance to it—remains as a monument to the British merchant in Oporto. Situated near the riverside in the Rua do Infante Dom Henrique—a street that was formerly known as the Rua Nova dos Inglezes—one enters first of all a wide vestibule, arched and pillared, on a level with the street. Ascending a flight of stairs, one arrives at the more intimate precincts of the Factory itself. The atmosphere here is precisely what one would hope for in such an institution, but would scarcely dare to expect. For all that it is in a Southern land, and frequented by beings in clothes of the present, a strong touch of the purely Georgian dignity

has been preserved throughout. Not merely a result of furniture and fittings this—such old wine can be introduced into any new bottle—the rooms themselves are redolent of the period. Ruffles, stocks, and coats of green and claret hue may be missing ; but much of the rest remains, even to many of the pleasanter obsolete customs.

The banqueting-room is a chamber of stately quiet, of ample size, yet unobtrusive. Darkly upholstered at the expense of all untimely glitter, but lacking all suspicion of gloom, it is an absolutely appropriate casket for the repasts that are held within it—and a sentimental coffin for the ghosts of long dead banquets ! And how innumerable those banquets have been during the hundred and twenty years of the present building's existence is a matter merely for the imagination of even the oldest member. It has harboured royalty on many occasions ; it has been alive with the uniforms of the British army of occupation ; it has entertained countless visitors of distinction ; and, moreover, continues its hospitable custom unbroken to this day. But it should never be forgotten that the Factory, however enthusiastic in its social duties, represents more than a mere engine of hospitality. Those, however, who have visited this symbol of British dignity in a foreign land scarcely need to be reminded of this.

Adjoining the site of so many banquets is the dessert-room. The Factory—in its corporate sense—has never deigned to partake of its after-dinner wine in the room that has served for the meal itself, and it still refuses to break from its sybaritic habit. With the long, bare, polished table in its centre that glitters periodically with plate and glass, it forms an appropriate complement in size, upholstery, and all other respects

to its neighbour. Beyond this extends the ball-room, the largest and most imposing of all the apartments in the building. Its shining expanse of floor, its decorated walls marked by Doric pillars, its musicians' gallery and massive hanging chandeliers—all these combine to make the ball-room as perfect of its kind as the rest.

The Factory possesses a library of about twenty thousand volumes, amongst them many of the older and rarer specimens. Supplied, moreover, with English papers and magazines, and with billiard and sitting rooms at hand within the building, it offers, beyond its own special advantages, all those of an ordinary club. The British Consul is, *ex officio*, a member—a privilege that is a survival of the old days when he was wont to preside at the administrative meetings that dealt with affairs of weighty, and frequently political, importance. It has been my lot to meet many British Consuls—the majority able, others less so—but I have never met with a consular official who more fully justified his post than Mr. Honorius Grant at Oporto. To be regarded with an equally high degree of respect by both transplanted British and native is not given to all. But here I must reluctantly stop, lest it be supposed that I am arrogating to myself powers of discrimination that are the property of the Foreign Office alone. The president of the Factory is Mr. Cabel Roope, the father of Oporto in all things but years, and the fortunate owner, amongst his other personal effects, of ubiquitous popularity.

In addition to the Factory there is now an English club in Oporto, most pleasantly situated in gardens of its own, that, although only founded within the last three or four years, has already become indispensable to the community. Here



PUBLIC GARDENS: OPORTO





one meets 'all Oporto' in the arbitrary sense of the phrase—beneath which is wont to be whispered, equally arbitrarily, 'worth knowing.' Which in this case means many, since the club rooms are wont to be crowded. Beyond this the town possesses a cricket club that prides itself with justice upon the quality of its turf, a lawn-tennis club, and a golf-course at Espinho, a description of which is given later.

From all this it will be evident that the lot of the British community of Oporto is no unpleasant one. It is, in any case, as its members have made it. The lighter side of the life, after all, is merely the result of general integrity and labour. And, if the manner of the description appear unduly optimistic, there is, at all events, sufficient ground for that temperamental luxury. When as a contrast to not a few British colonies in foreign countries whose existence—not to mince a very lamentable matter—has become precarious rather than assured, one meets with one that is more than holding its own, a moderate degree of enthusiasm is not only justified, but necessary as a vent for the patriotic spirit!

The houses of the majority of the English residents are to the west of the town, and the quality of the panorama—that includes the Douro and the country to the sea—may be imagined. Considering the comparatively northern latitude of the spot, the tropical appearance of the gardens is remarkable. Indeed, the style of growths that spring up from the Oporto soil may be judged from a tulip-tree in the grounds of Mr. W. C. Tait. This stately monster has attained to a height of no less than a hundred feet, and at three feet from the ground measures twenty feet seven inches in girth.

## CHAPTER XX

### VILLA NOVA DE GAIA

Characteristics of the Port town—The home of vintages—Streets and the cab-driver—Romance in commerce—Some notable shippers—A galaxy of antiquity—Various ‘Lodges’ and their contents—The Port Shippers’ Association—Its dignity and status.

MANY towns and villages, elsewhere as well as in Portugal, are picturesque when viewed from afar, squalid when intimately scanned from within the bounds; not so Villa Nova de Gaia. In order to be imbued with the romance of the haunt and abiding home of port-wine, it is necessary to penetrate to the place itself. Villa Nova is elusive. Seen from Oporto, it presents little of interest. One suspects nothing of what lies within. The buildings lack the individual boldness of those of the main town. The famous Serra Convent stands out, a landmark set well above the rest, it is true. The remaining part of the town that counts is made up of long, red, tiled roofs that rise in tiers upon the hillsides from the river-bank. Amidst these are trees here and there and green splashes of vine.

There are various ways of reaching Villa Nova de Gaia from Oporto. One may rumble over the bridge of Donna Maria Pia at a giddy altitude in the train; one may cross by either the high or low level road of the bridge of Dom Luiz,

or one may charter a wherry and be ferried from bank to bank in a perfectly simple and convenient fashion.

Even when once landed upon the southern bank, the place would seem loth to reveal its characteristics all at once. A wide street runs parallel with the water's edge. But for some casks piled up by the riverside, and others in the barges moored to the bank, the place might be for all the world like any other, which intrinsically it is not. In order to know the real Villa Nova, it is necessary to mount a little way up the hill to the back. As the river is left behind one enters a network of narrow stone lanes. There are doors set at intervals within the stone, and here and there are traces of buildings at the back of the very lofty walls.

The lanes are narrow, curving and winding in picturesque fashion; the tall grey sunlit walls, with their occasional cool fringe of green, lend an air of mystery to the place. Then as one passes along, one marks the names upon the doors— Hunt, Roope, Teage; Taylor, Fladgate and Yeatman; Cockburn Smithes; Sandeman; Croft; D. Antonia A. Ferreira, and a dozen others of equal celebrity. Then, colloquially, one knows exactly where one is. The air has become tinged with a perfume—actual at seasons, metaphorical at others— of grape, of rich purple grape! The place is fittingly and reverently hushed. An ox-cart rumbles at intervals over the grey flags; a Portuguese cooper, implements in hand, comes plodding along now and then. But such interruptions only accentuate in reality the peace of the place. One is in the heart of the wine lodges. Behind the tall stone walls lie thousands upon thousands of casks. One is with the great vintages of the past—and with the young and vigorous vinous

infants as well. Here about one is the huge nursery itself, that has cherished and sent out into the world so many famous ruby gallons rolling with proud dignity in their casks.

My first visit to Villa Nova de Gaia was more comprehensive in sightseeing than are those of the majority. The credit for this lay not with me, but with the driver of the cab that bore me from one bank of the river to another. The Oporto cab-driver, in common with his brethren all over the world, lays claim to a praiseworthy omniscience. For all that, his knowledge of the intricacies of Villa Nova de Gaia is wont to be merely comparative. The address and an English name he received in the first instance with effusion and confidence. After a while, in an unexpected fit of pessimism, he confessed to a doubt—the merest echo of a shade of a doubt, that practically did not exist, and, in reality, need never have been mentioned. As his case was obviously one for assistance, the name and address, inscribed on a piece of paper, was handed to him. After which the cab clattered gaily over the bridge of Dom Luiz.

There is much to see on a first visit to Villa Nova de Gaia, and time to an observer, when occupied in observing, is of little consequence. Consequently the cab mounted one of the steep lanes, halted a couple of times for a conversation with a workman, descended into the riverside road once more, and drew up by a fountain before which a group of folk were congregated, without exciting any remark from the fare. The man returned to his box waving the paper in triumph. He had gone a few yards out of his way, he explained ; but he had now discovered exactly where the place lay.

The cab mounted another stone-girt lane as mysterious and



THE RIVERSIDE: OPORTO



as interesting as the first ; then it swayed round a number of curves and corners ; climbed until the yellow Douro and most of Villa Nova's red roofs lay well beneath, and descended once more, following some tortuous and intricate paths. The distance, then, was far greater than one had anticipated. To have travelled for nearly an hour on end seemed strange in so small a town as this. Then the cab had emerged at length into a broad thoroughfare. One had arrived—at the same fountain in the same riverside street as before ! This time the driver halted by stern request. And on this occasion the man's optimism was no longer proof against the strain. Reluctantly and sadly he confessed all. He could not read ; neither could those to whom he had shown the mysterious piece of paper. He had been hoping against hope, leaving all things to a fate that had proved unkind. Reluctant to admit an unlettered state, his pride had led to this *impasse* ! Downcast, he was set, by other means than his own, upon the right road, and it was not until his undoubted arrival at the desired spot that his face became wreathed in smiles once more. Nevertheless the optimistic driver had afforded an invaluable first lesson in the highways and by-ways of Villa Nova de Gaia.

Since then it has been my fortune to inspect a number of these wine lodges from within—to find that those stone walls guarded far more even than one had imagined. The precincts of the trade are worthy to the full of the traditions of the port-shippers. And the dignity of this community must, I think, stand alone amongst all other such mercantile bodies throughout the world. The age of the oldest port—the most ancient wine in existence that is cradled in cobweb—is infantile compared with the average standing of these famous old houses.

Indeed, in order to demonstrate this fittingly, it is necessary to drop into an array of cold hard figures. Far more eloquent than words, they show at a glance the dates to which the main port-shipping community harks back in order to trace the date of their foundation. I am indebted for the figures to Mr. Charles Sellers, the author of *Oporto, Old and New*. The names are arranged in order of seniority.

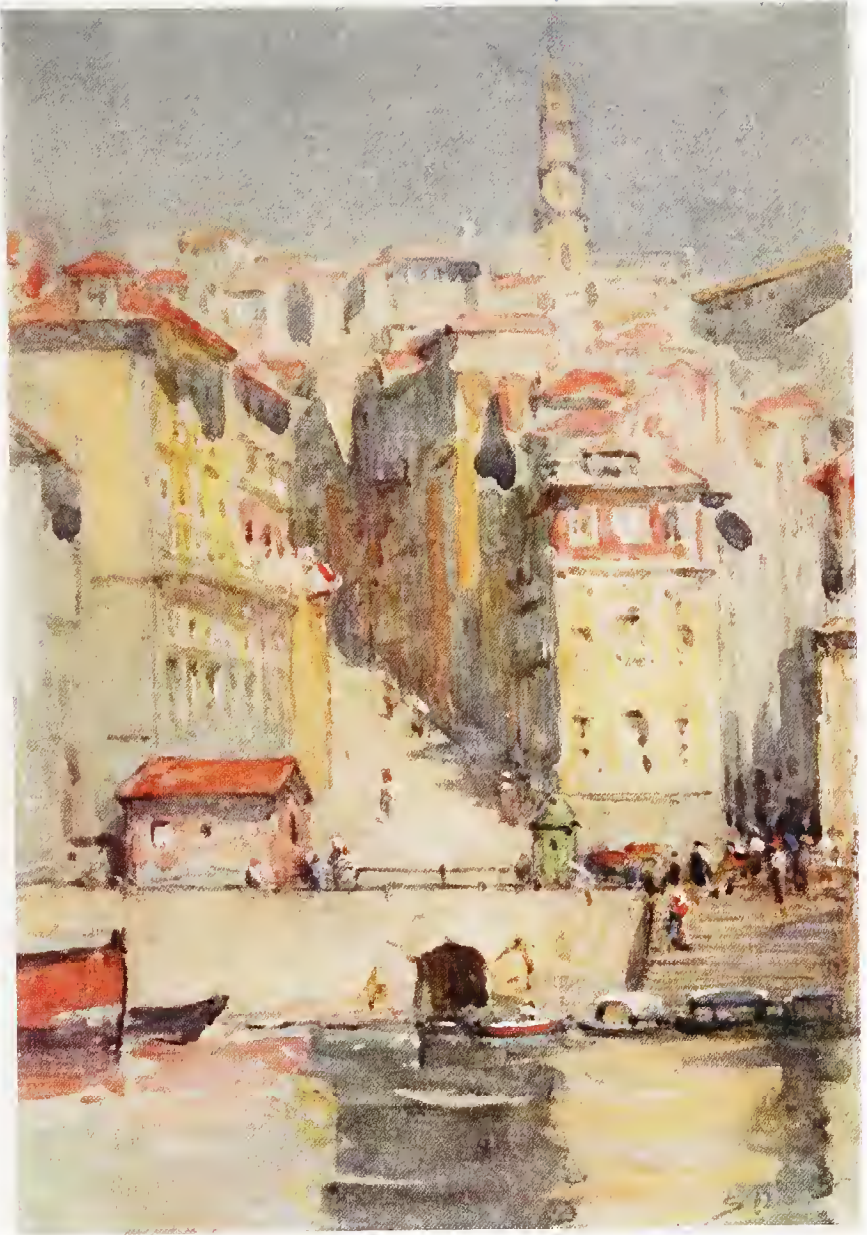
Taylor, Fladgate & Yeatman,	1692
Croft & Co.,	1697
Warre & Co.,	1718
Offley, Cramp & Forrester,	1729
J. W. Burmester,	1730
Butler, Nephew & Co.,	1730
Hunt, Roope, Teage & Co.,	1735
D. Antonia Adelaide Ferreira (Successores),	1751
Morgan Brothers,	1751
Smith, Woodhouse & Co.,	1784
Sandeman & Co.,	1790
Clode & Baker,	1797
Martinez, Gassiot & Co.,	1797
Silva & Cosens,	1798
Robertson, Brothers & Co.,	18th century
Cockburn, Smithes & Co.,	1815
D. M. Feuerheerd, Junior & Co.,	1815
M. P. Guimaraens & Son,	1822
W. & J. Graham & Co.,	1826
Wm. & Geo. Tait,	1851

I make no apology for the length of this list. Here are twenty firms with an average existence of nearly one hundred and forty years! There are others—Stormouth, Tait & Co.; Mackenzie, Driscoll & Co.; Van Zellers & Co.; William Stuve & Co.; George H. Delaforce; Velloso & Tait; Kendall, Pinto Basto & Co.; G. H. Sellers & Ferro; Niepoort & Co.; Monteiro &









OPORTO: FROM THE DOURO.



Irmão, and some half-dozen beyond, whose names are likewise household words, and whose antiquity, although not quite up to the average of the first-mentioned twenty, constitutes a matter of which Villa Nova de Gaia may well be proud.

The old town of port, moreover, is consistent in all things. The atmosphere of the great wine lodges behind the stone walls imbues one with an even deeper admiration as one passes out of the sunlight of the road into the cool gloom of stone arches, passages, vaults, and broad expanses filled with vats and casks. In order to render an adequate impression of this industry one may take four lodges as fair specimens of the rest. I make no comparison, for the simple reason that, unless one has been born and bred in Oporto, they are impossible to be made. The standard of excellence, both in premises and organisation, seemed to me almost uniform. Each has merely certain peculiarities and characteristics which distinguish it from the rest.

The lodge of Messrs. Hunt, Roope, Teage & Co., with its rows of vaults and stores, and its long lines and tiers of casks, with the lordly vats standing out here and there in their pride and immensity, is one of the outward and visible evidences of a firm that has claimed Portugal for its home for well over a hundred and fifty years. And the name, a famous one in the annals of Oporto, is kept most efficiently green by the present partners of the house. Mr. Cabel Roope is one of the most prominent figures, not only of the Port-wine Shippers' Association, but of Oporto society as well. The president of the historical Factory, or British Association—to call the old institution by the less significant name by which it is maintained it should now be known—Mr. Roope has been to the

fore in the manipulation of most of the more important organisations and enterprises which the British community of northern Portugal has undertaken. Of widespread popularity, amidst the Portuguese as well as his own countrymen, his name conveys much throughout a very large area.

With Mr. Roope himself as one's guide in and about the intricacies of the lodge, there is much to be learned of the fine ethics of port-shipping. Passing for hundreds of yards through the great store chambers, one tastes the vintages and standard wines, becoming more imbued each moment with that easy and comfortable pride which may so lightly be taken in the achievements of others. The firm is not content to live upon its past. In common with the other first-class houses of Villa Nova de Gaia, it is very much up-to-date in its working. As one walks, the silence of the place becomes disturbed by a distant noise. At the end of one of the long vaults is revealed a company of very active men. On approaching the spot it is obvious that steam-saws are hissing. The cooperage is busy just now. Planks and sides of oak are being tossed to the greedy blades that eat into them not only in straight lines, but go curving and circling with more than human ingenuity until the tops and bottoms of casks are shaped out in a manner altogether amazing to the uninitiated. One had thought that Villa Nova had grown drowsy in its atmosphere of old wine. Here, amidst buzzing saws, hastening men, and the clatter of flung oak, it reveals a glimpse of that keen activity that underlies all, and, while the engines throb, the finished planks and staves are being coerced into shape by other machines, and one has a view of a multitude of casks in the various stages of their manufacture.

The ramifications of the firm, of course, extend far and wide through the Douro. There are agents, factors, and houses set amidst the vineyards, whose farmers, by the way, have dealt with such houses as these from father to son until a strong sentimental bond has been added to the commercial one. But Messrs. Hunt, Roope, Teage & Co. do more than control the produce of others. The well-known Quinta da Eira Velha, with its rows of vines set about the rounded mountain-side at Pinhão, where the river of that name joins the Douro, is their property, and has sent I know not how many pipes to temper the gloom of a northern climate! The literal translation of Eira Velha, by the way, is 'the old threshing-floor.' This particular Quinta was church property in the year 1542, but was even then referred to in deeds which still exist as being a vineyard. This furnishes yet one more proof of the great antiquity of the wine industry in the Alto Douro.

The lodge of Messrs. Taylor, Fladgate & Yeatman is similar in appearance and features to the one I have just described. Indeed, so much alike are all these great wine-stores of the first rank that the description of details applies to nearly all alike. One has the same view of long chambers, and on either side the vista of rounded cask ends that, obedient to perspective, diminish in size as they approach the further end of the spacious place. There are lines of tubing, stretching from one chamber to another and from pipe to vat, through which the wine runs when it is to be blended; there are the wider spaces too, where workmen are busy at some particular branch of their craft. The vats here, as a matter of fact, are rather larger than in the first lodge—a matter merely of choice between larger and fewer or smaller and more numerous vessels—and

several of them contain no less than one hundred and fifteen pipes. Imposing tubs with a vengeance! They hold as many pipes as a pipe contains gallons—a total which works out at nearly thirteen thousand gallons, or, to follow out yet further the favourite statistical methods of certain popular magazines, an equivalent of nearly eighty thousand bottles!

But even the great vats and the pipes and the old walls of the lodge cannot rival in interest the history of the firm. For the foundation of this one must go centuries back. In 1692—just after the fall of the Stuart dynasty in England, and in the reign of King Pedro II. of Portugal, the wine of northern Portugal was already being sent by the forerunners of the house to England in vessels, lofty of bow and poop, that went rolling across the bay. The voyage was one of moment then—both to pipes and human beings—and the stateliest craft of those days of a size to be tossed about in a wild fashion that few even of the most insignificant of modern tramp steamers would relish. And from that day up to the present, Taylor, Fladgate & Yeatman and their predecessors have sent the vintages unceasingly across the waters. A record this, to be surveyed with no little pride! The firm, of course, has its ramifications in the Douro itself, and the Quinta de Vargellas, their property, I am describing in another place.

The Companhia Agricola e Commercial of Oporto, successors of Donna Antonia Ferreira, constitutes another great landmark in the history of the Douro. Compared with the two former houses its record is comparatively modern, as it can trace the date of its foundation no further back than a period of nearly one hundred and sixty years! The Company is essentially Portuguese, and the manner in which the great enterprise is



conducted speaks well for Portuguese methods and energy. Indeed, the entire concern, with its Quintas in the Douro, and its lodge in Villa Nova de Gaia, is on a gigantic scale. The lodge itself is a perfect maze of passages ; there are broad flights of stone stairs and underground walks that lead from one large storing expanse to another. Row upon row of imposing vats stand up in squadrons here, gargantuan casks, some of which contain no less than one hundred and sixty pipes of wine—vats beside which the serried lines of smaller fry are as midges.

The Companhia Agricola e Commercial owns over a score of vineyards on the Douro. Here, indeed, lies the chief glory of the concern, and when one has grasped the importance of these, the reason of the £1,320,000 capital which is required to work the Company becomes obvious. The Quinta Valle de Meão alone constitutes an 'eye opener.' A property of I know not how many square miles, it boasts its mansions, private roads, village of labourers, and turns out an average of one thousand pipes a year. Another famous Quinta, the Vesuvio, rivals the first in splendour, if not in size. Beyond these there are the Quintas do Pego, Acyprestes, da Pouza, das Nogueiras, do Porto, and more than a dozen beyond, each of which yields its quota of grapes, until even in these days of diminished output the grand total of wine derived annually from the estates amounts to no less than three million hectolitres.

These great properties were all originally owned by the famous lady Donna Antonia Adelaide Ferreira, the wealthiest of Portuguese landowners. In dealing with this matter one comes across an endless array of imposing figures, seeing that this lady's estate was valued on her death at well over three million

pounds sterling. It is indeed her descendants who are directly concerned in the present Company, and each generation would seem to have improved even more upon the work of the last. As for Donna Antonia herself, her personality and good deeds still remain a byword throughout northern Portugal. One of her grand-daughters married Senhor Wenceslau de Lima, the present Minister for Foreign Affairs. It is to Senhor Francisco José Ferreira de Lima, son of this latter and grandson of Donna Antonia, that I am indebted for the thorough inspection of the lodge, as well as for many of the details concerning the estates in the Douro.

Yet another lodge that I had the pleasure of visiting was that of Messrs. W and G. Tait, and here again was the same vista of vats and casks, and spacious half-lights. The firm is nearly sixty years of age, and yet it is the baby of the constellation of those twenty that I have tabulated—a baby with grey hair and ancient wines in seasoned casks! In addition to this branch of their affairs, the ramifications of the house, as agents for the Royal Mail Packets, extend not only in Oporto itself but throughout the Minho as well, and the close contact into which the inland towns and even villages have been brought with the far-away shores of Brazil is amazing. To digress still more, as noted fishermen the Messrs. Tait are to the front in protesting against the vicious habit of the massacre of fish in the rivers by means of dynamite—a custom of easy sport that has prevailed too long, and that is now likely to be brought to an end. Of their lodge what more can one say than that it constitutes yet another model of its kind!

It is a difficult matter, in fact, to refer individually to the port-shippers of Villa Nova. In this respect a brief sketch







ON THE DOURO.



of the kind cannot fail to be ludicrously incomprehensive. There are so many amongst them that are as famous in England as in Portugal. Cockburn, Sandeman, Martinez, and all the rest—but, after all, further descriptions would merely entail a repetition of the foregoing. Perhaps, by rights, one should include all—which would entail a volume in itself—or refer in merely a collective fashion to the entire body. As it is, I have endeavoured to do my best with a surfeit of material.

It is, moreover, a sound maxim to spare undue praise or blame until the sepulchral earth has covered the objects of either. Purely historical comments have a freer and less contradictory field than the dangerous and live present! Nevertheless it is safe to assert that the Port Shippers' Association of Villa Nova constitutes one of the most interesting and dignified communities outside the bounds of England, and its associations and status deserve an even wider publicity than they actually enjoy. There are many who entertain a certain reverence for the ethics of old port-wine. There is a deeply rooted glamour inherent in it that no other possesses to the same degree. But the experience of Villa Nova and of a jaunt through the Douro valley with its bold, silent, vine-covered hills, its laborious peasant farmers, and the factors and stewards of the controlling powers—the sight of all this deepens the sentiment a hundredfold.

That the wine has of late been treated with a certain neglect in England, is, I think, to be regretted. Whatever may be laid to the charge of spirits, it is not from liquid such as this that the drunkard is evolved. There are many who dispute this, of course, and amongst the number an odd one or two

here and there too intoxicated with their own fanaticism for calm judgment. One cannot help thinking that a visit to the spot itself, and a knowledge of the repute and enterprise of those who conduct the great industry would modify the opinions of even these unduly ardent folk.



## CHAPTER XXI

### SOME ENVIRONS OF OPORTO

Espinho—The golf-links—Their physiography—A pleasant club—Some customs and habits—The native caddy—Dangers of the course—A timely warning—The coast-line—Mesembryanthemum—Fishing villages—The Espinho boat—The quest of the sardine—Hauling in the nets—Granja—Leixões—A growing port—The road to Oporto—Appearance of the houses—The art of the *Azulejos*.

SOME ten miles to the south of Oporto is Espinho, a resort that merits no little attention for various reasons. Lying amidst the rolling sand-dunes of the coast, it is a bathing resort, a fishing centre, and, at the same time, the site of golf-links that serve as a magnet for all the British in Oporto who are capable of bearing a club. It is with this latter aspect of the place that I will deal first.

The Espinho Golf Club is essentially a British institution; for the Portuguese, curiously enough, although they have taken with enthusiasm to lawn-tennis and other games of the kind, have not yet fallen beneath the spell of the royal and ancient game that has now become so cosmopolitan. Thus the train that speeds along the coast of a Sunday morning is filled with passengers whose appearance recalls a scene at St. Andrews, Westward Ho, Sandwich, or any other spot where men and quiversful of clubs are prominently in evidence.

But to the home scene must be added that element of

mutual sociability such as a general acquaintanceship engenders. It is a very pleasant run this, through groves of stately trees and by patches of brilliantly flowering garden, with the blue of the ocean in the near background on the right-hand side.

At the station preceding Espinho comes the first intimation from without of the serious business of the day. The platform here is lined with a collection of Portuguese caddies, all garbed in their best for the occasion. As the train halts, a cluster of eager faces fills each doorway, clubs are handed out to the care of the chosen ; the heads disappear ; the windows are empty again of all but sunlight as the train puffs on to Espinho.

To compare the Espinho links in detail with those of a natural grass country would obviously be unreasonable. That the greens, for instance, lack the incomparable smoothness of the British turf may be taken for granted. Yet they have been made as efficient as possible, and serve their purpose well. The situation of the course, moreover, is ideal. Just inland of the bare white sand-dunes, the surface of the ground is rolling and broken to the precise degree that is necessary for the creation of 'sporting' holes. Of these, one is approached from across the railway line, the embankment serving as a very effectual bunker in place of the natural obstacles of the rest.

Indeed, should the drive fail to 'carry' the embankment, the result, seeing that it is composed of a mass of broken stone, may well be disconcertingly peculiar. Striking upon the variously turned facets, there seems to be no freak whatever which the ball is incapable of performing. It may simply rebound, or dart across at any angle to right or left. On the







A SARDINE BOAT.



other hand, it may perform a double or treble collision with the various facets, and, from the force of the final one, proceed calmly on its way towards the green. It *may* do this ; but, even when buoyed by the exhilarating Espinho air, the chances are against the kindly action ! In any case, it is safer to clear the bunker in the ordinary way.

Golf is waged at Espinho to the accompaniment of at least as high a degree of creature comfort as elsewhere. Lunch at the clubhouse, moreover, affords a far more interesting meal than the ordinary set function of the kind. As each player is wont to bring with him his own provisions and something over, the comprehensiveness of the repast attains a degree seldom excelled. As regards the beverages, the range is even more obvious. Indeed, the situation borders upon the embarrassing. In a nutshell it amounts to this. A score of port-shippers, each connected with world-famous Oporto names, each laden with the bottles from his own cellars, each inspired with the well-known hospitality of the town—and in their midst the stranger !

And here—not necessarily overcome by the situation—one must digress. There are several wine countries in which I have observed that those interested in the industry affect the vintages of other lands rather than those of their own. This is not the case in Oporto. So loyal is the port-shipper to his wine that, did he follow his own inclinations, I believe that none other would soil his palate—from the time of the first ruby drop of his life to the last. If thirsty, he will drink port and soda ; if only moderately thirsty he will choose a light tawny wine ; if not thirsty at all he will appeal to a full vintage specimen.

Should from this last sentence an altogether erroneous

imputation be construed—it is not for me to defend the sobriety of the most dignified mercantile community in Europe. The plain fact is, that a man who drinks a glass of after-dinner port from motives of mere thirst has an arid and bitter cause of complaint against his host. In any case, this predilection of the Oporto man for his own growths is very real. He will look half-heartedly at champagne, shrug his shoulders at burgundy, and writhe in horror at the sight of Scotch whisky—even though all three be upon his own hospitable table. When he is upon his travels, moreover, the port bottle invariably takes the place of the whisky flask—a state of affairs this that is no little advertisement for the intrinsic merits of the wine, did they need any. According to tradition, one would expect a gout-stricken community in consequence. Whereas gout to the Oporto man seems like water to a duck's back. Perhaps tradition is wrong.

In the meanwhile one has left the stranger alone with the port-shippers all this time. The moment has come to return to the play itself—a topic that has been rather shamefully neglected so far. And at this point it is well to warn the stranger of a pitfall in human guise that haunts these very links. The new-comer, in his ignorance, will probably ignore the importance of the native caddy. Blind to the fact that for each stroke the correct club has been handed him, he may look merely to his opponent for that justification of failure without which golf would sink to the level of an ordinary game.

The means of explanation are pleasingly simple here. 'The unaccustomed diet of port' should satisfactorily account for each 'footled' stroke. In the more glaring cases 'the unaccustomed diet of *good* port' should soften any criticism



whatever in the circumstances, and should tide the player over even a drive that has scattered the sand and left the ball gleaming in undisturbed repose upon its tee. And then, on the homeward way when all is over, one learns that the caddy, a perfect master of the game, averages three strokes for each hole over which one has taken six! He has, moreover, lost to his opponent club-bearer his wonted wager upon the result. In return he has understood no word of even the most convincing explanations that were rendered in English. He has been forced to judge by nothing beyond drives, approaches, and putts! Was ever golfer placed in a situation of greater extremity! One learns all this when too late.

The coast-line in the neighbourhood of Espinho possesses its own attractions. Inland of the dunes are gentle undulations covered with wild-flowers, sparse grasses, and above all, the great stretches of mesembryanthemum. The latter plant is to the Portuguese coast that which the turf is to the English downs. With its solid, fleshy, three-edged spikes of leaves and its brilliant flowers of yellow or purple, it brightens countless thousands of acres that, but for its presence, would be sandy and bare. Hanging from the walls of old buildings, it resembles a glorified moss; clinging to the side of cliffs, it covers the soil with its great expanses that, seen in the mass from a distance, could well be taken for grass dotted brightly with flowers. The Portuguese coast, shorn of its mesembryanthemum, would lose infinitely in scenic effect.

In the neighbourhood of Espinho, however, it is spread merely upon the ground; for here there are no cliffs to break the long line of sand-dunes. The snowy white mounds roll and dip in continuous succession, backed here and there by

the dark green of the pine-forests planted to check the inland march of the sand. Placed at intervals upon the dunes themselves are the fishing villages, curious collections of square, red-roofed huts, the buildings clustered closely together.

Viewed from the landward side, the sharpness with which one of these villages stands out is extraordinary. Rising abruptly from the smooth white sand, the blue of the sky above and that of the ocean behind, the straight lines of its walls and roofs seem to leap from the background with that sudden and striking defiance of their surroundings that is characteristic of a lone edifice in a desert country.

All that remains to break the acute sense of contrast are the hulls of the fishing-boats themselves. And these, shaped almost in the form of a crescent, are curious enough. Thirty or forty feet in length with bow and stern quaintly carved, curving up high above the rest to point to the heavens, they are serviceable even in the heavy weather that prevails at times upon the coast. Upon a day when the giant rollers come roaring in they will go shooting out over the white sand, and through the whiter foam. A wild shout from the crew, mingling with the grinding of the waters—and then the boat is lost to view, even to her lofty bow and stern, behind the hills of the breakers. And then she will appear, rising and falling far beyond, in the first tossings of her voyage in quest of the sardine.

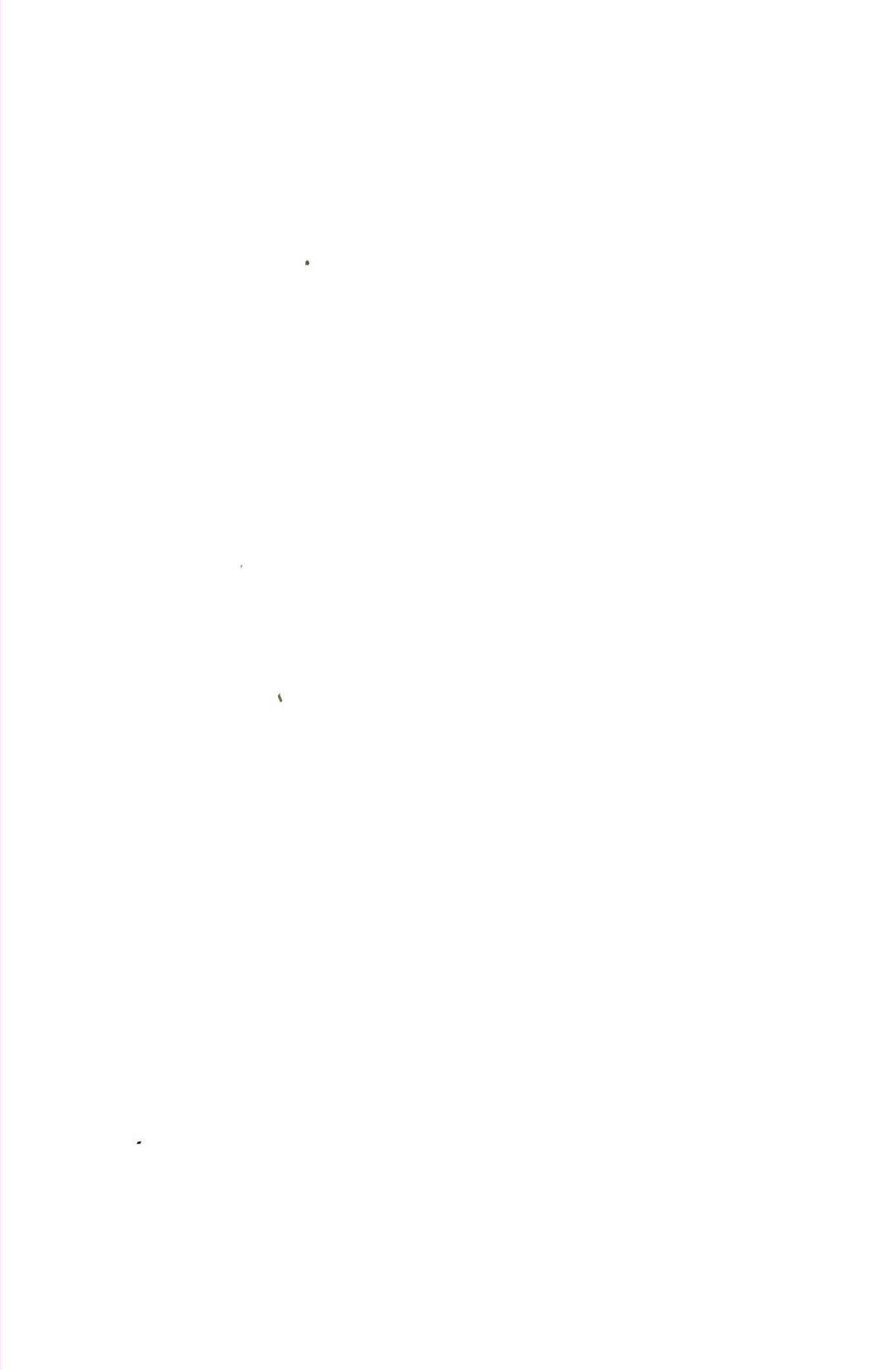
It was not my fortune actually to go out in one of these sardine boats when engaged in active fishing operations, although three nights were spent at Espinho merely for that purpose. Each morning word was expected—but none came. The gannets were not there, one was told; and, unless one saw the black-and-white birds hovering over the waves and swoop-







ESPINHO BEACH: HAULING IN THE NETS.



ing down, what was the use of setting out after the sardine, since the waters were innocent of the fish? So the great boats, each with its two oars—oars like masts, that require a dozen men apiece to move them—remained idly upon the dunes. One sat within them, looked past the towering prow at the waves, and speculated—all in vain. As for the fishermen—those admirable and queer folk of Phœnician origin who go down to the sea with prayer; gamble in their spare hours, and who, singing dolefully, pass through the neighbouring villages in a begging procession when the fish are unduly scarce—they came and sympathised, but could do no more.

On the fourth morning, when Espinho had been forsaken in despair, the word came flying to Oporto. The gannets were there; the horns were sounding all along the countryside to collect the oxen, for the boats were out! Arriving at Espinho, one found that, for all one's haste, the boats were in again! As luck would have it, it was not yet so with the fish. The craft had pulled out two miles to sea, each dragging after it the tremendous net; they had circled back, and a mile and a half of rope yet remained ere the nets themselves would arrive upon the shore.

Espinho beach was metamorphosed; the white sands had burst out into a strenuous spasm of life that had for its centres six powerful ropes that were being dragged in from the sea. Each of these had for acolytes twenty-two yoke of oxen, and a great gathering of men, women, and boys, who ran ceaselessly to and fro, shouting and calling to the beasts and to each other. A pair of bullocks would come down to the water's edge at a shambling trot; the rope that hung from their yoke would be attached to the great line that was emerg-

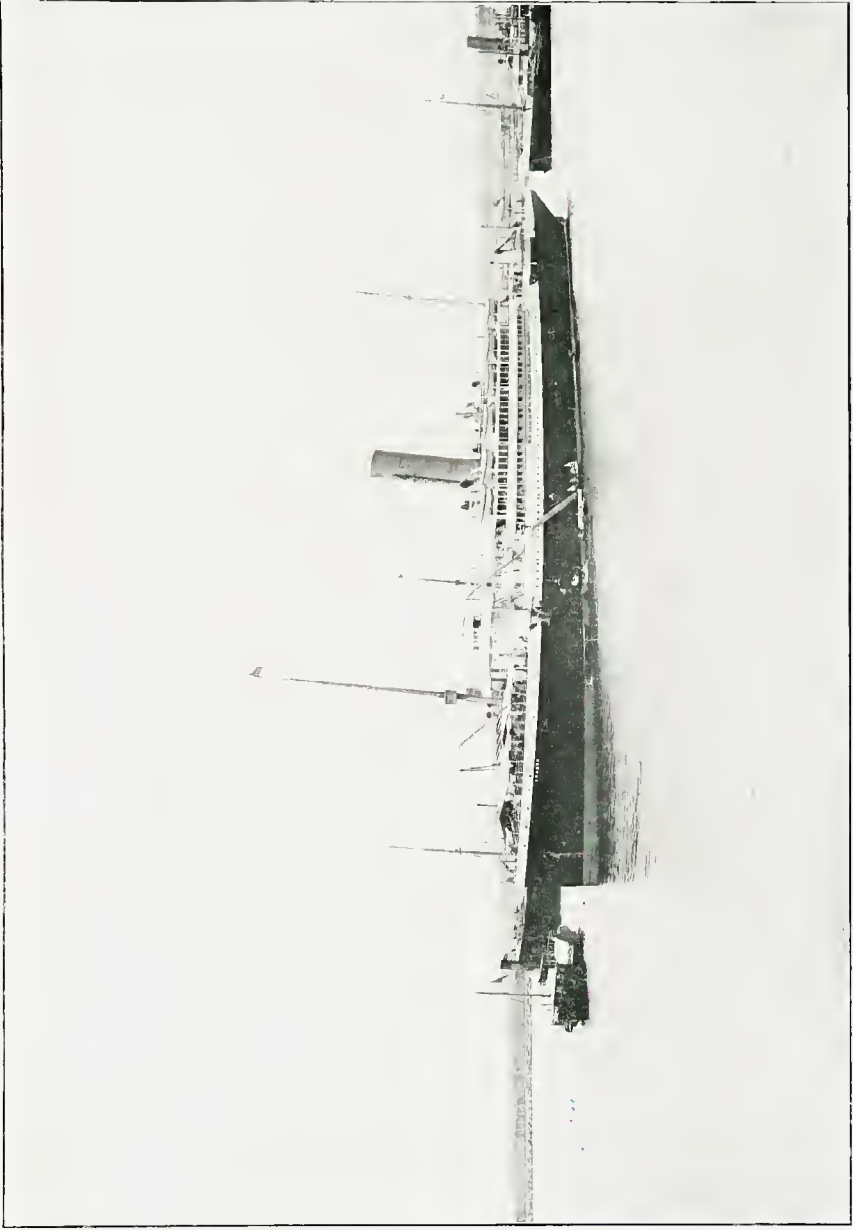
ing from the sea, and they would fall into line behind the rest, straining and pulling, urged on heatedly by their drivers. Each yoke, as it arrived at the further end of the beach and at the limit of its hauling space, would be detached from the rope, to hasten down to the water's edge again for a fresh grip. The result was for all the world like a grotesque Sir Roger de Coverley, danced by oxen with untiring precision.

All the while the rope was coming in, and the great coils of it were growing in number upon the landward side of the beach. But for all the bustling of the oxen and of the human workers the straining line was emerging from the waves, naturally enough, at a pace little exceeding half a mile an hour. Thus it was several hours before at length the net, and then the huge bag itself filled with the shining fish, was drawn out triumphantly upon the sands, and the sardines taken to the factory, thence to be distributed about the world.

Granja, a coast town some couple of miles to the Oporto side of Espinho, is a seaside resort of no little importance. Although its front, like that of Espinho, has suffered not a little from the encroachment of the sea, it affords an exceedingly pleasant bathing resort, and is well stocked with hotels, villas, and gardens ablaze with flowers in the springtime. A feature to be noticed upon the outskirts of Granja are the dainty little windmills that line the shore. Many of these are provided with canvas sails that whirl round with extreme rapidity, and appear to perform their duty with all the efficiency of sterner and more enduring stuff.

Some half-dozen miles to the north-west of Oporto lies the port of Leixões. Situated upon the open sea and thus independent of the treacherous bar of the Douro, the harbour has now





R.M.S.P. ARJONA IN LEIXÕES HARBOUR



definitely become the Oporto place of call for the larger ocean-going steamers, and is each year growing in importance. The railway facilities between Leixões and the northern capital are about to be yet further improved—I believe at the instigation of the Messrs. Tait, who have nursed the place with paternal tenderness since its babyhood.

Protected by massive stone jetties, the entrance to the harbour appears narrow when viewed from the sea, but is in reality little short of three hundred yards. In addition to the train-service, electric tramcars ply between here and Oporto, and the route, running for a while parallel with the sea-coast and afterwards along the bank of the Douro, is one of the most pleasant in the neighbourhood. A few fields, the trunks of the pine-trees within them pricking up from amidst the standing corn, soon give way to a denser array of houses and gardens, until the stretches of the river open out, with the main city beyond climbing from the waters to the heights.

The route, moreover, is prolific in those specimens of tiled houses that are so noticeable a feature of the district. The covering of the house-front and walls with designs in porcelain produces an effect of special cleanliness. It is true that in some instances the result is not imposing. Here and there, for example, the pattern of the tiles is responsible for a pardonable delusion on the part of the stranger that a large building is covered with a popular type of linoleum. In other cases the effect is quaint, and in many distinctly happy.

This porcelain tilework is, of course, brought to far greater perfection in the interior of the house, and occasionally in cloisters. Derived originally from the Moors, the art of the *azulejo* has been brought to a high pitch, and many of the

great pictures, represented by hundreds of tiles, are productions of considerable interest. For a time—in the eighteenth century I believe—the national art deserted its home, and Portugal was supplied with its *azulejos* by the Dutch. But the broken thread of the industry has been taken up again ; and *azulejo* both artistic and popular flourishes once more in Portugal.

There are many, on the other hand, who claim Delft as the birthplace of the art, and who assert that the Portuguese variety is nothing beyond a grafting from an older industry. However this may be, the manufacture of the intense blue, that is such a feature of the Portuguese specimens of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is now a lost art, although fair imitations are contrived. The Moorish designs of *azulejo*, by the way, know nothing of this vivid blue. In these the green, red, and yellow tints are wont to predominate.

## CHAPTER XXII

### THE DOURO

The approach to the valley—Aspects of the river—Mountains and boulders—The banks of the stream—The Douro boats—Difficulties of navigation—Advent into the wine country—Mountain villages—Regoa—Scenes at the railway station—Appearance of the peasants—A wine store—Douro travel, past and present—Forlorn hamlets—Urchins of the district—The peasant proprietor.

To be egotistical, my own passage of the Douro, although effected in a different part, and shorn of the warlike alarms that attended the famous one of Wellington, was instructive, and, in the company of Mr. Frank Yeatman, pleasant to a degree. There are two ways of penetrating to the mountain fastnesses of the district, either by the old-fashioned boat that employs several days in the enterprise, or in the modern railway train which contents itself with a few hours. As the exigencies of time forbade the more romantic passage, one had to be content with the fast train that traverses the valley on its way to the frontier and Spain—a train containing a well-appointed restaurant car wherein most efficient meals are served.

Thus was the start signalled by *éclat* and comfort. Afterwards one fell in with the local trains, and the tale was a little different. With the rolling stock of these latter no fault was to be found; the movements and advancements, however, are here upon a scale that leads one to the conviction that the

sentimental engine wheels experience a painful difficulty in disengaging themselves from that particular space of rail on which they have halted and to which they have clung. Nevertheless, since every place at which the train halts contains sufficient interest of its own, the stoppages are welcome enough to any but the old and hardened inhabitants of the district.

But this is anticipation. In the meanwhile one is in the *rapide* that is hastening out from Oporto through the fertile serenity of a smiling land. After a while the country becomes bolder, and the diminishing verdure is broken into here and there by slate quarries, and by mounds of the smooth grey slate itself that cumber the ground. The mountains are rising in the distance now, drawing nearer as the train speeds towards the river, invisible as yet. After a while the carriages clatter through a lengthy tunnel, emerge, and there is the Douro itself, flowing in its wild grandeur by the side of the line.

The yellow stream is running just now with only its summer force. But, although the torrent has shrunk from its broader bounds, it speeds along in a rapid enough current, with eddies and whirlpools crossing its surface here and there. The whole vista of the river is majestically wild. In parts, indeed, it bears no little resemblance to the river and mountain scenery of the Andes upon a small scale. Above are the mountain sides on either hand, with their rugged stone faces littered here and there by acutely sloping fields of loose rock. Down below, where mountain base and river-side meet, is a ponderous confusion that, perhaps from its propinquity, is more salient than all the rest. Gigantic boulders and heaps of granite are piled here, pressing boldly down into the bed of the stream itself. Amidst these, well above the level of the main stream,



A DOURO LANDSCAPE





are pools and large sheets of water that remain imprisoned to mark the course of the winter's rains and floods. Securely held in the iron-bound shores, their surfaces shine out here and there at a dozen levels between the mountain base and the running waters beneath—blue-green, unruffled, and vividly clear—a contrast to the rich yellow and the white rapids of the thick, foaming river.

Amidst all this the square sails of the picturesque Douro boats, and the queer bodies of the craft themselves, hover out with a strangely frail and ethereal aspect. The little things of wood and canvas are so utterly insignificant amidst that tremendous setting—the heavy, overbearing frown of the rocks above, tempered only by the sunlight.

Indeed, none can watch the passing of those Douro boats without a heartfelt admiration for the skill of their pilots. There are places where the river flows uninterruptedly from bank to bank. But there are far more where the long ridges and spits of rock, jutting out in all directions, make a hopeless maze of the surface to the uninitiated. Intersected by the rocky barriers, a couple of channels, or perhaps even more, will go curving and winding along, meeting, dividing, coming together once more, with lines of broken water in between to mark more or less distinctly the site of unseen and more subtle peril. Nevertheless, the boats sail along with undiminished calm through the intricate confusion, following the right channel with the cunning to which only the native may aspire.

One has run alongside the panorama for some while when a sudden alteration in the near landscape becomes evident. The mountain-sides are still above, and the eddies of the river beneath ; but without any warning the loose granite between

the two has fallen away, to give place to flat tongues and stretches of schist. The abrupt transition marks the entrance to the wine country. Simultaneously with the advent of the schist, the hills have altered their faces. A few hundred yards back the rock was scowling, bare, and aggressive. Now, with a feminine rapidity of transition that ill fits the nature of the spot, it has broken out into a smile of green vineyards—or a half-smile, if one will, since the verdure is only partial—that mount in terraces upon the slopes.

The outskirts have been passed now, and the characteristics of the new country assert themselves more markedly. One has arrived again amidst the habitations of men. Here and there are clusters of houses with dark brown roofs—humble buildings that nestle in sociable fashion very close together upon the mountain side, while in the neighbourhood rises the spire of a small church.

The more imposing white walls of the Quintas have come into being now, too, some placed in uncompromising fashion in the midst of the vines; others sheltered from the outer world by gardens of varying designs and beauty. At the back, and to the sides, are the vineyard lines, set upon the slopes with a straightness and clearness that almost suggests the shading process of an etcher. But not everywhere. There are other spaces in between, bare, and with the lines softened and crumbling in the fashion of old ramparts.

There was too much wine in the Douro, one is told. Hence the nude patches that have gone out of cultivation to the sorrow of many a peasant labourer. More Quintas, with stately cypress and less compact olive-trees dotting their vines, more villages with their close-set houses, and then the train







DOURO VINEYARD.



rumbles through a town of considerable pretension compared with the rest, and finally halts at Regoa station.

Regoa is a spot of importance in the Douro. The centre of a large district of important Quintas, it handles and passes onwards their produce, besides serving as a storehouse for the pipes of the neighbourhood. Hence the degree of animation that one observes with some surprise in the station itself. A few Englishmen, well-known figures, respectfully greeted and exchanging salutations with all; stewards with neatly-trimmed side whiskers, ruddy faces, and an air of solid comfort; the more prosperous native farmers of similar appearance; a Portuguese magnate with his wife and family, and odd collections of poverty-stricken peasants—the groups are intermingled with those of the station officials all about the wide platform.

Once clear of this, one drives through the town in order to gather first impressions from the place. Regoa from within is neither beautiful nor stately. Its houses, bunched closely upon the street, are inclined to be squalid, and are remarkably free from any architectural merit. Yet the place holds an interest of its own. It is picturesque, notwithstanding straight, uncompromising walls, and so liberal a suggestion of plain and deliberate ugliness. The street-life lends its own colour to the place. The groupings of worn black *chapeos*, of rags and patches—to the honour of the native be it said that the patches far outnumber the rags—and of the eager faces with the introspective eyes of the impoverished combine to furnish the streets with a striking, if rather tragic, adornment. The brigand-like appearance of the peasants is merely superficial, for all that. The effective lounging attitudes of both men

and women are quite involuntary. Each is a worker, chafing beneath his enforced idleness, and longing for the time when the vineyards shall bear their full quota of plants once again.

Passing out from the town, the way leads along a fine broad road, that for a short distance runs parallel with the railway line. Upon the embankment men are attacking with coats and sticks the leaping tongues of half a dozen fires—the legacy to the spot of the train that has just passed. The dried grasses and wild-flowers are blazing in a sinister and business-like fashion, and, ere their own death, have caught and destroyed a group of fig-trees, mercilessly charring both vegetation and the ripening fruit.

Just beyond the outskirts of the main town one comes to a dwelling-house set amidst a garden and some vineyards. Adjoining it is a store filled with pipes and with far larger casks of wine. Upon the stone above the old doorway of the place is carved ‘Bartolomeu Bearsley 1744.’ This Bearsley was one of the early members of the present firm of Taylor, Fladgate & Yeatman, and the mark fashioned beneath the quaint old lettering of the name remains that of the house to this day. One thing is quite certain. Bartholomew Bearsley never travelled here in a train, nor yet in a carriage upon a road such as this. The boats were upon the river then as now, it is true. But, beyond these, the choice of way-faring was slender enough. It was for wearied horses or mules to tramp along the stony miles for days then. It was the period of inns, and of strenuous travel that gave much food for thought and precaution beforehand. The roads of those days one may see yet, narrow, boulder-strewn tracks winding away from the main route here and there; and as for the inns, they





A TOWING BOAT TOWING WIND



remain much the same in the by-ways. But one is largely independent of either now, which, except from the romantic point of view, is as well. The picturesque but unpleasant gentlemen of the road, moreover, are no longer at hand, which is also as well.

Indeed, when to the first stage of the British trade in Portugal—the mere buying of the wine brought by the peasants to the ports—had been added the second and more intimate connection with the Douro valley, the ways of the pioneers were strewn with few enough metaphorical roses, however many wild and live ones bloomed out from amidst the rocks by the wayside. Whether they set out from Vianna do Castello, the original stronghold of the industry, or later on in the years from Oporto, it was their lot to traverse a country that was almost mediæval in its ethics. Undoubtedly the Douro of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries was a country ‘at the back of beyond.’ One rode out, accepted of necessity the crude accommodation that the place offered, and was sufficiently thankful if no ‘stand and deliver message’ rang out to enliven the stony way. But, the start once made, the country continued softening in its usages, and blossoming out into comparative modernity all the while, until the wild mountains and valleys even of the remotest parts grew as familiar in their way to the old-time merchants and planters as even the streets of the coast towns.

But in the meanwhile one has wandered from the main path of the journey. It is necessary to return to the confines of Regoa. Starting out from the wine-store, one mounts the hills at the back. As the horses clatter along such level stretches as they can find, they run the gauntlet of various

groups of urchins in costumes that consist, at the most, of shirt and trousers, at the least, of nothing. But the passage of the vehicle stirs a wild excitement in the minds of all, irrespective of garb—an emotion that is not in the least concerned with an undreamed-of stray copper. The bare feet go pattering behind in strenuous pursuit; the dust cloud powders the small bodies with a clothing of its own, until the youngsters, spent, sink down by the side of the road to watch the progress in which they cannot share.

One has attained to the summit of the hill now, and the panorama spreads itself far and wide. All about are the mountains, throwing off the lights and shades from their sides. Alone where the broad streak of the Douro flows is there a break in the confusion of ranges and summits. Where the valley broadens for a space upon the near side of the river is Regoa—but a Regoa of which one had noticed little when in the streets themselves. The town, viewed from here, has become an imposing place, and the white, red, and brown of its walls and roofs give back the sun-rays from over a broad stretch of ground.

Descending, the road is thickly hedged in on either side by a confusion of quince-trees and blackberry-bushes that hang out their wealth of fruit cheek by jowl to ripen. At intervals a shrine stands out by the wayside, its carving and painting of a childish crudity. Here is a cottage of primitive design whose walls are contrived of black slate. The sombre material, that rises from the earth in the fish-scale fashion of the red-tiled English roofs, gives an uncomfortable impression of heat. Round about it are a few vines on trellis-work. Beneath the shade of this is the owner himself of the tiny property. He

waves a salute as the carriage goes by—a gesture whose courtesy is out of proportion to his aspect. The chessboard of his shirt and the remainder of his trousers is a striking testimonial to the ingenuity of his household. So much for the peasant proprietor, for all his house and vineyard. Did the wizard Omar ever fly across the Mediterranean ?

‘ I often wonder what the vintners buy  
One half so precious as the goods they sell.’

One wonders here with the great Omar—whole-heartedly  
The life of many a Portuguese vintner in these days of depression would have wrung the mellow heart of the genial Persian—could he have witnessed it.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE DOURO

A quaint automobile—The Douro train—Its habits of locomotion—A majestic landscape—The Cachão de Valleira—The Quinta de Vargellas—In vineland—Some peculiarities of the soil—Ripening grapes—The design of a Quinta—A Douro steward—Boring for water—The natural growths of the valley—Evening on the Douro.

ONE does not look for humour in the Douro valley. Silent mountains and deep ravines form a setting in which the lighter vein is loth to flourish. The influence of this immensity is obvious—as it is elsewhere in the world—even upon the few genuine towns that it encloses. Nevertheless, the comic element—or rather, that which is yet more salient, the unconscious element of the comic—enters even into Regoa. We meet with it in the station yard upon our return to the building.

Perhaps even now I have been a little arbitrary in stamping the thing as comic. Very little of that element enters intrinsically into a twenty-horse-power motor vehicle—for that is what it was that waited within the station yard at Regoa. The automobile was a public omnibus, a new importation that served a portion of the surrounding district. It was the superstructure that gave one pause. Mounting high above the *chassis* was a contrivance that reminded one more than anything else of a cross between an Alpine chalet and a magnificent specimen of the Noah's ark of childhood. It was essen-

tially architectural—a wooden house on wheels with the windows and decorative flourishes of an ordinary dwelling. The effect was so much that of a house that, it must be confessed, the sight of it in motion would have been distressing. Any shock of the kind, however, was spared us, since our train was due to start before the automobile. Yet the omnibus was undoubtedly a serviceable one. Both mechanic and bystander were emphatic on the point. And one should be grateful to the local artist who contrived the house-like erection. It has altogether neutralised the prosaic danger of this important step in the progress of the Douro traffic.

The slow train puffs leisurely into Regoa station. Being a strictly local affair that, far from entertaining any wild express-like notion of dashing over the frontier into Spain, intends merely to search out every available station for a visit, the appearance of the passengers that await it is proportionately rural. Upon the platform is a wayside population for the most part, and the men, women, and children have disposed themselves in the unstudied attitudes of their type. For a while portions of the train, assisted by the engine, perform quadrille-like advances and retreats along the metals. Then the carriages become composite once more, and jolt forward in gentle earnest.

The ways of the local Douro train might appear strange to the uninitiated. When it has found a station—perhaps only a tiny affair, with its inevitable shed for the storage of pipes that is proportionately insignificant—the pride of its discovery would seem to deprive it of the power of further action for an astonishingly long while. At station after station it will remain thus, until the new-comer to the country is apt to burn with

impatience at the thought of the belated arrival at his destination that these long delays must portend. Yet there is no cause for worry. At the conclusion of his journey the traveller will probably find that both train and time-table have kept their word to within a very few minutes, if not altogether. The halts constitute part of the programme of the route. The trains, being largely composed of goods trucks—it frequently happens that a single passenger carriage is sandwiched between two sections of meaner wagons—there are times when much produce has to be taken aboard at the expense of considerable time. Far more often there is nothing. But the Company, being conscientious, has arranged the time-table on an optimistic supposition of busy times, and retains its punctuality at the expense of its speed.

As for the scenery it is much as before. The white Quintas, green vine terraces, olive-trees, occasional orchards, and clustering villages, appear in an endless but ever-varying panorama. A succession of stations with their big, black, wooden sheds, the stream below now foaming in rapids, now swirling smoothly along—the train passes through it all from one point to another in leisurely fashion.

As one draws nearer to Spain the mountains increase in size, their rugged, bare tops standing out more brokenly against the sky. The schist upon the banks gives way once more to towering granite. Straight out of the water rise the ponderous walls. They have come almost together, and seem to bend towards each other in awesome majesty. In the narrow interval between the great stone cliffs flows the stream, deep down in the shadow, and swirling in helpless wrath at this too rigorous confinement. It is the famous gorge, the Cachão de Valleira, whose waters



have already taken toll of so many lives, amongst them that of the famous Baron Forrester, one of the most notable of all who were ever concerned in the Douro industry. Until, at the end of the eighteenth century, some rocks after infinite labour were blown from the torrent, there was no boat passage at the point at all. As it is, the spot is sufficiently awesome.

The Cachão de Valleira has ended abruptly ; the banks have widened and become fertile once more. Presently the train halts at Vargellas ; and here one leaves it to continue upon its very equable way. Long ere it has begun to dream of a further eastward jaunt, one is already climbing up the warm hillside towards the white house that is nestling at some height amidst its trees. All about are the vines. One has arrived at the Quinta de Vargellas.

It must be confessed that the first impressions of a Douro Quinta, verdure notwithstanding, are a little arid in summer. There are the vines, the olive and fruit trees, and the masses of cistus and of a host of other wild-flowers as well. But the rock of the country is not to be pushed altogether in the background, for all the vegetation that clings to it. Indeed, broken up into small fragments, it covers the very surface whence the trees and flowers sprout. Not that this touch of aridity is unpleasing ; far from it. The vivid greens set upon the warm tints of the rocks produce a charming effect of contrast that the grandeur of the surrounding mountains enhances.

In order to witness the contrast in its most marked degree it is necessary to go amongst the rows of vines themselves. Each terrace, strongly and evenly banked up with stone, contains any number of vine-rows from one to half a dozen,

according to its width. The plants in each of these are trained and spread out to the sun upon wires that stretch from one stone post to another—posts that look to the eye exactly like gigantic, square slate-pencils. But the sight of the soil whence springs the light brown roots, and about them the sprays of delicate green, is an amazing one. Strictly speaking, it is not soil at all ; it is a great collection of flaky fragments of rock that crunch together crisply beneath the feet as one passes along. It is in this, broken up and dug down with great labour, that the vine roots are planted and put to bed many feet beneath the surface.

One comes to the conclusion that, if water be not obtainable from a stone, wine is more enterprising. For it is from very little beyond that those Douro grapes flourish—the fruit that renders up the best and most delicate wine of all. Not that this ascetic proclivity of the plants makes matters any the easier for their cultivators. On the contrary, the labour involved is enormous. When one has passed along the even, level terraces, and has descended a few flights of the stone steps that lead from one to another, and moreover has marked the strength and importance of the wall that supports each row, one comes inevitably to the conclusion that the work of the engineer is of even greater account than that of the agriculturist here. And when the greater part of a mountain stands out laboured in this fashion, it is obvious that one is in the presence of a monumental enterprise little suspected from afar when the distant lines lie thin as hairs upon the slope.

The grapes are ripening, and consultation is afoot. The steward, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, has come to assist



THE QUINTA DE VARGELLAS  
(FROM AN ETCHING BY W. H. URWICK, ESQ.)



in taking stock of the reddening harvest. Tall and stout, yet agile, with the well-cut features of the best Portuguese type, he discusses with the tranquil ease that a friendship and service of twenty years involves. For all that his face is deeply tanned by the sun, the urbane dignity of his bearing might well befit an archbishop. And it might, indeed, have done so; for the steward, in spite of his lay clothes, is a 'Padre' as well as an agriculturist, and in his spare moments attends to the cure of souls as well as to that of mildew and other vinous troubles.

But just now his secular side is to the fore. He is an agriculturist pure and simple, exchanging very earnest opinions upon that which is occupying the minds of all—the coming vintage. At intervals the party halts. The sun has caught and withered a bunch or two here, and some other minor trouble has overtaken a few others there. But the tale of such disaster is utterly insignificant. All along the rows are the bunches—green, red, and deeper and later purple—clustering thickly in all their bloom amidst the leaves and tendrils. The wealth and abundance of the fruit is obvious. It will be a large vintage if—! There are climatic 'ifs' in the Douro, as elsewhere! Unpleasant possibilities that endure to the very last moment—until the grapes are actually picked, in fact.

In the meanwhile the summer's sun is beating down with unmistakable ardour upon the ground. One adjourns to the cool rooms of the house, receiving at the hands of the 'Padre' by way of reward for one's labours a glass of the Douro beverage port and soda, a cooling libation in which he, pleading inoculation to all weathers, refuses to join. There is much to be done yet. There is the wine-press to be inspected—the great cement cisterns, empty just now, from which the juice

of the crushed grape flows downwards to form broad lakes below. There are the wine-stores with their inevitable great vats, and then there is the cottage of the bailiff to be visited—a cottage whose inmates come out with the frank welcome of very old acquaintance. The Douro—and the rest of Portugal, too, for the matter of that—is no country of monthly notices. It is no uncommon thing for service here to be continued from one generation to another, and such associations are necessarily productive of their own confidence and privileges.

After this comes the turn of the water-supply, and a survey of the borings that have been cut in search of the precious fluid; for, notwithstanding the abundance of it in the river below, water is an inconveniently scarce commodity on the slopes. The water-wizard with his divining rod is a factor in the district, and he is as successful here as elsewhere, by which may be implied a very fair portion of success. The Vargellas is at least as well off in this respect as the average property; at the same time many borings have naturally been effected with but faint results.

One of these is well above the house and the orchard and kitchen-garden beyond. A dark hole in the upper rock marks the tunnel, into the night of which one penetrates, assisted by many lucifer matches, until one comes to the puddle at the further end that proved the extent of the liquid that the spot consented to yield. As a set off to this, close by is the site of a successful venture, marked by a pool of clear water amidst the rock.

One has arrived at one of the main roads through the estate now, a broad thoroughfare, lined with olive-trees, that slopes









THE UPPER REACH.



downwards towards the river. Here, upon a stretch of flat land that fringes the banks, are fields of melon, the yet green bodies of the young fruit lying thickly amidst the dark green leaves. It is a favoured spot this, so far as that particular fruit is concerned. For in the nature of the Douro soil lies much of the difficulty that at present confronts the landed proprietor of the district. Up to those points above where the bare rocks show and the mountains frown in earnest the land will produce its own wine with a joyous pride in the proceeding. But, push a strange fruit in amidst, and its behaviour is no longer to be trusted! It may welcome it, and send it upwards in full growth, it is true. But, on the other hand, it is as likely as not to harden its stony heart and send the withering leaves of the interloper to a premature death—to the despair of the enterprising experimenter who placed it there.

Much of the Douro, in short, will produce wine, and nothing else. Hence the tragedy of many a small proprietor who, failing in a time of depression to find an adequate market for his grapes, must watch the vines die out, and the embankment crumble, with the bitter knowledge that he has nothing left with which to tempt the soil. It is for this reason above all others that there is so much poverty just now amidst the peasantry of the district.

But it is time to leave the vineyard, for down by the river the train—the long procession of goods trucks that rumble to the front and to the rear of the solitary passenger coach—is approaching at its own sedate pace. Boarding this, one is borne westward for a small stretch. Pinhão is reached just as the sun is about to pass behind the mountain-tops.

Here, too, the Douro hastens along between its double row of hills and mountains. The rich yellow of the tide is flecked here and there with white where the rapids, winding their trail snake-like in the midst of the current, break the surface of the shallower waters into deep wrinkles. The stream is low. In places a long, flat spit of land juts out far into the region of the water, making the most of its summer licence. At the edge of one of these, almost in the centre of the river-bed, is a wooden wheel, and half a mile further down the stream is another. Crude circles that turn slowly by the side of primitive wooden frameworks thatched and walled with reeds and grasses, they too are here only on sufferance. Ere the autumn rains they will be dragged back to the true and remoter bank, or else hasten, in company with the foam of the swelling river, towards Oporto and the sea.

The village lies hard by where a broad bridge spans the river. Set between water and mountains, it is, in common with many others of its kind, an idyll of stone from without, a few lines of mean houses from within. The day's work at an end, it is the busiest hour in the streets just now. About each fountain is a mixed crowd of men, women, and children, who dispute priority for their earthenware pitchers as a matter of form rather than from real animus. Upon the outskirts, where the straggling cottages are walled in with black slates fastened together in the manner of fish-scales, the evidence of poverty is more marked. The garments of the men and women here are worn to their last threads, while as to the quite young children they can boast of none at all, and the small bodies walk or roll upon the warm roadway in the frankest state of nature. But the reis will come in soon, a few of them—for

there is work and to spare at hand. Upon the hills above—those hills whose slopes are seamed and lined by countless terraces—the pale green-white of the grape has already turned to an incipient purple. The Douro is on the eve of its harvest, and much is in the lap of the gods.

The sun has dropped now behind the bare rocks that sprout out from the mountain-tops. It has faded abruptly from the sail of a boat that is coming up-stream—a square sail that bellies above a quaint, high-bowed craft. Upon the lofty platform that rises behind the mast is the steersman manipulating the giant oar whose broad blade cuts the water many yards astern. As it glides away—a speck now upon the level shining stretch between the hills—one has just leisure to mark the growing evening stillness ere it is broken again. From the further bank comes that which interrupts the soft song of the old Douro as it flows by. It is a sound that puzzles the ear. It might be the buzzing of titanic bees ; it might be the harsh scraping of a maddened violin as the notes rise and fall between treble and bass. It is drawing nearer ; and it gains in mystery and weirdness as it approaches. One wonders whether it is not some unearthly, super-Wagnerian orchestra that comes with its clanging chords, now blending, now utterly discordant. It is hard by at length, and now the strange medley of sound shrieks and wails in a fashion that the most strenuous bagpipes could not outdo. Then, emerging from the hedge upon the further bank, an ox-cart has come into view upon the bridge. The oxen that draw it tramp steadily along, a round leather yoke covering the head of each for all the world like a night-cap. Thus, Douro fashion, they push with their heads instead of pulling from their shoulders, while the rude cart follows.

And it is from this humble wooden structure itself that emanates all this sound that fills the air. It is giving out the great song of the Douro—the groaning cry of the axle as wood grinds against wood. It possesses its charm—when heard from afar. And even when ground out into one's very ear, if one would believe the dusty-clothed man with the long pole who tramps by the side of the cart! It is his music—a friendly din that keeps him company throughout the long stretches of lonely road. Marvellously heartening, it sounds for miles about, shrieking out a warning that he is upon his way. And an axle that can do all this—a wild orchestra in itself—shall surely know the calamity of neither grease nor oil. That is a misfortune that unsympathetic towns enforce sometimes; but the free and open country, never!

The cart has crossed the bridge, and its sound has been lost behind the houses of the village. But almost ere it is gone there is a fresh outbreak as another comes out from the village to cross the bridge, and to disappear between the hedges of quince and blackberry upon the further side. And then one knows that it has found company of its own kind. A duet comes humming across the river, and the notes of each are as clearly distinguishable from the other as those of different instruments. The Douro carts are abroad.

The sharp outline of the mountains has faded. They have fallen away into vague shapes—great dark heaps that bear here and there upon their breasts the dim light of a solitary cottage shining like a faint glow-worm. Near by are far brighter sparks; for the fireflies are out, and are dancing their tiny flames by the side of the stream. The hour of the carts is over. The song of the last has fallen to a dim and distant



DOURO ON WAGON





droning—and then was no more. It is the turn of the frogs now. And these, undisturbed, can swell out their concerts to their hearts' content. For the Douro has gone to rest. Lulled by its river, and sheltered by its vine-clad mountains, it is sleeping the sleep of the just—and of the very poor.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### MARKET DAY AT ARRIFANA

*En route* for the fair—A new railway—Some halts by the way—Villa da Feira—Arrifana—A rural lunch—The minstrel—His song—Some aspects of the fair—Native jewellery—A feast of colour beneath a mimosa roof—The art of selling—Some ethics of headgear—The restaurant quarter—Various stalls—Typical produce and wares—The people and their manners—The festal orchestra.

ESPINHO has quite recently been promoted to the proud rank of a railway terminus. Starting from the town by the sand-dunes, a light railway has now flung out a single line towards the Val de Vouga. On the occasion when I travelled upon it, the line had known only a month or so of active existence. On that day, too, it happened that a brand-new engine was attached for the first time to the very comfortable and dainty little train. Afterwards, I am told, the creature of iron became as docile and willing as an Oporto ox. At the beginning it was not so.

In order to watch the *début* of this new engine, a group of the higher officials of the company had boarded the train. The start, on a perfect January morning, was joyous in the extreme. The sun shone brilliantly upon the camellias and minor flowers that bloomed in the gardens, and upon the many-hued boats that lined the foreshore. Then one had left the dunes to the right, and had entered a country of hills and valleys

and dells. Here and there mud walls, smothered in fern, partitioned off one section of the country from another. Everywhere were the pine-woods, and at intervals in their midst the yellow of the mimosa glowed in brilliant rivalry to the gold of the orange fruit that at times all but extinguished the dark green foliage that held the clustering globes aloft.

It was as well that the landscape was such as it was; for the engine, its constitution as yet misunderstood, jibbed conscientiously at each hill. There would ensue a lengthy wait and innumerable whistlings—these latter a pure piece of bluff on the part of the driver for the benefit of the passengers. Then would follow a backing of the train, and the entire group of officials would surround the obstinate engine as, wreathed about in smoke and hissings, it accumulated the necessary head of steam. After which it would charge the hill with riotous success.

But no one took the engine seriously. In the first place, it was 'feira' day at Arrifana, and the minds of all were on holiday bent. In the second, the halts amidst such surroundings were enjoyable rather than the reverse. With the crisp air filled with the scent of pine and violet, and with great branches of white and pink heather standing up in the background—each was at least as good a place in which to remain as any other. Moreover, the train itself was still sufficient of a wonder in the district to cause the aspect of the local peasantry to be of no little interest. Amazement and vicarious pride were not yet out of their eyes as they came flocking to the line to stare at this new thing that had come to do honour to their country.

Thus one went—always with the intermittent pauses—along a well-constructed permanent way, past brand-new stations,

to Villa da Feira with its fine old castle of the Templars, surmounted by its four minarets, standing out boldly upon a hill. Then on to Arrifana itself. At some distance from the actual town, the railway halt here is decidedly a place of little outward consequence. Indeed, but for a levelling of the ground in the immediate neighbourhood, one might well mistake it for any other part of the line.

Descending, one walks a few hundred yards over open country towards the town. Ere entering it, an outlying booth intervenes, a booth that supplies *bacalháo*—dried codfish—chestnuts, bread, cakes, fruit, and wine. One may lunch here as well as elsewhere, seeing that, in any case, it will be country fare and nothing beyond to-day. Consequently, one commences on the *bacalháo* in the simple fashion of the land, armed with a two-pronged fork and a small clasp-knife that are proffered with a courtesy sufficient in itself to remedy the crudity of the implements, if anything could. For beverage there is red wine in thick and very honest tumblers. To my mind—the confession is made with shame—a little of this very popular *bacalháo* goes a long way. On the other hand, the maize bread, in enormous rolls, bright yellow within, is palatable to a degree. Then comes the turn of the chestnuts, roasting on the top of the graceful, curved, earthenware stove. For the equivalent of fourpence more than a hundred of the steaming nuts are ladled out, and the lunch, in consequence, is prolonged in justice to their excellence.

In the meanwhile, from within the booth itself comes the sound of twanging and of tuning. A dark-skinned minstrel, poising his guitar, appears on the simple stage afforded by the open front of the booth. With no other preliminary than a

deep bow he breaks into song. His pose is fully as negligent as the romantic ethics of his order require. Leaning easily against the side of the wooden cabin, his eyes—to be frank, they constitute the one saving feature in his face—are as eloquent as his words. Dreamy and rapt, they search in turn the countenance of each of his small audience as his theme develops. The songs are of his own composition, and it must be admitted that their tenor is tremendously diffuse. His voice, moreover, a little nasal, makes little effort to disturb the monotony of the twanging accompaniment. Utterly reposeful of body, he scorns gesture of any kind, relying for effect upon the solemn sinking of his voice at intervals, and upon the play of his eyes.

In the final song he touches his deepest note of melancholy, and a strong touch of the Orient wail enters his notes. He has lost his love—his love who was his life and who was so beautiful that all things paled before her. Nevertheless, his despairing soul clung to the last poor shreds of hope. His pilgrimage in quest of her was unceasing. Searching the world, he put his question to all he met, and his song gave the answers as they came. He asked the heavens; they knew her not. The waves sorrowfully moaned out their ignorance, and the stars wept shining tears since they had not seen her. When the three Marys themselves could tell him nothing he went back to the North Star, and asked again in vain. In the end he found that—she was dead. And here the effect of the dropped voice, the words uttered with a softness that is essentially Portuguese, was successful in the extreme.

The minstrel has tendered his hat for his small harvest of copper; the last chestnut has been taken from the earthenware

stove, and the thick tumblers are empty of red wine. It is time to go on to the fair proper.

The site of the ceremony is a broad expanse of tree-shaded ground in the neighbourhood of the church. Upon the outskirts are carts, wagons, and tethered donkeys, with here and there a mule or pony in their ranks, cheek by jowl with numerous small companies of pigs. Beyond is the crowd itself ; for the place is densely filled with clustering folk. There is a going and coming, a ceaseless movement, and a kaleidoscopic effect produced by the prevailing colours of the crowd, green, yellow, blue, and red. For sound there is a buzzing murmur. The harsher shoutings and calls have no place here. There is vocal animation in plenty ; but the animation is of the murmured order.

Seeing that the market is a monthly one, the ground has been more or less permanently adapted to the purpose. The wood and canvas of the streets of booths are supported in many instances by roughly-hewn stone columns, while here and there the roofing of the stalls is of the quaint, red, curved tiles that are common to the country. Along the front of the booths, and stretching out independently in many directions, are broad counters of solid stone.

The jewellery stalls are the first to be met with ; some dozen or so in a line. Displayed upon the wall at the back of each is a brilliant array of gold. Hung upon sheets of white paper are great gold brooches, crosses, stars, earrings, and other ornaments of the kind. The white walls of the dozen stalls are thickly festooned with these for a space of not less than fifty yards—a glittering background, and a costly one ! There are many hundreds of pounds in ornaments here, almost

within reach of the crowd. But there is no trace of anxiety upon the sellers' faces. Snatching and thieving have yet to be learned in the neighbourhood, and the array of gold is as safe as though behind iron bars.

Moving onwards, one passes by a group of stalls that are covered with the round black hats beloved of the women of the district. The tops of some are plain; others, however, have a feather nestling coyly upon the surface. Beyond these booths is a group of minstrels surrounded by a sedate and appreciative audience. Until now the ground has been shaded by cork-trees, trees whose trunks bear the same traces of yielded bark as those in the outer forests. All at once these give way to a grove of mimosa. One arrives without warning at a perfect blaze of colour, and the scene has become gorgeous. Beneath are the brilliant kerchiefs, shawls, and skirts of the women, moving in a confused rainbow fashion amidst the piles of bright-red pottery that is exposed for sale, while from out of this rise the tree trunks to support a roof made from the golden waves of mimosa. As a picture it is unsurpassable! Spread over half an acre, the ceaseless blending and disentangling of the hues continues beneath the yellow, scented, billowing canopy. There is not a corner of the fair but has its own points of interest; yet again and again, unsated, one returns to this spot.

Near by is a row of stalls hidden beneath the soft black hats—the 'chapeos'—of the men. Each of these stalls, in tribute to the power of sex, is in charge of a girl, a perfect siren, filled as plentifully with wiles as is the roasting oven with chestnuts. One may sit here beneath the scented golden roof, and may watch the development of comedy—of an endless succession of comedies, each of which elsewhere would be worth a half-

guinea stall. Never were girls more subtly versed in the art of sale. Imagine the mannerisms of a charity bazaar saleswoman at home joined to the tremendous intent of the temperance orator, and you have a tithe—nothing beyond—of their capabilities.

An instance of this is even now being displayed. An elderly peasant, passing along in the company of his wife, has fallen into the clutches—such soft clutches—of one of these dark-eyed young witches. His own hat is already off his head, replaced by a new one from the stall. The girl is poisoning the thing with an elaboration of caressing gestures. Then she turns the wearer about with incredible care and gentleness. A tiny mirror is placed in his hand : he is made to look at the picture it presents, while, with one hand supporting the mirror and the other encircling his arm, the girl smiles with apparently unaffected delight into the peasant's face. Such reverent touches of fluttering hands, such pride in the hat, such admiration for the wearer, such joy in the union of the two—never were features and pose more deeply expressive.

The peasant's wife is obviously a soulless and unsentimental creature. Here is the patch of shadow that mars the sunlight ; for, scenting danger to the pocket, she is frowning openly. But the girl is fully alive to this danger to the situation. Releasing the man for a few instants, she rushes to the wife, caresses her, and pleads with her with as much soft passion as though it were for her lover's life. Then she is back, and another hat is upon the man's head. It is even more becoming than the last. The girl has broken out into a gentle delirium—a rhapsody of admiration ; but the wife, unrelenting, frowns again, and calls with impatience to her dazzled mate.



The affair has developed into a battle between two women ; for by this time the man is frankly helpless. His hand is being clasped ; there are tears in the girl's voice—but none in her eyes—the climax is undoubtedly at hand. Then ensues an untimely interruption. An enormous pink pig, ferocity in his eye and rage in his gait, comes charging by the very spot where one is sitting. Until the creature has been brought flat to the ground by the cord about his hind leg a certain confusion prevails. When the pig and his master have once more set off upon their very strenuous travels one looks again in the direction of the hat stalls. Would it be believed ! The girl is alone, biting her lips. The old peasant is moving off beneath the convoy of his wife. Such a rugged, hard-eyed wife—and such a pretty girl !

It is as it should be ; the wife has won. Yet it seems incredible, and, most immorally, one actually feels sorry for the fact—far more sorry than when one has seen a similar performance repeated some half-dozen times. Nevertheless this pure waste of dramatic tenderness is lamentable, although general. For the peasant, whether married or single, has a careful habit of inspecting the wares of each stall in turn ere definitely deciding upon a purchase. Another of the girls has hooked a youth, holding him gently but firmly by the collar as she places a hat upon his head. Yet even he—young and obviously impressionable—escapes. Commerce and gallantry go ill together here. I can guarantee that such tactics employed in London would leave no hat upon a stall in two minutes. But here the caresses are taken for what they are worth. They are from the hat, not the heart, and the procedure is perfectly understood by both parties.

One is passing now through a street of booths that display dress material in which the gaudiest hues predominate. Lying amidst the soft goods are spindles and distaffs, reels of cotton, combs, and a thousand other articles appertaining to woman's realm. And then, upon a raised plot of ground, the restaurant quarter of the fair reveals itself. There is a sound of hissing and frying from a score of *bacalháo* stands, and, seated at low, crude tables, is a great collection of folk busily falling to upon the steaming fish. Others are feasting upon small, dried soles. A convenient fish this, since, being cold, even the two-pronged fork is unnecessary, and it is eaten from the hand in the oldest and most simple fashion of all.

Mingled with the odour of the fish is that of chestnuts, for there are some dozens of roasters here, and each is hard at work, the attendant women stirring the flames beneath by means of little fans. For dessert there are biscuits, cakes, and fruit, while throughout the meal the great rolls of bright yellow bread hold good. For beverage there is the red wine of the country, or lemonade in gargantuan tumblers. A busy corner this, where the fish sizzles on the embers, where the mingled odours rise, and where the proprietors of each tiny stall go, bustling and laden, to and fro.

All the while in the main fair there has been no cessation in the movement. Now will come a man laden with basket-ware pressing through the throng, now another, his small donkey cleaving a way before him, and now a woman from Aveiro, her bright shawl slung crossways about her shoulders in distinction. It is decidedly the women who lend the salient features to the occasion. With the round black caps set above the kerchiefs—in which the green and yellow tints predominate







A DOURO OX YOKE.



—that flow out loosely behind the head and that are caught in again beneath the nape of the neck, they are picturesque to a degree. All are bejewelled, more or less heavily according to their wealth, with the earrings, crosses, and brooches such as are displayed in the stalls near by. At intervals a rural sportsman, his gun slung across his shoulders, presses his way along, too occupied with the varied exhibition of the wares to find time to gaze at the multitude of handsome girls that the fair contains. Small children, wide-eyed; old men of introspective mien; ancient women, the keenest bargain-drivers of all; young sparks of lads who are out for amusement and care not a fig for commerce—all go past in an endless succession that continues its bewildering effect of figures and colours.

And still there is no jarring note—nothing but the great chorus of murmurings punctuated by the soft callings of the salesfolk. Buy some trifle, and behold the courtesy that will accompany the transaction. ‘The Senhor shall have the best—but why should he be troubled to carry it with him about the fair; for the sun is hot for January? If it is not too much trouble, let him come back ere he leaves: it shall be nicely packed and ready for him. He can pay then, if he will. If he would remember the stall for future purchases, it would be kind.’ All this, moreover, concerns nothing more important than the purchase of a spindle and distaff for the equivalent of fivepence!

Each quarter of the market, as will doubtless already have been gathered, is parcelled out strictly for its own special branches of industry. The variety of these is sufficiently great. Here is the space allotted to vegetables and fruit,

onions, turnips, tomatoes, oranges, and all the rest of the produce standing out in very appetising mounds. There are innumerable baskets full of sardines, each basket resting upon the sheepskin that, when the load is carried upon the head, protects the bearer from the oily drippings of the fish. Beyond are strips of raw hide for the making of ox-yokes, and sheaves of agricultural implements—of iron, and as such to be distinguished from the wooden specimens of the south. Near by are boots and blankets, and next to these a space devoted to the *Palhosas*—the overcoats made of straw that serve so efficiently as waterproofs, and that, when worn, remind one so irresistibly of the casing in which the ordinary wine bottle is wont to be wrapped.

Returning once more to the ground beneath the yellow mimosa blossom, one discovers that a really important band of musicians have struck up their music. The guitars are twanging lustily, and every now and then the performers break out into song, a rendering much appreciated by the serious-eyed crowd. And then—one has arrived once more at the outskirts of the gathering, where the tethered donkeys, mules, and ponies are still waiting with exemplary patience. A couple of men, homeward bound, are already departing. Their route, subjected largely to the vagaries of obstinate and freshly purchased pigs, is devious and halting. Following in platonic sympathy, one has left the streets of Arrifana, and the colours, sounds, and sights of the fair. Nothing remains but to wait for the small train at the *al fresco* station in the fields.



## CHAPTER XXV

### FROM OPORTO TO LISBON

A southern Holland—Aveiro—A city of canals—Pampilhosa—The drive to Bussaco—Strenuous copper collectors—Typical roadside scenes—Bussaco—The convent and forest—The battlefield—Action by the convent—Past and present—The hotel—Its architecture—Charm of the surroundings—The mark of the vandal—The *garde-chasse*—Coimbra, Batalha, and Alcobaca—Present influence of national monuments—The survival of the Portuguese race.

THE train journey from Oporto to Pampilhosa, the station for Bussaco, is as rapid and pleasant as could be desired, being effected in a comfortable corridor coach that joins the Sud Express at the junction of Pampilhosa. Past Granja and Espinho, the first sections of the line run through pine-woods that permit intermittent glimpses of the dunes and ocean to the right. Traversing a dead level country here, the rails are laid in a series of perfectly straight lines, each distinguished from the other by a slight bend at intervals of two or three miles. Nearing Aveiro, and inclining slightly inland, one has entered a country that bears a curious resemblance to the plains of Holland.

The level expanse of meadow and marsh with the sails moving slowly across them upon a network of invisible streams—the scene might be altogether Dutch, were it not for the greater wealth of trees, copses, and vegetation that mottles the surface of these southern flat lands. As the waters of

the nearer streams open out in turn, moreover, and the hulls of the boats themselves become visible, it is obvious that they are of quite another pattern to the northern river craft. Crescent-shaped, like the great fishing boats of the coast, their bows and sterns prick upwards with picturesque airiness. The quaint boats are everywhere, passing to and fro in all directions, and lying in flotillas at rest in the broader openings of the streams that afford them tiny havens.

Once past Aveiro, a city likewise of canals, the mountains draw ever nearer, closing in majestically from the east, the ground in the neighbourhood becoming more broken as Pampilhosa is approached. From this point the drive to Bussaco itself is through typical Portuguese scenery. Vineyards; fields of maize and barley; white cottages with shady trellis-work at their sides from which the bunches of grapes hang downwards from out of the green leaves; olive groves and orchards, stand out one after the other by the side of the road.

As the ground rises more and more, the belts of pine and stretches of heather become more continuous, interspersed, as is all the rest, with a glowing carpet of wild-flowers. There are signs of a modern spirit upon this drive to Bussaco—not only in the road, which is excellent, but in the persons of the chance urchins upon it as well. It is obvious that the stranger has left his mark here, and a little of his coin, too. Here and there a chance pack of very juvenile human wolves are stirred into action at the sight of the carriage. Leaping out from the roadside, they speed along, full cry, in chase. Their endurance is a testimony to the staying powers of young Portugal. A coin flung will arrest only a tithe of their number. The rest patter on, their bare feet striking up a cloud of dust that

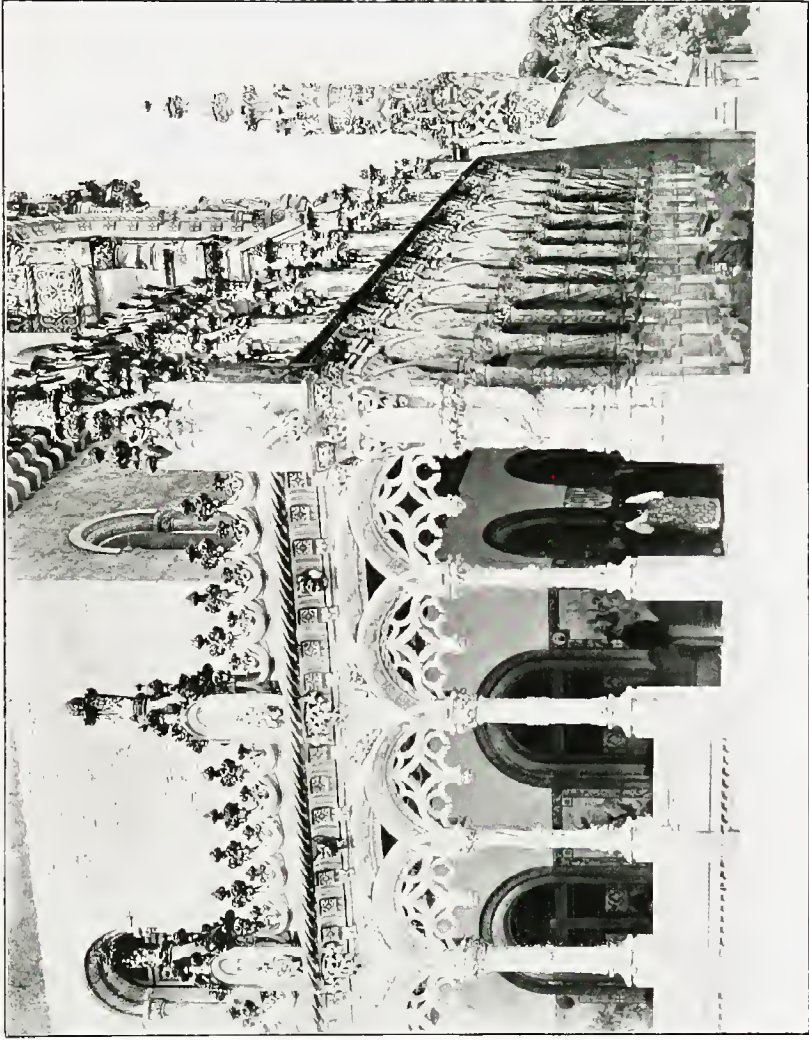
follows relentlessly behind the greater volume roused by the hoofs and wheels. The jettisoning of a second coin leaves only a desperate few who stagger along for a few minutes more despite the growing gap between them and the vehicle. The last glimpse of the devoted band shows their small bodies prone in the dust, flung there to pant in the midst of the roadway.

Plunging upwards through more belts of pine, many with hollows scooped out in their trunks from which the gum drips into a vessel beneath, one has come to the uplands now, and the panorama to the west is extending with each mile. Then, to the front, appear the broad gates. A winding drive through masses of verdure—and one has arrived!

Set in the midst of its guardian forest is the convent of Bussaco. Half-hidden by the verdure as it has always been, it is true that the building is less noticeable now than at any time since the period of its erection. Overshadowed by the gleaming white walls and towers of a great hotel, the lowly convent has become dwarfed and architecturally insignificant. Fortunately this curious juxtaposition savours of no vandalism. One has to thank the Portuguese for the fact that the stateliness and the richly carved arches and colonnades of the newer building with its pinnacles and turrets suggest a significance far more sentimental than the place actually bears. And the convent is still there, its sober tints blinking in the face of the pure white stone of its neighbour. The pebble mosaic upon its ancient walls, its cork doors, the rows of monastic cells, and the great stone cross in the courtyard—all is as it was when the robes of the Carmelites fluttered to and fro about the spot.

All about, pressing in from every point upon the buildings, is the forest. The rolling waves of verdure have clung to the slopes from time immemorial, but with the later centuries their composition has become more and more heterogeneous and exotic. When the brethren went across the seas to labour in the tracks of the early navigators, they, remembering Bussaco, sent back to the convent the growths of the newer lands. So it is that the pine, chestnut, and oak of the original wood stand cheek by jowl with timber from southern lands, and rare cedars, and that the palms and tree ferns spread the broad fans of their leaves about the lower slopes. And now, last of all, the tall eucalyptus has come to mingle with the rest and to send its blue leafage high above the tops of the older trees. The entire forest, moreover, is still walled in, and thus held aloof from the outer world. The spot lays claim to a peculiar sanctity, and, carved upon the stone of the main entrance, are the words of the papal bull that forbids the entrance of woman or the damaging of a plant within the walls on pain of excommunication. The latter edict still holds good ; but the former does not.

Indeed, the monastic pomp of Bussaco has departed. The sacred paths are there, wrought beautifully in cobbles, that wind in and out of the leafy haunts ; but they know none of those solemn processions that passed slowly between the tree trunks over the ground dappled with shadow and brilliant light. As for the chapels and shrines that formed the stations by the way, they are silent too, and the broken figures within them lie in fragments behind the bars as they have lain for three-quarters of a century. But the fern upon the roofs, the stonecrop upon the walls, and the crumbling stone itself



BUSSACO : A CORNER OF THE HOTEL



has lent to them a new lease of another kind of beauty, that fits in well with the slumbrous peace of the spot. There are rural guards armed with muzzle-loading rifles, and gardeners, and visitors here and there, it is true ; but the spot remains as tranquil as it has ever been—far more so, indeed, than has been its lot upon occasion. In the early ages the armed sentinel monks would peer out from Cruz Alta, the highest point near by, to scan the spreading country below for a glimpse of hostile steel. For when the marauding Moors were out upon the lowlands it was for the brethren to defend the lofty convent and forest by means of the secular arm. But these strenuous days had been forgotten for centuries when Bussaco echoed once again to the clash of steel, and to the roaring of the more modern weapons, and the inmates of the convent in 1810, long weaned from warlike exercises, stood by as helpless and terrified spectators.

Passing out from the convent to the north it is but a few minutes ere the wall is reached ; the trees fall away, and one is out in the open upon the very field of battle. From the edge of the small plateau the slope falls abruptly away, and it is just here that occurred one of the most brilliant of those struggles upon the whole of the long line. Down below, where the trees and copses mottle the valley, is the village of Sula. It was upon the further side of this that Craufurd's first skirmishing line, the 95th Regiment and the Portuguese Caçadores, awaited the onslaught of Ney's tried battalions, the troops that had marched westwards in a practically unbroken series of victories. Charging through the white morning mist, the French came on with all the confidence of that success which had led them as far as here. Stubborn from

the very commencement, the fight rolled slowly up the hillside, the allies, their line fed by more Caçadores, contending fiercely for every inch of the upward way. Through Sula, with the British shells already crashing in the midst of the attacking ranks, up the steeper slopes behind, and then the smoke and turmoil of the combat had mounted until it raged just beneath the crest itself of the heights. By the time the attenuated lines of skirmishers had passed behind the ranks of their waiting comrades above their task had been gallantly fulfilled. The French, their valour undiminished, were advancing still—but reeling with fatigue, and with a thick trail of dead and wounded in their tracks. Then, when the crest, lined by the 43rd and 52nd, blazed suddenly with fire, came the end. Ney's intrepid battalions, smothered and utterly broken beneath the bullets and steel of the pursuing allies, went staggering back in a shapeless mass down the hillside. Along the other points of the line the result had been the same. Bussaco had turned the invading tide. Its eddies, swerving to surge helplessly upon the works of Torres Vedras, recoiled eastwards for good in a pitiful stream.

Upon the spot itself little imagination is needed to picture the scene. The slopes and the valley beneath, untouched, are as they were all but a century ago. Upon the road that leads to the crest comes a peasant with his ox-cart, while, below, a troop of women, kerchiefs bound round their heads, are harvesting in the fields. All is as it was, from the costume of the peasant to the wild-flowers, butterflies, and blue sky. Only the monks have gone, and the convent knows them no more. Which is perhaps a little hard, considering that for almost a thousand years the









DOURC WINE BOAT



place had waxed and gained in charm under their care alone.

To turn to the more modern topic of the hotel itself, the building is undoubtedly unique in the entire world of hotels. Just as its exterior, standing out with its white towers and pinnacles from the midst of the forest, would be taken for almost anything but what it represents, so it is at the first glimpse of the interior. A vision of pure white domes and arches, the stone of which has been carved, chiselled, and fretted, until from out of the cold material a veritable flower-bed of sculpture seems to have sprung. From the arches fall fringes of stone of a depth and delicacy of elaboration that calls to mind a close network of twigs, frosted on a winter's morning. Intricate Manueline scrolls here, there, and everywhere; galleries with pillars carved and decorated to the last inch, no single one of which resembles its neighbour in design; balconies that repose behind a perfect fretwork of stone—Bussaco is as exotic in the wealth of its sculpture as it has been in the labour that awoke all this flowering stone to life! That it was originally intended for a royal palace explains much. But the vastness of the work; the utter minuteness of the carving—one could lop a foot's length from any of the hundreds of columns, and find the segment a thing of beauty in itself—shows a conscientiousness of finish and a pure devotion to the craft that is to be met with in Asia, and more especially India, but is now almost unknown in Europe.

Perhaps one of the most delightful spots in the building is the *Floreira*. Here, the elaboration of the stonework is even more marked than elsewhere, and the aspect of the verdure without, seen through the tracery that adorns the glassless

window spaces, is one not to be forgotten. The dining-room is of similar design to the rest; but the harmony here, it occurred to me, was not a little marred by the pattern of the ceiling, a curious collection of wooden cones that hang down from above like blunt icicles painted in various colours. In the hall and vestibule are some particularly fine specimens of the *Azulejo* art. One of great size represents an Indian battle-scene, with Albuquerque in the foreground. Another, but little smaller, represents Lord Wellington on horseback. In both of these the figures in the foreground are of life-size.

As a hotel, Bussaco constitutes a very important, if recent, institution. Within the classic shell are a hundred and twenty bedrooms, and the establishment is conducted on a very excellent and up-to-date system. Although so recently founded, the place has already succeeded in arrogating to itself two distinct seasons. The late winter and spring are devoted to the English—hence the golf-links and tennis-court—while the Portuguese seek the coolness of the shaded heights in the summer months.

To wander out from the great white building directly into the forest grove is to know a very pleasant experience. One may walk for day after day along the shadowy paths, revelling in the sacred stone stairway—the Fonte Fria—with its flights of steps divided in the centre by the running stream, passing chapel after chapel, and may light upon some fresh object of interest on each occasion. And then there are the palms, and the sacred way that winds upwards to the *Cruz Alta*. As for the chapels themselves, worn, crumbling, hirsute with moss and roofed with fern—each peers out of the verdure with the



THE FLOREIRA: BUSSACO





added dignity of passive age. Not that they invariably obtain the respect due to their mossy years. The majority, indeed, have been claimed by visitors for their own use—none could say aggrandisement. Every available inch of the walls here has been covered with pencilled signatures. Even the *Cruz Alta* and the remaining crosses have not been spared. Fortunately, from a distance of a few yards the marring effect of the vandalism is lost. Fortunately also, amongst all the thousands of scribblings I noticed only one single English name. A gentleman from Southport had added his signature to that roll of doubtful fame. Having no desire to assist its perpetuity even in this small way, I do not reproduce it here.

On the way back one may meet with a *garde-chasse*—the property is that of the Government. Strolling peacefully along as he is at present, report has it—though it may lie—that he and his brethren are responsible for the dearth of song-birds here. Blackbirds and the rest, it is true, are good to eat, and much to his taste. Nevertheless, one doubts the power of his gun. The old muzzle-loader that lies sloping along his shoulder is of a type that suggests inaccuracy and the salvation of many a pure-throated bird. Afterwards, returning, one may sit in the *Floreira* upon one of those quaint chairs that the inhabitants of Santarem contrive. Made solely of rushes that yield to every motion of the body, they are nevertheless provided with a high back and with arms, the result being an unusual degree of comfort. From here one may watch the building of the new wing that is being added to the hotel, and admire the ingenuity of the rising road of planks that, built like a crude bridge, rises at an angle from a point some distance away to the top of the building. It is the Portuguese

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equivalent for a ladder—one upon which a wheelbarrow may be trundled from the bottom to the top.

Bussaco is within an easy distance of Coimbra, the stately university town whose buildings rise up in rich clusters amidst the vegetation on the banks of the Mondego. Rather more than midway between this latter point and Lisbon are the far-famed sites of Batalha and Alcobaça, the one separated from the other by little more than a dozen miles. Both are monuments welded deeply within the sentiment of Portugal, and perhaps the greatest architectural landmarks of all that stand out from the nation's historical road. But the wonderful buildings and associations of the first, and the glorified romance of the other—the home of dead kings too, wherein Dom Pedro and Inez de Castro lie foot to foot in stone as do their bones within the sarcophagus beneath, in order that their eyes, filled again with the interrupted love, may meet at the moment itself of resurrection—these are too famous for description here. Since both historical buildings remain unaltered in design, there is nothing that can fittingly be added to the words of the famous writers of the past and even of the present. Rather than incur the evils either of terse recapitulation or of impressions necessarily purely egotistic, it is surely best to avoid the attempt.

The significance of these superb tokens of a past grandeur to the Portuguese themselves is another matter. With these, their monuments and traditions, continually before its eyes, it is difficult to be pessimistic concerning the ultimate fate of the nation. For all that it has suffered, its energy, though paralysed from time to time, has never become atrophied. The disease from which it has suffered has been mental rather



PORTUGUESE SCAFFOLD LADDER: BUSSACO



than physical. For the cure it has a potent remedy at hand in its traditions. From their perpetual glow it can light again the flame of the true patriotism that has never ceased to smoulder through even the most despairing periods.

Just now there is reason for genuine hope of such a revival—but it is *les premiers pas qui content*, and it is upon these that the immediate destiny of the nation will depend. Let it not be forgotten that it is no inertia of the people that has caused the country's misfortunes, but an adverse fate that has set its course surging vainly in unprofitable zig-zag lines instead of in a direct course of progress. And now the nation is rubbing its eyes, and, political confusion notwithstanding, awakening fast.

It is thought by many that the sterner qualities of the Portuguese disappeared with the loss of his wider dominions. The reason for this, if dissected, is merely that his actions have since then been performed upon a diminished and far less noticeable stage. He has suffered many evils; but, in the main, degeneracy is not one of these. Essentially, he is a worker, and a striver after better things. Now, there is no foreign invader to be flung from the land, nor do new territories remain to be discovered and colonised. It is to the field of to-day that the Portuguese is awaking. And what he has done in the ages when men fought and wrought in a world of shadowy and fearsome boundaries he may do again beneath the clearer skies of modern enlightenment.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### A PORTUGUESE BULL-FIGHT

#### SOME SCENES AND HUMOURS OF THE ARENA

ACCORDING to the Spaniard, Portuguese bull-fights are matters of no account. Deficient in deaths and lacking even a fair and proportionate flow of blood, the opinion of the Castilian or Andalusian concerning such ignoble sport is wont to be expressed by a shrug of contempt. When, at the end of each performance, no single dead horse litters the sand, and when the bull shambles out of the ring little the worse save for a red patch upon his shoulder where the bandarilhos hang, the utter lack of finish to the affair is deplorable—according to the Spaniard. Nevertheless, a Portuguese bull-fight with all its ethics of comparative humanity, affords a sufficiently thrilling spectacle to the less hardened foreigner.

As a matter of fact, the Portuguese is deeply imbued with the love of his own type of bull-fight. No town in the land of any size at all is without its ring. The appearance of these varies considerably. The more important cities boast an imposing structure of stone and brick—an amphitheatre that will seat thousands upon thousands of spectators. The minor towns have, perforce, to be content with more humble erections of wood that, less decorative though they are, serve their purpose equally well.

For the bull-fight at its best one turns naturally to Lisbon. Here, within the great circle of the building, each Sunday and each feast day witnesses a performance of its own. Here, too, the thing is done in a style befitting the capital. A great balloon may soar up from the arena to mark the hour of the start; long lines of special tramcars wait upon the rails just without, while near by are rows upon rows of carriages whose occupants have passed in to the amphitheatre. But here, notwithstanding these latter vehicles, the glory of the passage has been lost, according to all good and patriotic Lisbon folk. In the old days the procession of the various equipages afforded an all-absorbing sight. Now, although many still roll to and fro along the Avenida—and some amongst them illuminated by the brilliant costumes of the bull-fighters themselves—the prosaic electric cars carry the great majority, to the serious detriment of individuality and of the picturesque.

The Lisbon audience, moreover, with so many spectacular opportunities at its doors, has become a little *blasé*, and chary, by comparison with the rest, of praise and blame. To witness the national characteristics and the true enthusiasm of the bull-fight it is necessary to go into the provinces. The bulls may not all attain to the same level of fiery excellence; the performers may not display the same consistency of skill. but the scene more than repays these disadvantages.

Choose for the purpose a *feira* day in the South—the less-travelled South where the sun beats down upon white walls and moorish roofs. The town is thronged with visitors—countrymen from far and wide. Each of the booking-offices scattered about the place has attracted its own stream of

folk throughout the morning. Now the hour has come. Men in cloth or plush, women in kerchiefs and shawls, go singing in crowds along the eucalyptus-lined street that leads to the scene of the *Corridas de Touros*. As one enters the amphitheatre the clamour of the multitude within strikes immediately and forcefully upon the ear. The *sol*—that portion upon which the sun's rays beat fiercely—is already crowded with the humble patrons of the cheapest seats. A rich harvest of black umbrellas sprouts from the people there, while some, who can afford a seat but no umbrella—have improvised shelter by raising aloft shade-giving coats upon the ends of sticks. Here the noise is unrestrained. Callings and whistlings, stampings and song come in confused volleys from the wooden benches. The aristocratic *sombra* is not yet filled, although men in cosmopolitan costume, and gaily dressed ladies are arriving to occupy the space from the boxes above to the nethermost seats by the ring.

In the narrow outer circle beneath—the space, sacred to the fighters, that separates the audience from the ring itself—are a couple of sellers of lemonade, mineral beverages, and plain water. They are doing a brisk trade, more especially amongst the inhabitants of the *sol*. In response to the shouted commands their voices become ever hoarser, while those who sit in the intermediate rows dutifully pass the bottles to the purchasers above, and hand down the coppers in return.

Intoxicating liquor of any kind is conspicuously absent. One gathers, indeed, from the excitement of the crowd that any stimulant beyond the wild anticipation of the immediate future is entirely unnecessary.

The *sombra* has filled now; the great building is packed





A PORTUGUESE BULL-FIGHT: THE PARADE



at all points of its circle. The orchestra, perched upon its platform half-way up the amphitheatre, strikes out its first chords with an ambitious clash, and to the tune of it the clamour of the crowd dies suddenly away.

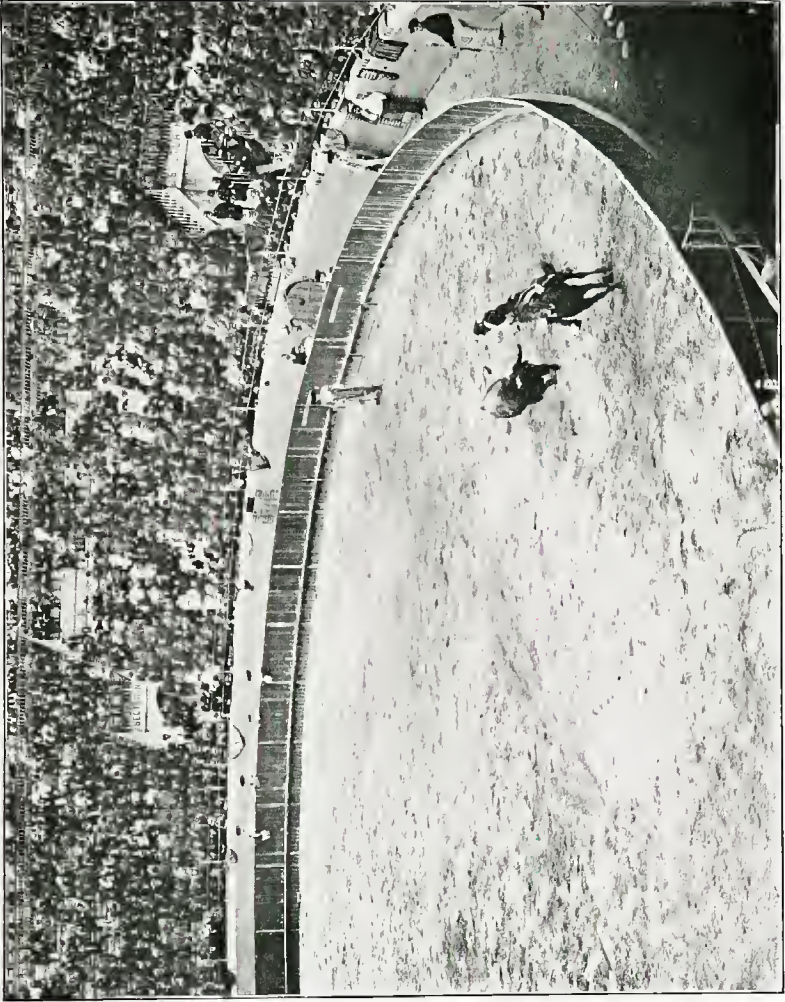
The wide gates have been flung open. There is a glitter of spangles and a sheen of colour. The bull-fighters are entering in procession. Applause comes in a long roll now, drowning individual cries. Two cavalleiros in three-cornered laced hats, embroidered coats, and the rest of the costume to match, prance forward on magnificent horses. Bandarilheiros in the gorgeous garb of their calling, Spanish espadas, and the *forcados*, short and sturdy, the final assailants of the bull, march to the centre to form up in lines.

The footmen have retired whence they came. The two cavalleiros, curvetting and pirouetting in *haute école*, have backed their horses outwards through the gate. A short pause ensues. But for the hoarse cries of the lemonade sellers the amphitheatre is strangely silent. One of the cavalleiros enters again, and as the gates close behind him a series of dull, menacing thuds sounds behind a second doorway that gives directly upon the arena. The cavalleiro has taken a gaily-decked lance, a yard or so in length, from one of the attendants at the ring side. Then he moves his horse into position at a point in the arena.

One has scarcely realised that the thing is about to commence when it is in full swing. A dark body, with hairs bristling and horns well down, has sped out from the second doorway like an arrow from a bow. The cavalleiro's horse is already cantering along the edge of the circle as the bull, plunging wildly once or twice in the centre of the ring, turns

his eyes in quest of a victim. He has seen the horse now, and in a flash has swung round and is charging directly upon it, while the crowd murmurs in admiration of his fury. The spurs are in the horse's flank : he dashes along at a gallop as the bull swerves in his charge to cut him off and to pin him to the barrier. Approaching from the centre, his task is the easier. For half a dozen seconds there is a maddened race between the two. The cavalleiro turns in his saddle, and poises his lance. At the very moment when it appears inevitable that the horns must strike the horse's flank he leans over—and the weapon falls. The bull stops dead, dances wildly, then leaps into the air, squealing with impotent rage, and writhing to shake from him the lance that clings to his hide. The horse slows, first to a canter, then to a walk. The applause rolls round the arena in mighty gusts. The first thrust has been a good one.

Another lance is handed to the cavalleiro. The performance is repeated. But on this occasion the onslaught of the bull is more cautious, less fiery. The crowd is already longing for an acuter burst of excitement. Shouts run the whole length of that haunt of noise, the *sol*. 'Curtos! Curtos!' The cries grow in insistence. The cavalleiro, accepting the challenge, rides to the barrier and receives a pair of ordinary short bandarilhos. The bull is charging again. The rider bends back over the very crupper of his galloping horse. Only a few inches separate the horns from the panting flank ; the man is hanging over the very neck of the bull as he strikes downwards. The darts are firmly embedded in the hide ! A roar swells up from the audience—a roar that grows thunderous as streams of gaudy paper flutter out from the body of



THE CHARGE



the darts across the widening space that intervenes between horse and bull. The bandarilhos have been filled with it, and the rider continues to unwind the paper ribbon until its entire length falls to the ground. It is as though the bull, willy-nilly, were rendering up some unsuspected treasure of his own. This is new! The phenomenon gains more applause even than the consummate dexterity of the stroke.

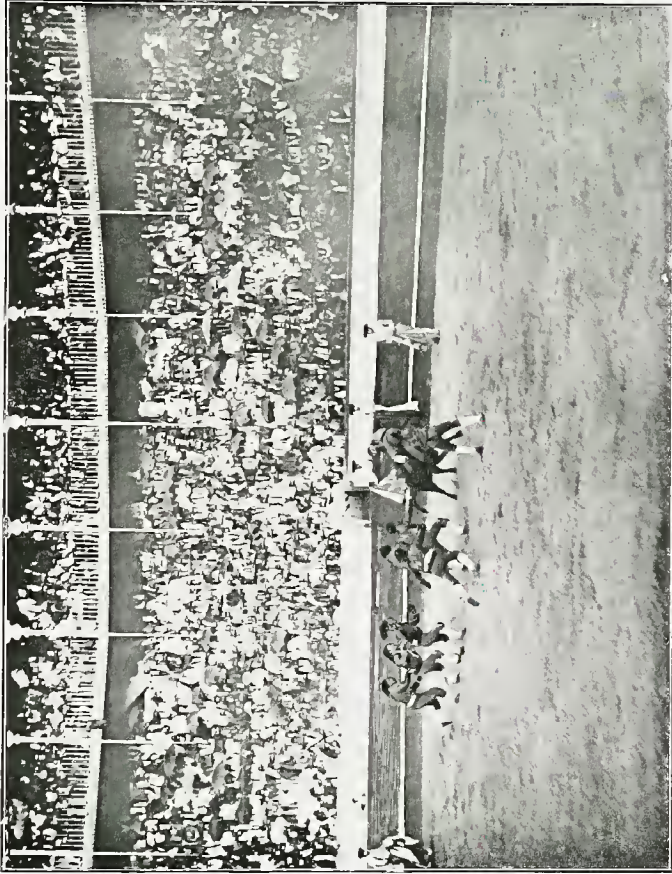
The cavalleiro, his quarrel with the bull concluded, has departed from the arena. It is the turn of the bandarilheiros now. And here the performance is strictly orthodox, as Spanish as is the subsequent play of the Spaniard—the espada, known commonly to English folk as matador. But, instead of his wonted steel blade, the espada wields for the occasion a lightly-barbed stick. With this comparatively innocuous weapon he makes his passes, and the audience judges his play upon its merits. A good-looking, graceful man, with the iron-moulded, regular features common to his brethren, it is seldom that his skill is unproductive of applause. But when on one occasion it fails him there is tumult amidst the benches. The *sol* remembers *en masse* that he is a Spaniard. ‘Back to Madrid!’ ‘Come not *here* to practise!’ The jeers run like wildfire along the sun-baked half-circle. The man, obviously stung, finishes by a brilliant pass that turns the taunts into rapturous shouts. A dozen hats and a worn coat or two come sailing in tribute down from above to the arena. But there is no harvest of cigars or cigarettes. Enthusiasm may be equal in either country—but tobacco is far dearer in Portugal than in Spain! As for the coats and hats, they are returned to their magnanimous owners in good time. Indeed, without impugning in the least the motive that sent them downwards, it is

difficult to imagine from their appearance whom else they could serve.

The ring is empty now of all but the bull. He, the chief actor, stuck plentifully with bandarilhos, occupies the lull by pawing up some clouds of sand all about him. He is obviously a very baffled animal. His blunted horns have whirled and thrust so often—to strike nothing but the empty air or the yielding softness of the red cloak. Only once have they come into contact with a tangible object—a chair that remained in his path when the bandarilheiro sprang from it in the nick of time. And the frail thing went to pieces at the first touch! A few sticks that lay scattered about the sand, humbly and irritatingly unassailable! And he had paid for this flimsy smashing by a couple more bandarilhos in his shoulder! He was meant for better things. He is a little tired, but his first fury has hardened and deepened.

His turn is not yet over. Men are vaulting over the barrier into the ring. His chance may yet come—and these are empty-handed, unarmed. Half-a-dozen *forcados* in a group are advancing slowly upon him. Though not so gorgeous in costume as the more aristocratic fighters, they are sufficiently picturesque in their close-fitting red coats with yellow traceries, red sash, yellow breeches, white stockings, and green cap with red rim and tassel. They are creeping warily forward, all six. At the sight of so substantial a target the bull plunges directly at them in a delirium of fierce hope. The *forcados* break apart like blown paper before a whirlwind. He has turned and charged again. This time he gives an opening. One of the six has sprung towards his horns—impossible to tell how or why he missed his grip! The thing is done in a flash. One





*FORCADOS AT WORK*



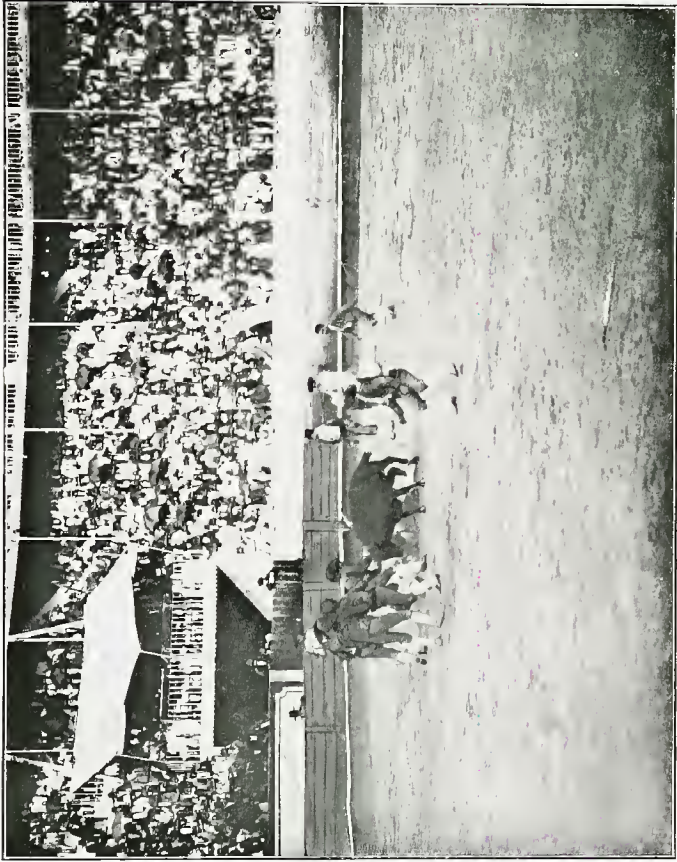
sees only the ponderous, heaving body of the animal, and then the man, flung turning and twisting in the air, until he comes downwards with a thud to roll upon the sand. It is the first real score to the bull !

The fallen man is lying with arms crossed in protection above his head. There is a flash of red as one of the bandarilheiros rushes in with his cloak from the barrier to give aid. Assisted by the remaining *forcados*, he keeps the bull occupied by his feints until the fallen man rises—for he does rise after a while, and, limping a little, rejoins the rest. After this and some other experiences of the kind, one comes to the conclusion that the average *forcado's* anatomy is largely of india-rubber.

The devoted half dozen have gathered together again. With tense muscles they face their redoubtable opponent for the third time. Exhilarated by his late triumph, the animal charges again. This time the knot of men sways and yields ; but its members do not scatter. As the bull dashes through, one man leaps upward directly in his path. He has clutched—and found a firm grip of the horns. With his legs astride of the very nose of the maddened animal he is being swept with a rush through the air towards the barrier. But the others are racing by the side of the bull. One has seized his tail, and hangs like grim death to the appendage, while the remainder spring upon the flanks and clutch. In a few seconds the bull is motionless—held fast. No mere strength could effect this. The knack of the proceeding that holds this great body in leash is amazing. At the sight one wonders whether the *forcado* is not worthy of a less humble status in the ring.

After a while the bull's captors loose their hold, run to the barrier, and the animal is once more alone. His turn is over.

The fire of his performance has rendered him vastly popular with the crowd ; but he suspects nothing of this. The door that leads upon the arena opens. There is a cheerful tinkle of bells, and half-a-dozen tame cattle trot in amiably with the music of the clappers sounding from their necks. They are in charge of a couple of men in orthodox mutton-chop whiskers, and peasant's costume enlivened by white stockings and bright green bag-cap, who carry long poles in their hands. The cattle surround the fuming warrior, while he, for his part, responds almost immediately to the soothing magic of their presence. He has already turned to accompany them when a hated human figure catches his eye. One of the peasants has advanced perilously near. The proximity murders peaceful thoughts in their birth. The bull jerks himself round, and makes straight for the imprudent man. There is no one at hand to help him—no red-cloaked averter of bovine wrath to draw away the peril. It is a fair and straightforward race to the barrier. The man's long pole has dropped to the sand. He is running as though—as though an infuriated bull were at his heels ! The speeding horns point mercilessly—ever nearer to the fleeing back—until the nostrils seem actually to breathe upon the straining human being. It is a question of inches and no more. But the man wins. There is no graceful vaulting of the barrier here. A confused leap, a scramble, and the peasant is lying on his back—on the safe side of the barrier, a hard-won haven—while the audience rocks and roars with its thunders of cheers and laughter. *Muito Obrigado !* The crowd is infinitely obliged. This is gratuitous—the programme gave no inkling of it. It is the bull's last effort. Turning in disgust from the annoying barrier, he trots



'MAN DOWN!'



out, still bristling, with the rest, and the heavy doors clang to behind him.

So the fight proceeds. Bull after bull enters, rages, is stuck with bandarilhos, and retires when the programme is complete. Now and then a *forcado* retires, damaged, only to take his place again a little later with undiminished zeal. And when at the interval these, lacking the dignity of the rest, bear round the arena a broad sheet in which to collect the monetary tribute of their prowess, one regrets that the rain of coppers is not more tropical.

The cavalleiro gallops, dedicating his lance to a friend in the audience from time to time; the bandarilheiro teases and pricks, the espada feints and thrusts—all goes without a hitch until a bull of another order comes surlily within the ring. It is the turn of a bandarilheiro. The shameful animal refuses to charge. He is taunted, but not attacked; for the ethics of the Portuguese ring demand that the bull alone shall be the aggressor. After a while the bandarilheiro, in evidence of utter contempt, kneels just before him, and, looking the creature fairly in the eye, scrapes up handfuls of sand and tosses them derisively in his face. Whether the insult rankles or no the scorned creature is possessed of a sudden with the blindest of fury. Dashing at the man, and missing him—one has grown by now to look upon these failures as a matter of course—he sweeps onwards to the barrier; his unwieldy body soars upwards. There is a crash and a rattle, and he is over! The very building seems to shake with the shouts as the bull heaves his bulk along the narrow space, running the gauntlet of the sticks and umbrellas of the spectators upon the lowest tier. Bandarilheiros, *forcados*, and the rest of the performers vault uncon-

cernedly into the ring as he comes. The comic element is supplied by the lemonade sellers. One can scarcely grudge them their profits in the face of such trials as these. Very anxious of face, they scramble to safety just in time, still laden with their wares.

One of the gates has been drawn back, blocking the intermediate circle and giving egress only to the ring. The bull is back in the arena once more. But, having learned the exciting trick, he repeats it again and again, until he is led back to his own quarters after a final desperate attempt to clamber up amidst the audience itself. The relief of the lemonade sellers is as obvious as the regret of the upper rows of spectators.

He is the last of the gallant company of militant bulls. The great amphitheatre empties itself. Men and women stream away in search of the shade and of syrups, wine, and beer. A little later the bull-fighters, still in their gorgeous panoply, come driving by. Each receives his ovation ; and each, keen-eyed and resolute of face, takes it graciously as his due. And many a youthful amateur is spurred to ambition by the glamour of the moment. He will have another bout with a steer—a private encounter with one of a size not disproportionate to his skill. Perhaps he may yet find that within him which shall lead him to the heights trodden by these iron-nerved public heroes !





THE ADVENT OF THE SIREN COWS: EXIT THE BULL



## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE PORTUGUESE AT HOME

Character as revealed by the arts—Solidity of temperament—A comparison with the Spaniard—Literature and journalism—Material fare—National dishes—Some natural sources of revenue—Mineral waters of the land—The fostering of industries—Desire for progress—A beneficent scheme—The Propaganda de Portugal—A patriotic body—Objects of the Society—Its influence and work—Improvements already accomplished.

To turn to the lighter side of Portuguese character, one commences by discovering that his share of this is less than that of most Southern nations. The chief characteristics of the populace, at all events—for all its love of romance and amusement—are solidity and seriousness of temperament. There are evidences of this throughout the national life. In literature, Portugal has flung up a constellation of genius with Camões as its chief star; for architecture she can point to the famous Manueline widespread in its beauty throughout the land—a beauty that can scarcely fail to delight the eye, for all the criticisms that have been lavished upon it by the strict lovers of the severely conventional. With the lighter arts, and even with the lighter veins of the more serious occupations of music and painting, she has ever had less concern. The keynote of her tastes is essentially romance, not comedy.

It is for this reason that the populace suffers a little in mere

sharpwittedness when compared with the Spaniard. There is a story told of a bragging match between a loquacious peasant representative of either nation. 'So intense is the heat in my country,' claimed the Portuguese in his most triumphant effort, 'that the partridges are wont to fall dead.' 'Which merely proves the weak constitution of your birds,' retorted the Spaniard. 'Beneath *our* sun the partridges lay their eggs ready cooked.'

Whatever may be the intrinsic merit of the anecdote, it supplies an accurate index to the temperaments of the two. One may take it, moreover, with no disrespect to the Spanish people, that the agile-minded purveyor of the 'confidence trick' and the sharper in general, who from time to time makes hay with the coin of the unsuspecting Portuguese, is almost invariably a Spaniard. By this I do not mean to glorify the morals of the western nation at the expense of those of their neighbours. The fact is merely that the lighter vein of ingenuity in all directions is more naturally inherent in the Spaniard. It is obvious in the singers, dancers, and variety artistes who are wont to entertain the Portuguese public.

In Portuguese literature the spirit of Camões is by no means extinct. To follow the course of letters from the age that corresponds with our own Elizabethan era down to the present would require a volume in itself. The nineteenth century alone is adorned by a bevy of illustrious names. Almeida-Garrett, Mendes Leal, the poets; Herculano, the great historian and classic novelist; Oliveira Martins, another historian; João da Camara, a writer of historical plays; Eça de Queiroz, the Zola of Portugal—these are but a few of those who have attained real celebrity during this period.

The novels, moreover, of Camillo Castello Branco and of Julio Diniz are well known, while the work of those modern poets, João de Deus Bulhão Pato, Thomaz Ribeiro, and Guerra Junqueiro has attained its deserved fame.

So far as journalism is concerned, too, the modern standard is sufficiently high from a literary point of view. The *Diario de Noticias*; the *Seculo*—that devotes itself with such heartfelt energy to the humanitarian cause of the children; the *Diario Illustrado*; the *Diario Popular*; the *Jornal do Commercio*; *O Dia*; the *Mala da Europa*—here are half a dozen and more of the leading publications of the capital that display able editing and literary force in a marked degree. In addition to these, moreover, there are the Oporto papers, several of which rival in efficiency those of Lisbon.

From literary fare to edible and actual meats is an abrupt drop—but one only consistent with the daily vicissitudes of life in Portugal as elsewhere. The Portuguese cooking, moreover, as distinguished from the cosmopolitan menus of the leading hotels, contains its own points of interest. In the average foreign interpretation of the ingredients of a Portuguese national dish garlic is first, and the rest nowhere! The popularity of the strenuous vegetable is undeniable. But, amongst the peasants themselves, it is as often used with moderation as without it, according even to the unsympathetic ideas of those who return with coldness the nasal advances of the dish. The true Portuguese is a great rice-eater. Not only will he form a *pièce de resistance* from this as in *Arroz de Substancia*, in which confection the white grain is stewed in rich gravy, but it appears as a leading feature in many others as well. *Canja*, for instance, is a popular dish

of chicken broth and rice ; *Cosido* consists of boiled chicken, bacon, and sausage, with an important foundation of rice, and there are many others beyond that are similarly fortified.

Pork, too, is largely consumed, as the great droves of pigs in the oak forests testify. *Cabeça de porco com feijão branco e nabos*—which, menu-fashion, is to be translated as boiled pig's head with haricot beans and turnips—is a popular dish, as is also pork roasted on a spit before a fire of wooden embers. *Guizado* or *Ensopado*, as it is termed in the Alemtejo, a species of Irish stew, is another dish that is classic in Portuguese culinary ethics. To conclude with these concerns of the human interior, green vegetables are but little appreciated. Eggs, on the other hand, make their appearance on the table in every shape and form, and the preparation of them is most cunningly comprehended by the average Portuguese cook. Along the coast-line the variety of fish obtainable is very great, and beyond the kinds that are met with upon our own shores, there are the southern species such as the sardine, the *pargo*, and many others.

Thus mentally, if not physically, stimulated by these esculent details, one may turn to a very cursory review of the actual main resources of Portugal. Of her articles of produce, wine, cork, fruit, and olives are, of course, the four with which the foreigner is most intimately concerned. The number of products, however, that are of purely native interest is sufficiently great. The rearing of all varieties of live-stock is alluded to elsewhere. Forestry is yearly becoming a more important branch of the national industry, while cereals of every description and the manufacture of cheese and oil are among the mainstays of internal commerce. Marble and

slate abound in certain districts, while, in addition to all the rest, Portugal possesses an asset in her mineral waters the value of which she is only now beginning to realise. The waters of Vidago, Pedras Salgadas, and Gerez are not only medicinal but highly palatable as well; and, as each of these spots lies in the midst of beautiful scenery, there is no reason why each should not eventually attain to the rank of an acknowledged *Kur-ort*. The waters of Caldas da Rainha claim peculiar properties for the cure of rheumatism, while for table waters there is Castello that hails from Moura, Bem Saude, and Lombadas that comes oversea from the Portuguese possession of the Azores.

The main fact of fresh interest concerning native industries lies in the growing tendency to exploit and encourage them in an up-to-date fashion. In the past, the fault of much stagnation has been the neglect of many growths that were overlooked merely since they possessed little interest for the inhabitants of their immediate neighbourhood. Now, experiments in many directions are being made in soil that has not previously yielded its full complement of return, and the procedure will almost certainly bear fruit in the years to come, since the boast of the Portuguese that anything with a root will thrive in their land is an exaggeration only in a minor degree.

It is, indeed, evident that the great majority of the educated Portuguese are serious in their desire that the gap in practical progress that has for so long separated the small kingdom from the more advanced Northern nations should be bridged over. To this end much has already been effected in many directions, and, amongst others, the comfort of the foreigner has received no little attention. Passports have been abolished, and, in

consequence, their many attendant inconveniences are at an end. The rigours of the customs have been as much softened as the system of taxation will permit. A bill, moreover, not actually made into law at the time of writing, is now before the House of Parliament, which in itself affords no little testimony to the enterprising spirit of the age. According to the terms of this, all hotels erected are, providing they comply with certain stipulated requirements concerning the number of rooms they contain and the style of their appointments, to receive exceptional encouragement. The properties they represent, for instance, are to be exempted from all stamp and purchase duties, as well as from all municipal and general taxation for periods varying from ten to fifteen years. Such advantages, offered in a much-taxed country, are not to be under-rated, and, when once the bill becomes law, it will be strange if the number of first-class establishments of the kind is not considerably increased.

There is now instituted a Society, the Propaganda de Portugal, which cannot be passed over without mention when dealing with the topic of Portuguese enterprise. The Society was founded some years ago by Senhor L. de Mendonça e Costa, the distinguished Lisbon journalist, for the purpose of rendering active assistance to all patriotic and progressive works, quite irrespective of politics or party. The Propaganda de Portugal, in fact, claiming with justice that it has 'no axe to grind,' cannot fail to be taken seriously if for no other reason than that. Evolved from quite a small beginning, it has made itself a force in the land, in the first place by the energy of its founder, and assisted later by an influential company of directors.



Indeed, its sphere of operations is almost unbounded. One may see a well-executed map of the country in every railway compartment now—each is supplied by the Society. The Lisbon battle of flowers, and numerous other similar entertainments, were organised by the same power. Possessing its agents throughout Portugal, the Propaganda endeavours to check all abuses likely to bring the country into disrepute, dealing even with a possible extortionate attempt on the part of a piratical cabman. Working as it does without self-advertisement, since it has no need of anything of the kind, the average foreign traveller in the land is quite unaware of the fact that there are agents by the score working in his interests and towards his comfort. Yet this is so. One may doubt the possibility of the existence of such an unnaturally charitable body. In which case the stranger must remember that in this instance his comfort is not altogether the sole end—it is the surest means of advertising the resources of Portugal.

The practical good worked by the Propaganda de Portugal may be judged from one alone out of their numerous methods of procedure. It is well known that many of the most delightful scenic resorts in the country are practically closed to the foreigner on account both of the insufficiency of hotels and of the unintelligent management of those that exist. In order to remedy this state of affairs in the remoter districts the Propaganda have hit on a very simple and happy scheme. Periodical prizes are offered to the best-conducted and most cleanly of the country establishments, and as these prizes represent a sufficiency of cash to make an attempt to win them well worth the while, many out-of-the-way districts have already gained not a little in comfort from the proceeding. This I

give as an instance of direct working. Where such is impossible the Society is prepared to agitate and—in the words of the famous advertisement—to see that it gets it.

One can express nothing but admiration for a Society that works to such indubitable ends. Its membership is now very large, its acting president being Senhor Fernando de Sousa, whose name is a household word, and its permanent secretary Senhor L. de Mendonça e Costa, the founder of the Society. As the directorate, moreover, is composed of influential and well-known members of society, there is every reason why the Propaganda de Portugal should continue to flourish and expand.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### THE PORTUGUESE AT HOME

The sorrows of a century—Present influences—Politics and the populace—Some Portuguese traits—Loyal by nature—Pessimistic by opportunity—The silver lining—Prospects of the future—Some questions of cause and remedy—King Manuel II.—Ruler and people—A sketch.

To compare the present state of Portugal with its past is a less simple matter just at this period than has been the case for many decades. In the ever-shifting history of nations none perhaps in the modern era has been swayed more mercilessly by the unexpected side-winds of fate than that of the small Western kingdom. With its soil providing a European battleground in the first instance, harassed again by civil strife some score of years later, shorn of its greatest colony, and sinking in the European scale of wealth, such is the tale of the modern era—of the last hundred years. And during that period the activity of the forces of disorganisation, thriving on despair, has swollen and finally culminated in the assassination of king and prince that so recently shocked the world.

Such is the crude outline of the present. At the first glimpse its aspect would appear gloomy and hopeless beyond redemption. Yet, ere condemning the country to an untimely end, there are many influences to be taken into consideration.

The chief of these, without a doubt, is national character. To those who—from an utter confusion of Southern ethics—picture the Portuguese temperament as merely fiery, unduly susceptible to emotion, and unreliable save in its passion for sunshine and siesta, there can obviously be no silver lining to the political cloud that obsesses the nation.

That a multitude of such individualities exist it would be foolish to deny. That a greater proportionate number, too, than in our own country are addicted to basking in the sun is indisputable, if for no other reason than the far greater opportunities that the Southern sunshine offers. But traits of the kind form a negligible quantity in the ingredients that go to form the average Portuguese temperament. The great majority of the race, in the first place, is formed of tranquil-minded folk who are wont to labour from morning until night to secure a hardly-won living. Of a disposition that borders upon the unemotional rather than the excitable, the countryman, at all events, is not to be roused without serious cause, whether actual or imagined; but his passions, once stirred, refuse to subside more rapidly than they awoke. Indeed, the husbandman and the agriculturist, as much the backbone of the country as those of any other, are sturdy peasants who work uncomplainingly and render their large ducs to the state almost without a murmur. Credulous, because ignorant, it might be imagined that his order would be even more at the mercy of the itinerant politician—the self-interested man with a remedy who is so prevalent in the land—than is actually the case. As it is, his defensive weapons consist of a substratum of sound common-sense and no little past experience of the value of purely political promises.

The townsman of the corresponding, and by far the most numerous, class, although naturally less ingenuous than his rustic brother, possesses much of the other's sturdiness of temperament. In the matter of education he is not so far in advance of the countryman as might be imagined, since the proportion of illiterate townsmen is astonishingly high. And of the small proportion of the lettered the greater number have stuck at that *pons asinorum* in the progress of mankind that, unduly supported by actual knowledge, is marked dangerous. In this case, of course, the danger takes a political form. Indeed, it is not saying too much to assert that Portugal's present troubles are due to a surfeit of politics rather than to a paucity of actual resources.

The educated Portuguese is himself the first to condemn the existing imbroglio in internal affairs. He is wont to probe the situation with perfect frankness. He will judge the result in a broad-minded spirit, and will yet fail to find a solution for the troubles of the politician-ridden country. Indeed, the nature of these internal affairs is paradoxical in itself. It is impossible to hide the fact that the cause of the more recent crises has been artificial rather than natural. The Portuguese, essentially loyal and optimistic by nature, has been rendered a pessimist merely by opportunity and from the force of an agitation of the real significance of which three-quarters of the population are in absolute ignorance.

Notwithstanding this, the actual financial position of the country, judged from a broad standpoint, gives greater promise now than it has done for many years. It is true that a certain gloom overshadows the wine industry at the moment. But that this depression will become permanent is, to say the

least of it, unlikely. On the other hand, agriculture in general, fruit production, and other industries of the kind, stimulated by the employment of modern methods, have gained, and are still progressing towards a flourishing condition. New industries, moreover, are being added to the old, and the country is at length seriously adapting itself to the influx of tourists—an influx whose importance has already increased to the point of a weighty national asset. Beyond all this, the recent progress of the African colonies has been such as to develop a new source of wealth, and to justify the creation of a Portuguese steamship line that ranks as first-class in the world's mercantile marine.

If the times are somewhat out of joint in Portugal, therefore, it would seem obvious that the application of the remedy lies from within and not from without. And this remedy should surely be of a passive, rather than of an active, order. In the present circumstances, the waxing industrial life desires nothing beyond a temporary freedom from the disintegrating influence of domestic and disingenuous politics. Relieved from this injurious incubus for a period, one can well imagine the nation 'finding itself' in the manner of Kipling's maiden ship. A solution of this kind is placed upon paper easily enough. It is, indeed, obvious, but none the less difficult to carry out in practice. For the claws of this incubus pierce too deeply for them to be wrenched away without a severe struggle. But, with the aid of a young ruler who takes his high office with true seriousness and zeal, the apparently impossible may yet be achieved. That King Manuel II. is gifted with both personality and resolution will be seen from the following sketch.

The centre of the Praça that opens out before the cathedral steps is cleared of all save a few hurrying figures. Upon the right are lines of troops—a blue, grey, and silver breakwater behind which the crowd of civilians sways. Facing the cathedral door is a balconied building that holds the privileged spectators—ladies of the court, foreign ministers' wives, and a sprinkling of men who are lookers-on for the occasion. Upon the third side of the square is the long bare wall of a neighbouring church. Upon the roof of this building are policemen in mufti, posted here and there for a bird's-eye scanning of the scene beneath, while on the pavement are others in uniform, pacing slowly to and fro.

The eighteenth of June, the day of the procession of Corpus Christi. The day has always been a popular one in Lisbon. Never have the quaint ceremonies failed to attract the townspeople. But this year's pageant differs from all those that have gone before. Not only in that the route of the procession, instead of claiming a dozen streets, is confined to this small cathedral square. It is something far more vital and intense that marks this out from the rest. To-day the procession itself is nothing, at all events, beyond a staging for historic action. To day, for the first time since his accession, the young king is about to walk in public in the midst of his subjects. It is a test of loyalty. The disturbing influence of the few months' old tragedy must be put out of mind. Not to be forgotten, it must go down now as mournful history—sorrowed and welded together with the brighter fragments of the past—that even its bitterness may serve towards the salvation of the race.

Officials and spectators alike are supremely conscious of

what is afoot. As the carriages drive up one by one to add brilliantly uniformed units to the group that already waits at the head of the cathedral steps, the countenance of each is graver than its wont. In the ranks of the crowd beneath there is open evidence of tension. Whether frock-coated or in patched garments there are many here who turn from time to time to scan with a searching glance the faces of their neighbours. Only the groups of youngsters in the far background, seeing nothing, and understanding little more, chatter amongst themselves with the unrestrained freedom of youth and careless liberty.

There is a blare of trumpets from the street below, and the eyes of the spectators grow more alert. Five negroes, in cocked hats and mediæval costume, march up, blowing out a sounding call from their instruments. Behind them comes a mounted man in armour—in armour so weighty that an attendant paces on either side of his horse to render him support when the need may arise. Behind him rides a youth costumed as an esquire, and behind him again comes the central but inanimate figure of the procession, the mail-clad effigy of Saint George. Frankly, the figure is not as imposing as it might be, for the steel legs, supported by pedestrian acolytes, stick out at an incongruous angle from the sides of the horse that carries the dummy.

A company of halberdiers closes in the procession. Saint George, the negroes, and all the rest have come to a halt now by the side of the cathedral steps. More carriages drive up, and the group before the cathedral increases and glows with more brilliant colours each minute.

The carriages have ceased rolling ; the centre of the square



is empty of all but stone and sunshine. There is a pause pregnant of tense expectancy. Then a great stir as the front ranks of a troop of lancers come into sight, rattling forward at a canter. A minute later the royal carriage of state has entered the square. The national anthem breaks out with a crash; the trumpets of the negroes blare out with a new vigour. To the accompaniment of the great waves of sound the royal coach halts. A white-plumed, white-cloaked figure has ascended the steps. The glittering group above has divided, made its obeisance, and has followed the white plumes through the doorway. King Manuel is here to play his part.

The cathedral steps are empty once more. The hats of the spectators are raised to cover their heads again, while the soldiers' rifles slip down from the salute. All eyes are upon the cathedral entrance. From the inner gloom beyond, the candles, set up on high, twinkle in soft points of light. One can see nothing more. The test has not yet come; there is nothing for it but to wait. The crowd, strangely silent, remains motionless, none budging from his place.

The pause seems endless, though, counted in actual minutes, the time is short enough. Then once again sounds the music. Priests in gorgeous vestments are emerging from the cathedral, and pacing slowly in long procession down the steps and out into the square. Then comes the canopy that shelters the Host. As it comes out from the doors to descend to the square beneath, the necks of the spectators are craning eagerly forward. But the intent eyes are fixed neither upon the priests, the canopy, nor the great fans that go waving in stately fashion behind it—fans that are a concession from Rome, and that are prized and treasured by the church. The

eyes of the multitude are upon the foremost right-hand bearer of the canopy.

In full uniform, the white mantle about his shoulders, he is pacing slowly, keeping accurate time with the rest—the king. There are ordeals, surely, for even kings! In the eyes of the multitude, of the lines of military, and of the glittering company that follows behind in the procession there is only one figure—the youthful upright form that would stand out as clearly from all the rest even were it bereft of the distinctive white mantle. One divines the minds of all, whether noble or peasant. It is a psychological moment, and the imagination even of the dullest has harked back some months. How could it be otherwise? And then with a bound to the present—to the thing that is occurring now! The thousands of eyes are searching the countenance of the young ruler—a mute and anxious interrogation in every single pair. And then—one can feel it rather than hear it—a great breath of relief and pride has risen up from the crowded square.

The king's gaze has swept the ranks of the crowd about him. One knows *then* that it was only the pessimistic who had feared a tremor. King Manuel the Second has come out amongst his own people. That is all. A simple enough affair, and yet—it might have been otherwise. That, at all events, had been the dread of the pessimistic.

The procession is well out in the square now. In the way of such pageants it moves very slowly, halting altogether now and then. It is necessary for the king to watch the leading bearer upon the left-hand side, that the order of the cortège may remain intact. He has come now to where the crowd is densest. Between the kneeling troops and the populace at

the back stand a group or two of policemen. It is just here that the procession comes to a halt in one of its frequent pauses. The eyes of the police have grown keen again, and those of several of the ministers and notabilities are filled with open and tense speculation.

The king's gaze is as serenely earnest as ever. Ruler and subjects are face to face. If any danger existed, it is at an end now. The greedy eyes of the crowd are filling with loyalty, deepening every moment in admiration. The procession advances once more. The pomp and panoply of the cortège has passed into the cathedral. Suspense is at an end. Manuel the Second has behaved royally. He himself has placed the seal upon his kingship. And the populace, keen to watch and mark, has appreciated all. As the royal coach drives away many a hat waves high in the air that had hovered in hesitation before. As to the rest, one watches the crowd, chattering with vivacity now as it disperses, and leaves the spot impressed, and, though a foreigner, very thankful.



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